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DANIEL WEBSTER IN ENGLAND

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JOURNAL OF HARRIETTE STORY PAIGE 1839

Edited by Edward Gray

With Portraits

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INTRODUCTION

HARRIETTE STORY (WHITE) PAIGE was born at Salem, Massachusetts, November 29, 1809, and died at Boston, November 25, 1863. Her father, Stephen White, was a merchant of Salem, and her mother, Harriet Story, was the daughter of Dr. Elisha Story, of Boston, and Marblehead, and a sister of Joseph Story, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1831, Harriette Story White married James William Paige (1792–1868), a merchant of Boston, and half-brother of Grace Fletcher (1781–1828), the first wife of Daniel Webster, and mother of his children; their mother, Rebecca Chamberlin, having married, first, the Reverend Elijah Fletcher, and, secondly, the Reverend Christopher Paige.

The James William Paiges and the Websters were on very intimate terms, and Mrs. Paige accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and Julia on their trip to Europe in 1839. This journey was not made in any official capacity, and Mr. Webster's recep-

tion in England was due solely to his reputation and personality.

In the *Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*, by William Flavelle Monypenny (vol. II, p. 64), there is the following description of Mr. Webster by Disraeli, written in 1839: "Lyndhurst was also capital. I dined with him yesterday to meet Webster, who is, I believe, considered a very refined and *spiritual* Yankee, but seemed to me a complete Brother Jonathan — a remarkable twang, as '*ty*rannical' and all that; he also goes to the *levee*. A fine brow, lofty, broad, and beetled, deep-set eyes, and swarthy complexion. He is said when warmed to be their greatest orator." In the *Life of Daniel Webster*, by George Ticknor Curtis (vol. II), will be found impressions of Mr. Webster by Thomas Carlyle, by John Kenyon, who also speaks of "Webster's agreeable family party — his wife and daughter and relative, Mrs. Paige," and also by Henry Hallam.

Mrs. Paige kept a journal of this visit to England, as she writes, "for the benefit of friends at home," and her impressions of what she saw, and of some of the people she met, are recorded in it. This journal is here given in full; there are a few foot-

notes added by Mrs. Paige, in pencil, which are marked H. S. P. to distinguish them from those of the editor.

In the editor's footnotes, the family name is put after the daughter's Christian name, and omitted after the father's Christian name.

E. G.

Milton, Massachusetts, 1917.

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JOURNAL OF HARRIETTE STORY PAIGE 1839

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JOURNAL OF HARRIETTE STORY PAIGE

I

London

UNDER a clear sky May 18, 1839, embarked at New York for Liverpool, Steamer Liverpool, Captain Fayrer Commander, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Webster,[1] and their Daughter Julia Webster.[2] The wharves and vessels lying near were crowded with a multitude of persons, who amid the still louder peals of the cannon, gave us many parting cheers.

At 3 o'clock, P.M., we left the harbour of New York, and at 5 discharged our Pilot off Sandy Hook. The distance between this and Liverpool, is 3300

[1] Daniel Webster's second wife, Caroline, daughter of Jacob Le Roy, of New York; married, 1829.

[2] Julia Webster, 1818–48, daughter of Daniel and Grace (Fletcher); married, 1839, Samuel Appleton Appleton.

miles, which the Captain prophecies, we shall accomplish in fourteen and a half days, or at the rate of about 228 miles per day.

Our steamer is 210 feet long, by 33 wide, with engines equal to 468 horse power, and is provided with 675 tons of coal. The number of passengers is 86; there are several Englishmen, and also Scotch, Irish, Spanish, German, French, and Italians on board, those from America making the smallest number. The ship's crew includes 62 persons.

On Thursday, May 23, we saw for the first time, (the sea being calm), the "Portuguese man-of-war," or nautilus, and also many porpoises. The former are very curious; they spread their tiny sails, and glide by so gracefully, that I felt a desire to examine them more minutely. I am told they are smaller on inspection, and are apt to irritate the fingers when handled.

On Saturday, June 1, we experienced the channel weather, fog, and haze; land in sight, but Cape Clear on the Irish Coast, not visible. One of the officers remarked to me, that he has passed this cape seven times, and has seen it but once.

On Sunday, June 2, the Pilot came on board, 40 miles from Liverpool, at 14 minutes after 5 A.M.,

being 14 days and 7 hours from the moment of discharging the Pilot off Sandy Hook.

I have suffered in a degree from seasickness, but the motion of the ship, during the whole voyage, was never sufficient to disturb our comfort at table, or a single article upon it. Thus we have proceeded under the powers of steam, seeing little of the terrors of the ocean, or the romance, and sentiment, so generally associated with it. At eleven o'clock of the same day, we arrived at Liverpool, and took lodgings at the Adelphi Hotel.

June 3, Liverpool. This city is celebrated for its shipping, and its docks. They are very extensive, admirably constructed, and of great solidity and strength. They are built of a brown, reddish sandstone, at enormous expense, and capable of holding afloat the largest vessels. They extend along the river Mersey, for three and a half miles, and are well worth a close examination. We have also seen with great pleasure the Cemetery, formerly a quarry in the centre of a little hill, from which was taken the stone for the formation of these docks; this quarry is upon the highest point of land in the city, and is a long serpentine excavation, and by a most happy conception, it has been turned into a ceme-

tery. A way down to the bottom of it, has been cut in, and partly under, the solid original rock; down this gentle slope, one can descend to the bottom, which has been artificially levelled, and made even. Here, along winding paths, and in the midst of shrubbery, and flowers, are the graves, and tombs. Other sepulchres are cut in the rocks, on the sides, giving quite an oriental appearance to the whole. Ivy and flowers, creep up the slopes, and along the margin, at the top, is a row of large trees. The whole is tasteful, and beautiful. A grave with the initials of the occupant, in pepper-grass, just peeping above the ground, struck me as a pretty idea, as it must be renewed too, every Spring. Near the centre of the grounds, stands a small temple, containing a statue of the lamented Huskisson,[1] erected to his memory. We dine with Mr. and Mrs. Humfrey, at 6 o'clock to-day, American friends, established here.

June 4. We have driven to Knowsley Park to-day, about seven miles from Liverpool, the seat of the Earl of Derby,[2] whose eldest son, and heir, Lord Stanley,[3] was well known to Mr. Webster in

[1] William Huskisson, 1770–1830; statesman.

[2] Edward Smith Stanley, 13th Earl of Derby, 1775–1851.

[3] Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby, 1799–1869; statesman.

America, some years since. We were most hospitably received, although the Earl was too ill to see Mr. Webster, and his son was in London. We were invited to luncheon, and shown the Aviary and Menagerie, both of which are very extensive and interesting, and also went over the grounds. I saw, for the first time, the gold and silver pheasants, from China, and many Kangaroos, hopping about in the enclosures surrounded by small iron fences, painted black.* On our return, we visited, in company with two of our fellow passengers (Mr. Gibson a Scotch gentleman, and William Anthony Barclay † of New York), the "Mayor's Hall," which is spacious and beautiful, also the "Tunnel" which commences here. We also saw the "Custom House" and the "Exchange," where the Merchants meet, as with us, daily, from two to three o'clock, to discuss their business matters.

June 5. Left Liverpool to-day, by way of the Birkenhead ferry, across the river Mersey, and proceeded to Chester, a fine old town, full of interest from its very antiquity; there we saw the old Abbey of St. Werburgh, part of which was built in the

* Called "invisible fences." (H. S. P.)

† Now H.B.M. Consul at N. York. (H. S. P.)

early reign of Ethelred. Seven miles from Chester is "Eaton Hall," the seat of the Marquis of Westminster,[1] one of the richest noblemen in England. This castle is very extensive, and a very beautiful specimen of the florid Gothic architecture. The "coup d'œil" on entering the hall, is very imposing, adorned with figures in armour, and old pictures. The interior apartments are very magnificent, the furniture of brocade and gold, and the walls fluted in velvet with gold fringes, and rich cornices, far surpassing in splendor anything we have yet, ever seen, but we are told, we shall yet see many things beyond this. The view of the grounds, through the windows, down the terrace is beautiful beyond description; every spot in the highest cultivation, presenting to us altogether, a scene, realising only, that of the poet, or the painter. We were amply repaid for our exertions, in driving to this place through the heat of the mid-day sun, and can talk of nothing, but this splendid specimen, of the "Stately homes of England."

The following day, Thursday, June 6, we drove as far as Hartford, and there joining the Liverpool

[1] Robert Grosvenor, 2d Earl Grosvenor and 1st Marquis of Westminster, 1767–1845; great picture-collector and horse-racer.

railway, found ourselves at 8 o'clock, at the Euston station, and soon after, at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Jaudon[1] in Park Crescent, in the far-famed city of London. Our lodgings in Hanover Square at the Brunswick Hotel, had been secured, but will not be at our service, until Saturday morning; we are therefore the guests of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon, until then.

Friday, June 7. We dined to-day at 6 o'clock with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wiggin, who have just established themselves, in a new, and richly furnished house in Park Crescent; there we met several American friends including, Mr.[2] and Mrs. Bates,[3] Mr. and Mrs. Cryder, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Wiggin,[4] and their son, Mr. Holme Wiggin, Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon, and some others unknown to me. A very splendid and agreeable dinner. We have also visited the Coliseum, to see the Panorama of London there exhibiting, and had our first actual view of

[1] Samuel Jaudon; Banker in London, formerly cashier of the Bank of the United States.

[2] Joshua Bates, 1788–1864; financier. Born at Weymouth, Massachusetts. Member of Baring Brothers. He contributed $100,000 to the Public Library in Boston.

[3] Lucretia Augusta Sturgis, daughter of William; married Joshua Bates, died 1863.

[4] Timothy Wiggin, 1773–1856; banker.

London from the top of this building. Through an atmosphere of smoke, and clouds, I still recognised the London of my imagination, and of my dreams. I know not how this can be, but had my eyes been suddenly opened upon this glorious prospect at any time, or any where, I should have pronounced it, what it is, glorious, interminable, wonderful London!

The following day we took possession of our lodgings at the Brunswick Hotel; they have quite an air of comfort, are well furnished, and our Landlord, Mr. John Watson, well disposed and intelligent.

June 10. Mr. Kenyon,[1] a poet, and man of letters, a friend of Mr. Ticknor's,[2] came to see Mr. Webster yesterday, and asked us all to meet some literary friends at breakfast to-day. Conceive our delight, and gratification, when (contrary to the English custom, and in compliment to our being strangers), the following distinguished persons were named: Wordsworth,[3] Rogers,[4] Hartley Coleridge,[5] a son of the Poet, and himself one, Mr. Richard Monckton

[1] John Kenyon, 1784–1856; poet and philanthropist.
[2] George Ticknor, 1791–1871; scholar and historian.
[3] William Wordsworth, 1770–1850; poet.
[4] Samuel Rogers, 1763–1855; poet.
[5] Hartley Coleridge, 1796–1849; author.

Milnes,[1] author of the "Poems of many Years" and member of Parliament, Mr. Wordsworth, son of the Poet, and Mr. Babbage,[2] well known among men of science. In addition to these, we had Miss Sarah Rogers, sister of the above-named, and the only lady except those of our own party. Wordsworth and his son, are to leave to-morrow for Cumberland. This celebrated "lake Poet" reminds me strongly of Mr. Henry Sargent,[3] the amateur artist of Boston, and although he looks older than Mr. Sargent, he might at a distance be taken for him. Rogers, must be nearly seventy years or more, with a pale face, great simplicity, and warmth of manner, and full of wit, and humour. He has the reputation of being cynical, but there was no evidence of such to-day. Coleridge, a much younger man, sat on his right, he is attractive in personal appearance, gentlemanlike and cultivated, I liked him much; of Mr. Milnes I saw but little, except that he was called upon, to pay the usual penalty for literary distinction, and at Miss Rogers' request, after breakfast, he went to a table,

[1] Richard Monckton Milnes, 1st Baron Houghton, 1809–85; Member of Parliament for Pontefract, 1837.

[2] Charles Babbage, 1792–1871; mathematician and scientific mechanician.

[3] Henry Sargent, 1770–1845; artist.

and wrote her an autograph. Mr. Babbage, whose eye is penetrating, and whole expression energetic, invited us after breakfast, at 12 o'clock, to visit his "self calculating machine," and to his house we proceeded from Mr. Kenyon's. This piece of machinery I cannot attempt to describe, although Mr. Babbage, who is the inventor, made it quite plain to Mr. Webster's more scientific capacity. It was however, even to me, very curious, and wonderful, and the machine itself, seemed to possess all but, the power of speaking. With Mr. Babbage we lunched, and saw afterward an automaton lady, also of his own manufacture, or invention, which moved, its arms, and head, and eyes, like other automata.

At 7 o'clock we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon, and afterwards went to a Soirée at Miss Rogers', where we had the good fortune of meeting Tom Moore,[1] Lockhart,[2] son-in-law of Scott, Hallam,[3] author of "Middle Ages," Lady Davy,[4] widow of the celebrated Sir Humphry Davy,[5] and Lady Chantrey,

[1] Thomas Moore, 1779–1852; poet.

[2] John Gibson Lockhart, 1794–1854; biographer of Scott.

[3] Henry Hallam, 1777–1859; historian.

[4] Lady Jane Davy, 1780–1855, *née* Kerr; a prominent figure in the society of both Rome and London.

[5] Sir Humphry Davy, 1778–1829; natural philosopher.

wife of Sir Francis Chantrey,[1] the sculptor. Likewise, we were introduced to Miss Coutts,[2] daughter of Sir Francis Burdett,[3] and heiress of the immense wealth of her Aunt, the late Duchess of St. Albans.[4]

June 10.[5] Mr. Webster has been to the houses of Parliament to-day, with Mr. Stevenson,[6] although he made a previous visit, incognito, three days ago. Mrs. Webster and Julia have been driving in Hyde Park with Miss Sarah Wallace, and her *lap-dog*. This lady is a relative of the Ogden family, in New York, and is unmarried, and has purchased a life annuity, upon which she lives in London, in good style, with a handsome income.

June 11. Mr. Webster dined to-day, with Mr. Kenyon to meet "Boz," [7] the author of the "Pickwick Papers." Having expressed to Kenyon, a desire

[1] Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey, 1781–1842; sculptor.

[2] Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts, 1814–1906, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett.

[3] Sir Francis Burdett, 1770–1844; politician; married Sophia Coutts.

[4] Harriet Mellon, 1777–1837; actress; daughter of Matthew, and relict of Thomas Coutts, of London, banker; married, 1827, William Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk, 9th Duke of St. Albans.

[5] The date is repeated.

[6] Andrew Stevenson, 1784–1857; statesman; American Minister to England, 1836–41.

[7] Charles Dickens, 1812–70; novelist.

to see this author whose books had given us so much pleasure, he expressly asked him to dinner, as Mrs. Webster, Julia and myself were to follow in the evening. "Boz" greatly resembles the prints of him seen in America. He wears an abundance of hair, and appeared to be a very silent personage, keeping in a corner, and shunning observation, but withal, I fancy he is a great observer. I looked at him with interest and compassion, having given full credence to the pathetic tale of his sorrows, at the loss of his wife and children. As a relief from these bereavements, I have been told, he had turned to authorship; Kenyon laughed most heartily at our wasted sympathy, assuring us, that Dickens was yet a Husband and a Father, and that the story industriously circulated, had no origin in truth.

Wednesday, June 12. This day was appointed for visiting the "Tower," which from historical association, and reminiscences of childhood, had for me a peculiar interest. This ancient fortress is on the North bank of the Thames, at the S. E. extremity of the city. It is said to have been built by William the Conqueror in the year 1078. The "Horse Armoury" first attracted our attention; an apartment 150 feet in length, 33 in width, and containing 22

Equestrian figures, many of them the former Kings of England, from Edward I, 1272, to James II, 1685; these were in suits of armour as worn when alive, and were a most interesting and imposing relic of the olden time. Here before us, was Henry VIII, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Henry, Prince of Wales. What a crowd of associations it brought to the mind! Behind the horsemen, were curious arms of various kinds, bearing different dates, and specimens of Ordnance up to the time of Henry VI. We saw with interest a low room, or vault, in the "White Tower," where Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have written his "History of the World," during his imprisonment. Several inscriptions are still visible on the walls, and some are attributed to him. In the "Sea Armoury" were muskets for sea service, warlike trophies, and ancient implements of every description. In the upper storey of the "Grand Storehouse," which is a striking edifice north of the "White Tower," 345 feet long and 60 in breadth, is the "Small Armoury" containing arms for about 200,000 men, kept clean and bright, and arranged in various tasteful, and fanciful forms. Through a "douceur" to the Warder, whose theatrical costume, (such as we have seen only on the

stage, as belonging to the time of Henry VII), we were admitted to the "Beauchamp Tower," now used as a barrack room; here was imprisoned the good, but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey and the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. An inscription on the wall, near the window, gives the number of weeks, hours, and days, of this last named Queen's imprisonment, and is supposed to have been thus scraped with a nail, or pair of scissors, the morning of her execution. The spot where this occurred in the court yard below, was pointed out, it being distinguished from the others, by stones, of another colour. Of course, we visited the "Jewel Office," a dark, gloomy apartment, in another building, and heard a list of its precious contents enumerated by a woman, grown so old in this service, that her tones were nearly unintelligible. Here are kept the "Regalia, or Crown jewels," the "golden sceptre," and "state salt-cellar," and the "golden spoon," and other emblems of royalty, used at the Coronations. Mrs. Gray's ridiculous account of this same old woman, was brought to my mind, and I can bear witness, that her amusing description, was no exaggeration.

We dined afterwards with a large party at Mrs. Jaudon's, and there met Mr. and Mrs. Cowell, who

have recently returned from America. Mr. and Mrs. Hanky, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, he also, a M.P. but an ignorant, and disagreeable Scotchman, who shewed his bad taste by depreciating everything American, even to our natural scenery. At last, provoked at this ungentle treatment, and contrary to the restrictions, I have imposed on myself, *to avoid all comparisons*, I told him in reply to his question, about the relative beauty of the oak trees of England and America, that we could show more varieties of the oak alone, than his country contained among all her forest trees. This fact he seemed to doubt, but an appeal on my part to Mrs. Cowell, convinced, and surprised my antagonist, and he afterward remained silent on the subject. Christopher Hughes,[1] Esquire, our chargé to Sweden, was one of the guests, and Mr. and Mrs. Bates met us in the drawing-room above, at coffee. The dinner was altogether agreeable, notwithstanding my own propinquity to the honorable Mr. Guthrie, *M.P.*

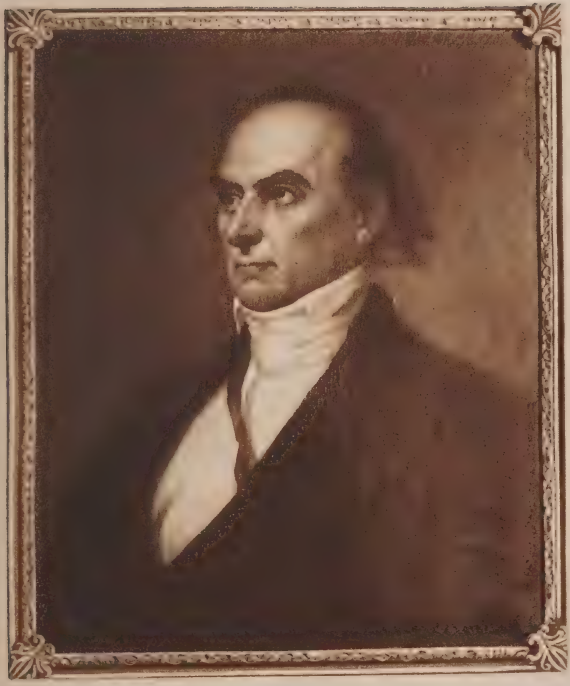
June 13. We went to-day, in company with Mr. Kenyon, (who is devoted in his kind attentions), to the justly celebrated "British Museum," in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Mr. Webster did not

[1] Christopher Hughes, 1786–1849; diplomat.

accompany us, preferring to make the visit more quietly at some future time. We were first taken to the apartment of Mr. Panizzi,[1] the intelligent Italian, and librarian; here was assembled a group of persons, who had come there, as Mr. Kenyon whispered, to get a sight of the "Great Western," the soubriquet they have given Mr. Webster. These persons expressed so much regret, and such a keen disappointment, that Mrs. Webster was induced to send the carriage back to Hanover Square, with a message to Mr. Webster, by the Footman, desiring him, if possible, to return with it, as there were many things at the Museum, she particularly wished to point out to him herself. In consequence of this, Mr. Webster shortly appeared, but he was in no small degree annoyed when he learnt the object of the summons; however, the "deed was done," and I was amused, as well as touched, at the enthusiasm, and interest, the sight of Mr. Webster produced. I overheard Kenyon's question, to a young artist, who had been following Mr. Webster with admiring eyes: "Well — how do you like *our* head?" "Glorious, magnificent, one of Nature's noblest works. How I

[1] Sir Anthony Panizzi, 1797–1879; principal librarian of the British Museum.

DANIEL WEBSTER
From a portrait by Chester Harding



should like to paint that head!" This was accompanied with so much enthusiasm of manner, the clasping of hands, and rolling of the eyes, that I was reminded of somewhat similar scenes, in our own dear land. Books of great rarity, and value were shown; the first Bible ever printed; the only signature extant of Shakspeare's handwriting, without the letter *e* in the first syllable as I have here spelt it. Illuminated manuscripts of the greatest beauty and antiquity; in short, it is quite impossible to describe all the literary wonders so obligingly produced on all sides, for our gratification. The library presented by George IV, collected by George III at Buckingham Palace, is contained in a very spacious, and splendid apartment, and the books themselves are almost invaluable. Doctor Burney's[1] library is also here, purchased by the Government for £13,-500; it contains nearly 14,000 volumes, and the collection of Greek authors is said to be very valuable. There is also a rare series of newspapers from 1603 to the present time amounting to 7000 volumes. The famous "Elgin marbles" are here, they are interesting specimens of ancient art, and are highly prized as models. The "Portland" or "Bar-

[1] Charles Burney, D.D., 1757–1817; classical scholar.

berini Vase," we ascended a long and high staircase to see, and it entirely rewarded our efforts; it is very beautiful, but smaller than I had imagined; the material is of the deepest sapphire glass, on which are executed in relief, like a cameo, graceful opaque white figures. The exact explanation of these figures has never, I believe, been satisfactorily explained, although there have been many attempts. Mr. Kenyon at his own house in Harley Place, possesses a fine imitation in Wedgewood, the dying bequest of a friend. The body of his vase wants the transparency of the beautiful original. This *vase*, (they give it the French pronunciation here), for more than two centuries adorned the Barberini Palace in Rome, and was purchased by the Duchess of Portland of Sir William Hamilton.[1] It is said, that the Duchess, for a long time, concealed the purchase, fearing the ridicule, and censure of her friends, at the enormous price paid for this precious relic. It was found about the middle of the 16th century, a few miles from Rome, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, within a sepulchral chamber, and was probably a cinerary urn, belonging to the sepulchre.

[1] Sir William Hamilton, 1730–1803; diplomatist and archæologist; husband of Emma Hamilton.

In other apartments, we saw mummies, in all their different stages, and numerous interesting articles from Herculaneum, and Pompeii. An enormous wig, of coarse, curly hair, corresponding precisely to the drawings of the females, on the vases. In short, there was an endless variety of curiosities, in stuffed animals, of the vegetable world, and of fossils, medals, minerals, sculpture and statuary, sufficient to occupy whole months in their examination.

Dined afterward with Mr. and Mrs. Bates in Portman Square, with no other company but their Daughter Madame Van de Weyer,[1] and her Husband,[2] the Belgian Minister, whom she has recently married. After dinner we went for the first time to the Italian Opera, two boxes having been made into one, for the accommodation of our party of eight. It was Persiani's benefit, and a crowded house and the music! I cannot describe its magical effect upon me. Beside Persiani[3] here was Grisi,[4] Tamburini,[5] Garcia,[6] and Mario.[7]

[1] Elizabeth Bates, daughter of Joshua.

[2] Sylvain Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister in London.

[3] Mme. Fanni Persiani, 1812–67; Italian singer.

[4] Giulia Grisi, 1812–69; Italian opera singer.

[5] Antonio Tamburini, 1800–76; Italian singer.

[6] Michelle Ferdinande Pauline Garcia, 1821–1910; Spanish singer; married, 1840, M. Viardot.

[7] Giuseppe Mario, Marquis di Candia, 1810–83; Italian singer.

Rubini[1] was ill, and Lablache[2] the great basso, did not perform. Mario is the son of the Governor of Nice, but has left his home in displeasure, and assumes the "nom de guerre" of Mario; he is rather attractive in personal appearance, and has a delightful voice, but the critics say, it still requires practice and cultivation. After the Opera, we had the ballet of "La Gitana," and I saw for the first time the celebrated Taglioni.[3] This danseuse seems to merit all the extraordinary praise that has been bestowed on her, no praise of her grace, can be exaggeration. It was indeed "the very poetry of motion." She is not handsome, yet far from appearing otherwise, and is slightly enclined to "en bon point."

June 14. The anniversary of my wedding day, eight years ago. Breakfasted with an agreeable party at Mr. and Mrs. Senior's,[4] Hyde Park Gate. He is a scholar, and lawyer of eminence, and she is a West Indian. I sat, at table, between Mr. Bingham Baring,[5] a charming person, son of Lord Ashbur-

[1] Giovanni Battista Rubini, 1795–1854; Italian singer.

[2] Luigi Lablache, 1794–1858; Italian actor and singer.

[3] Marie Sophie Taglioni, 1804–84; Swedish *danseuse*.

[4] Nassau William Senior, 1790–1864; economist; Master in Chancery, 1836–55.

[5] William Bingham Baring, 2d Baron Ashburton, 1799–1864;

ton,[1] and Mr. William Clay.*[2] The former a conservative, and the latter a thorough radical, and I was much amused by the good natured quarrelling of these two neighbours, on the subject of local politics. Mr. Baring kindly expressed great regret, that "there was nobody in London; Devonshire House closed, the Duke abroad, the Duchess of Sutherland also absent, Lady Jersey, and some others, out of town, and he feared we should lose all opportunity, of seeing anything of London Society." The Earl of Shelburne,[3] son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Lovelace,[4] who married Ada Byron,[5] were among the guests.

At dinner at home, Mr. and Mrs. Webster kindly drank my Husband's[6] health, in a bottle of champagne, more precious here, than in America.

* Now Sir William Clay. (H. S. P.)

statesman; Member of Parliament, 1826–48. His mother was Anne Louisa Bingham, of Philadelphia.

[1] Alexander Baring, 1st Baron Ashburton, 1774–1848; financier and statesman.

[2] Sir William Clay, 1791–1869; politician; merchant in London; Member of Parliament for Tower Hamlets, 1832–57.

[3] Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, Earl of Shelburne, later 4th Marquis of Lansdowne, 1816–66; Member of Parliament for Calne, 1837–56.

[4] William King-Noel, 1st Earl of Lovelace, 1805–93.

[5] The Honorable Augusta Ada Byron, daughter of George Gordon, 6th Baron Byron, the poet; married, 1835, William King-Noel, 1st Earl Lovelace.

[6] James William Paige, 1792–1868; merchant.

Saturday, June 15. By previous invitation, and arrangement, we drove to Chiswick, to visit the Horticultural exhibition, in company with, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, and Mr. and Mrs. George Archibald. The *sea* of equipages outside the grounds, was astounding to my unpractised eye, and within, were vast numbers of gaily dressed people, (many ladies wearing embroidered muslins over a coloured silk), making an attractive scene to a novice, like myself. The exhibition of flowers, was very beautiful, particularly the heaths; they were of uncommon size and beauty. The *flavor* of the pine-apples growing within, was very powerful, and agreeable, but an approach to the tables, for *seeing* the pines, we found, in consequence of the crowd, entirely impracticable. There we accidentally met Mrs. Derby, who left America before ourselves, in a Packet Ship, and had with her husband, but recently arrived in London. On leaving Chiswick, the crowd of carriages extended as far as the eye could reach, awaiting their fair occupants, and yet on reaching "Hyde Park," and there driving for an hour, the crowd of equipages, seemed in no way diminished, and the whole world of fashion seemed congregated there. This may afford a slight illustration of the vast pop-

ulation, of this "vaster" city, which fills me, the longer I remain, with bewildered astonishment, and admiration. We had engaged ourselves this evening, to a party at Mr. Babbage's, where we were told we should meet "some of the cleverest people in England"; but we have just received through the Lord Chamberlain, an invitation, or rather a "command," to attend the Queen's[1] ball on Monday night, and we must pay a visit of consultation to our dress maker, and forego the pleasure of Mr. Babbage's Soirée. Our card of invitation is about one fourth the size of a large sheet of letter paper, and is thus expressed:

The Lord Chamberlain is
commanded by The Queen
to invite
Mrs. Paige
to a Ball on Monday the
17th June at 10 o'Clock
Buckingham Palace. Full Dress.

Sunday morning, June 16. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Augustus Murray,[2] attached to the Queen's household, we were to have gone to the

[1] Alexandrina Victoria, 1819–1901; daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent; ascended the throne, 1837, as Queen Victoria.

[2] Sir Charles Augustus Murray, 1806–95; diplomatist and author; Master of the Household, 1838–44.

Chapel royal to-day. To our great regret and disappointment, after the services of all the other churches had commenced, came a note from Mr. Murray to Mr. Webster, saying that "owing to the departure of her cousin Victoria, one of the Princesses of Coburg, the Queen would not attend Chapel to-day, and presuming we would prefer to go, when the Queen was present, he had postponed sending the tickets of admission," and so we lost the opportunity of going to church at all. At two o'clock we drove to the Zoölogical Gardens, in company with Captain Stockton, an American friend, stopping to lunch on our way with Mr. Kenyon in Harley Place. There we found Captain Jones, a friend of Kenyon's, and Mr. Ogilvie awaiting our coming. This latter is one of the Directors of the Zoölogical Gardens, and "desired the privilege of escorting Mr. Webster's family there." These gardens are, as their name indicates, a menagerie of animals, and are situated in the N.E. side of Regent's Park; they are very extensive, the grounds are very prettily laid out, and on *Sundays*, the only day the "canaille" is excluded, form a very fashionable promenade. About 9 years ago, the animals from the Tower, were presented to this Society by King William IV; they are kept in "pad-

docks," dens, &c., suitable to their various habits, and the bears in pits, with a stout pole in the centre, on which they climb. The pits are surrounded by a high iron railing. The birds are in aviaries, and the apes and monkeys are similarly provided for. A macaw bit Mrs. Webster's hat, and was induced, with difficulty, to let go his hold; he was constantly asking "What's your name"? The most interesting animals to me, were the two Giraffes; one of these was so much attracted by a bunch of wild cherries in my chip-hat, attempting several times to reach it with his long neck, that I could not approach, without his repeating the attempt. We have since learnt that a young Giraffe has made its appearance, and "has been heard to grunt twice since its birth." We were asked to dinner at Mr. Bates', but it being Sunday, we begged to be excused.

Monday, June 17. Drove to "Storr & Mortimer's" this morning, and have been much occupied, with arrangements, for the Court ball this evening. Mr. Webster dines with Sir William Rolfe, having declined invitations from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and two or three other persons for to-day. We are told, that it is a great privilege to go to a ball at Court, before a regular presentation, it being con-

trary to etiquette, and that it is a compliment to be appreciated, by Mr. Webster and his party.

Tuesday, June 18. The Queen's ball last night was of course very magnificent. Mrs. Webster wore an embroidered pink silk, Julia a white tulle over satin, trimmed with pink roses, and I was dressed in a rose coloured silk with a deep flounce of thread lace, the waist trimmed with a berthe to correspond, and ornamented also with a garniture of pink and silver flowers, and wreath also for the hair of the same. Mr. Webster wore a court dress, which was exceedingly becoming, consisting of smallclothes, white silk stockings, diamond knee and shoe buckles; a coat of the fashion of the last century, lined with white satin, with a white satin vest, embroidered in colours, and ornamental steel buttons, of the same fashion as the coat, point-lace shirt ruffles, and lace frills over the hands. To the collar of the coat, behind, are attached ribbons &c., to give the appearance of the bag-wig of former times. This costume, or uniform, was worn by all the gentlemen present. We drove to Buckingham Palace, at 10 o'clock, the hour named, and joining the long train of carriages, with their liveried footmen, in full costume, soon reached the palace door, where were the "yeomen of

CAROLINE LEROY WEBSTER
(MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER)

From a portrait by Savinien-Edme Dubourjal, 1845

the Guard" in their costumes, ranged on each side, and a band of very fine music, constantly playing. We entered the spacious and magnificent Hall, and in an apartment beyond, we deposited our shawls, and received from one of the maids in attendance, a ticket, with a number, a corresponding one, being attached to our garments. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were awaiting us, and passing rapidly through several very splendid apartments, we found ourselves, in a flood of light, amid a crowd of richly dressed people, blazing with diamonds, and different orders, there awaiting, as I soon learned, the appearance of her Majesty. We had barely time to look around us, before the doors of the adjoining apartment, called the "North Yellow Room" were thrown open, when the Queen appeared, preceded by her Chamberlains, with long gold sticks, walking backward, facing the Queen. Her Majesty was attended by the Duke of Sussex[1] her Uncle, and several other members of the royal family, their names successively whispered to us, as they passed along; then came the ladies in waiting, maids of honor, and so on, in regular order, according to the prescribed etiquette. The Queen wore a white point lace dress, of the richest pattern,

[1] Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, 1773–1843.

over satin, her hair simply dressed with flowers, intermingled with diamonds, and a diamond bandeau, with the broad blue velvet belt, or order of the garter, across her shoulder and chest, meeting under one arm. She passed along the line formed each side of the entrance door, bowing graciously, and, shaking hands with many, proceeded to the throne room, and having mounted only for a few moments, this platform, or dais, which was richly adorned with crimson velvet and gold, and an awning of the same material above, she at once commenced dancing, having through her Lord Chamberlain selected her own partner. As I looked at her, I could not but confess, that had she not been distinguished by that blue order, (worn by no other female in England), she would have entirely escaped my notice, or recollection. Her Majesty is not pretty, is very short, inclining to "en bon point," her hair is light, and her eyes a greyish blue. Mrs. Stevenson had desired us to be near her, when the dancing was over, that she might present us all, in due succession. Two other ladies however, followed Mrs. Webster so closely, in their eagerness to approach the throne, that Julia and myself became separated from Mrs. Webster, and found it entirely impossible, amid the

rush, to recover ourselves (for even at court people *will* crowd and push), so that we had the vexation of seeing Mrs. Webster in the act of presentation, and ourselves, far behind. Every lady present is expected "to do her duty" to the Queen, in this particular. However, in our case, this formal, and coveted ceremony, was only postponed, and we had no great reason ultimately, to regret this delay. After another dance, on the Queen's part, she again ascended the throne, and Julia and myself, were duly presented by Mrs. Stevenson, our names distinctly pronounced in an audible voice, after Mrs. Stevenson, by the Queen herself. We then, to our great relief, *backed* our way from the throne room, and were permitted to wander at pleasure through the various rooms of the palace, and indulge our curiosity and admiration. When the Queen was not dancing, she occupied a large velvet arm-chair, with the V.R. in gold letters, on the velvet wall above, and in the other chairs, sat the Duchess of Cambridge,[1] and her Daughter, the Princess Augusta,[2] and other members of the Royal

[1] Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse-Cassel; married, 1818, Prince Adolphus Frederick, 1st Duke of Cambridge; died, 1889.

[2] Princess Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Cambridge; born, 1822.

family. The Duchess of Kent,[1] sat on one side; she is still a fine looking woman. Seven apartments were open, and lighted of course. The picture gallery is a very splendid room 164 feet by 28, and runs nearly the whole length of the palace. After a short time the Queen left the Throne Room, and danced in the South yellow drawing room. At one o'clock the supper rooms were opened, the tables covered with gold plate. The dishes were mostly French, and highly and tastefully ornamented. An abundance of fruits, such as pines, which are very delicious and grown in pineries, strawberries and cherries (fruit is more costly than with us, and frequently grown under glass), champagne, and seltzer water, which they mingle with the former, and ices of all kinds, were served all the evening previous to supper in another apartment, and I believe there was also tea, and coffee. The side-board was in a raised niche, covered, and hung with crimson velvet, and ornamented with massive gold candelabra, and wax candles, and was literally groaning under the weight of the very superb gold plate with which it was covered. This exhibition struck us all, as magnificent in the extreme, not only

[1] Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis Frederick Antony, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld; married, 1818, Edward, Duke of Kent.

beyond what we had ever seen, but what we had ever dreamed of. The blaze of jewelry was also astounding. The Marchioness of Londonderry[1] is quite celebrated for her profusion of diamonds, and on this occasion, she was literally covered; from the large sprigs on the front-skirt of her dress, to the neck of her dress, her gloves, and around the waist, she was a glitter of diamonds, and a coronet of brilliants around her head. The Princess Doria's[2] diamonds were also very splendid, and were shown to advantage, with her black dress. Prince Esterhazy's[3] jewels, have always been celebrated, and on this occasion he displayed a broad band of diamonds, over his crimson velvet coat; his sword-case was entirely covered with these precious gems, mingled with pearls, and so was his cartridge box. Being an Ambassador, from a foreign court, of course, his dress was that of his own country (Austria). He

[1] Lady Frances Anne Emily Vane-Tempest, daughter of Sir Henry, Baronet; married, 1819, Charles William Stewart, 3d Marquis of Londonderry, who, upon his marriage, took the name of Vane in lieu of that of Stewart. She died 1865.

[2] Mary Alathea Beatrix Talbot, daughter of John, 16th Earl of Shrewsbury; married, 1839, Philip Andrew, Prince Doria Pamphilj Landi.

[3] Prince Paul Antoine Esterhazy von Galantha, 1786–1866; Austrian diplomatist; Ambassador to England, 1839.

carried in his hand, his cap, the jewels upon which are of inestimable value, a handsome fortune alone, it is said. Esterhazy's wealth is unbounded. It is said of him, that on a recent visit to Holkham Hall, the Earl of Leicester,[1] during a walk over the grounds, called Prince Esterhazy's attention to his vast flocks of sheep, amounting to 300 in number, being greater than belong to any other estate in Great Britain. Esterhazy bestowed just praise upon this display, and then remarked that he on his estates, "*had as many shepherds.*" And this is said to be literally true.

The Duchess of Sutherland,[2] although not so youthful as the portraits represent her, is still a superb woman. She is Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. She is called the best dressed woman in England. On this occasion, she was attired in simple mourning, for the loss of a child, and had just returned from the Continent, a day or two before. She is certainly a very striking and favorable specimen of "a

[1] Thomas William Coke, of Holkham, 1st Earl of Leicester, 1752–1842; agriculturist; "Coke of Norfolk."

[2] Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana Howard, daughter of George, 6th Earl of Carlisle; married, 1823, George Granville Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, 3d Duke of Sutherland; Mistress of the Robes, 1837–41; a great friend of Queen Victoria.

highborn English dame." Mr. Webster introduced me to Lord Melbourne,[1] whom I thought a handsome man, with an agreeable physiognomy. I was also presented to Lord Durham,[2] the Marquis of Lansdowne,[3] and a variety of other distinguished personages, both male, and female. We left the dancing room at two o'clock, but owing to the crowd of carriages, did not reach our lodgings until three o'clock, when it was quite daylight. We were not a little amused, while waiting our turn, in the anteroom, in listening to the call of the different carriages, the titled names of their owners, echoing from servant to servant, from hall to staircase, and from room to room. "The Marquis of Anglesey's[4] carriage stops the way." The Marquis appeared, his limping gait attesting his identity; he wears a substitute for one leg, buried at Waterloo. "The Marquis of Westminster's carriage," and soon the wealthy possessor of "Eaton Hall" advanced toward the en-

[1] William Lamb, 2d Viscount Melbourne, 1779–1848; statesman; adviser to Queen Victoria, 1837–41.

[2] John George Lambton, 1st Earl of Durham, 1792–1840; statesman.

[3] Sir Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, 3d Marquis of Lansdowne, 1780–1863; statesman.

[4] Sir Henry William Paget, 1st Marquis of Anglesey, 1768–1854; soldier.

trance, the Marchioness[1] on his arm; they were followed by the "Countess of Jersey," the "Earl[2] and Countess of Normanby,"[3] "Viscount Powerscourt,"[4] "Lord[5] and Lady Burghersh,"[6] and many others, whose names now quite escape my recollection. We made the acquaintance of Lady Georgiana Fane,[7] daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, of Lord[8] and Lady Wharncliffe,[9] and their son,[10] and daugh-

[1] Eleanor Egerton, daughter of Thomas, 1st Earl of Wilton; married, 1794, Robert Grosvenor, 1st Marquis of Westminster; died, 1846, aged 76.

[2] Sir Constantine Henry Phipps, 1st Marquis of Normanby, 1797–1863; was 2d Earl of Mulgrave; statesman; Secretary for War and the Colonies, 1839, and Home Secretary, 1839–41.

[3] The Honorable Maria Liddell, daughter of Thomas Henry, 1st Baron Ravensworth; married, 1818, Sir Constantine Henry Phipps, 1st Marquis of Normanby.

[4] Richard Wingfield, 6th Viscount Powerscourt, 1815–44.

[5] John Fane, Lord Burghersh, later 11th Earl of Westmoreland, 1784–1859; musical composer and author of military memoirs.

[6] Priscilla Anne Wellesley-Pole, daughter of the Right Honorable William, Lord Maryborough, Earl of Mornington; married, 1811, John Fane, Lord Burghersh.

[7] Cecily Jane Georgiana Fane, daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmoreland; died, 1874.

[8] James Archibald Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, 1st Baron Wharncliffe, 1776–1845; statesman.

[9] Caroline Elizabeth Mary Crighton, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Erne; married, 1799, James Archibald Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, 1st Baron Wharncliffe; died, 1856, aged 78.

[10] John Stuart-Wortley, later Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, 2d Baron Wharncliffe, 1801–55; published pamphlets and an economic work.

ter; the latter is Lady Georgiana Stuart-Wortley,[1] daughter of the Earl of Harrowby.

June 18.[2] We drove in Hyde Park after a very late breakfast, and made ten visits, that is, we left our cards, and returned, to find we had received as many more. Among them are the cards of Lord[3] and Lady Lyndhurst,[4] the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, Viscount Palmerston,[5] Lord[6] and Lady Denman,[7] Lord and Lady Burghersh, Sir Charles[8] and Lady Bagot,[9] Viscount Morpeth,[10] &c. We have refused two or three invitations to dinner, in conse-

[1] Georgiana Elizabeth Ryder, daughter of Dudley, 1st Earl of Harrowby; married, 1825, John Stuart-Wortley, later Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, 2d Baron Wharncliffe; died, 1884, aged 80.

[2] The date is repeated.

[3] John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, 1772–1863; Lord Chancellor; son of John Singleton Copley, 1737–1815, the artist.

[4] Georgiana Goldsmith, daughter of Lewis; married, 1837, as his second wife, John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst.

[5] Henry John Temple, 3d Viscount Palmerston, 1784–1865; statesman.

[6] Thomas Denman, 1st Baron Denman, 1779–1854; Lord Chief Justice.

[7] Theodosia Anne Vevers, daughter of the Reverend Richard; married, 1804, Thomas Denman, 1st Baron Denman; died, 1852.

[8] Sir Charles Bagot, 1781–1843; Governor-General of Canada.

[9] Mary Charlotte Anne Wellesley-Pole, daughter of William, Lord Maryborough, Earl of Mornington; married, 1806, Sir Charles Bagot; died, 1845.

[10] George William Frederick Howard, Viscount Morpeth, later 7th Earl of Carlisle, 1802–64; statesman; Member of Parliament for the West Riding, 1832–41; admitted to the Cabinet, 1839.

quence of Mr. Webster's engagement, of some standing, to dine with Sir Robert Harry Inglis.[1] In the evening we attended the Opera again, and had Lady Wombwell's box, and returned more charmed than ever, with the divine music of "Lucretia Borgia" and the singing of Giulia Grisi.

June 19. An anniversary always saddened by the loss of the best of Mothers eleven years ago.

> "Could one wish bring thee, would I wish thee here?
> I dare not trust my heart — the dear delight
> Seems to be so desired, perhaps I might:
> But, no; what we here call our life is such,
> So little to be loved, and thou so much,
> That I should ill requite thee to restrain
> Thy unbound spirit into bonds again."

We dined with Mr.[2] and Mrs. Grote;[3] the former is a member of Parliament of strong Whig principles, living in Eccleston Street. Mrs. Grote has the reputation of extraordinary abilities. She is a large, tall, masculine woman, and a great politician, and has been accused (doubtless unjustly), of having written for him, her Husband's parliamentary

[1] Sir Robert Harry Inglis, 2d baronet, 1786–1855; Tory politician.

[2] George Grote, 1794–1871; Historian; Member of Parliament for the City of London, 1832–41.

[3] Harriet Lewin, 1792–1878; biographer; married George Grote 1820.

speeches. They have no children. I have thought that the English women were much better versed in politics generally, and more adequate for conversation on these topics, than the women of our own country. On my left, was Sir William Molesworth,[1] a young man of talents, and liberal politics, a son of the late Baronet. Mr. Charles Austin[2] sat on my right hand. With the Aunt of this young barrister, we were engaged, to breakfast a week ago, when the illness of her husband Mr. Austin, prevented. Mrs. Grote had a large party beside, as seems to be customary here after a dinner. Contrary to the remonstrances of our hostess, we were obliged to leave, being first engaged for an hour to Mrs. Senior, and afterward to an agreeable party at Mrs. Stevenson's, where we met Mr.[3] and Mrs. H. Joy,[4] cousins to our friends and relatives in America;[5] also Mr. N. P. Willis,[6] who is now in England.

[1] Sir William Molesworth, 8th baronet, 1810–55; politician.

[2] Charles Austin, 1799–1874; lawyer.

[3] Henry Hall Joy, 1786–1840; Queen's Councillor. His grandfather and father were Loyalists at the time of the Revolution.

[4] Mary Charlotte Greenalgh, daughter of James; married Henry Hall Joy.

[5] Ellen Marion White, 1812–61; daughter of Stephen and sister of Mrs. Paige; married, 1835, John Benjamin Joy, 1814–64.

[6] Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1806–67; poet and writer.

June 20. To-day is the Queen's drawing-room, which Mrs. Webster and myself are to attend with Mrs. Stevenson, we cannot say "to be presented" as that has already taken place, at the Ball; Julia having there satisfied her curiosity declines going, but has gone with Mrs. Bates, to a house near St. James' Palace to witness the show of the passing carriages, in full liveries for this great occasion. The Queen's hair-dresser has just received his guinea, after having "coiffed me à la mode," with *seven* high white ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and a bandeau of diamonds. Mrs. Murray the Queen's dressmaker, has sent home the rest of my costume; it consists of a tulle dress, richly trimmed with puffings of the same on the bottom of the skirt, over this, another tulle petticoat, the whole front of which is fully trimmed with flowers, and white satin ribbon, beneath the lace dress is a satin, and over this, comes another skirt, or *train* of apricot silk, three yards in length, without a front breadth, displaying the flowers, and trimming of the lace dress beneath. Mrs. Webster wears a similar under-dress; her train being of blue silk, both trains are full trimmed all around and lined with white sarcenet.

We published, the other day, for the gratification of our lady readers, the description of Mrs. Webster's dress, on presentation to the Queen. We find, in the Court Journal, the following account of the costumes worn by Mrs. Stevenson, and Mrs. Paige.

Mrs. Stevenson (the American Minister's lady) Costume de Cour, composed of a rich pink satin train, lined through with white gros de Naples, elegantly ornamented with crape lisse, blonde, and flowers; blonde berthe and sabots; French tulle dress, over rich white satin; petticoat trimmed en tablier with blonde and ribbon. Head dress, blonde lappets and feathers; parure of diamonds.

Mrs. Paige. Train of rich apricot glace gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde; blonde mantilla and ruffles; petticoat and tunic of tulle, over satin, festooned with bouquets of heath and apple blossom. Head dress, feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds.[1]

June 21. At two o'clock yesterday, we drove to Mrs. Stevenson's, according to appointment. In her drawing-rooms we found the other ladies, who were to be presented, and a still larger party who had assembled as spectators. Returning again to our carriages, we were set down at the Ambassadors' entrée, at St. James's, and after ascending a staircase, walked through several passages, lined with very decently dressed females, who were there seated, patiently waiting to catch a glimpse of the passing court cos-

[1] Newspaper clipping.

tumes. Mrs. Bronson of New York was in the carriage with Mrs. Webster and myself; and the remainder of the party, through an accident, were detained for twenty minutes after we had reached the ante-room. After their arrival, and giving our names to the Secretary, to be inserted in a book kept for the purpose, we all passed "en train" to the adjoining apartment, filled with the Ambassadors, Ministers &c., awaiting their turn to appear before their Sovereign. This was the privileged entrée; another apartment the passage to which, was guarded, by the officers of the household, and the communication between, partly prevented by brass railings, was also filled with expectant faces, and evening feathers, and glittering jewelry. The effect of this full dress, by daylight, and the warmth of a July atmosphere, was peculiar. The other American ladies who were of our party at this presentation were, Mrs. Chase of Louisiana, whose train was of green uncut velvet, Mrs. Jaudon, who wore one of blue brocaded satin, Miss Murray of New York, who wore a pink watered silk train, Mrs. Bronson, who (being in mourning), wore white watered silk, and Miss Low, who also had a pink train and petticoat of tulle. At the head of the room, where we

had assembled, were two doors. These were very shortly opened, with some ceremony. Our party was the second, and following Mrs. Webster, preceded by Mrs. Stevenson, we slowly entered the left hand door, and found ourselves immediately in the presence of her "little Majesty." The Queen was standing upon the throne, or raised platform, and ranged on each side, were the Duchess of Kent, Duchess of Gloucester [1] and other female members, of the Royal family. The Queen courtesied and we did the same, first looking at her Majesty, and then at those at either side, who of course acknowledged it, by doing the like. The Groom of the Chambers, as we entered, arranged our long trains in folds, upon the floor, and immediately after the ceremony, he raised them up, and placing them like a drapery over our left arm, we left the presence chamber, and facing all the while the Queen, we passed out of the right hand door into the same apartment we had left. Here at a greater distance, we could still witness the presentations; but beside this, there was much to engross our attention in this apartment. We were favored with an introduction to many distinguished

[1] Princess Mary, daughter of George III, 1776–1857; married 1816, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester.

people, and many others were pointed out to us, not before known. Here, I had the great satisfaction of seeing, the Duke of Wellington,[1] the most remarkable man in all England, without doubt. On his arm was timidly leaning, his daughter-in-law, the young Marchioness of Douro,[2] just a bride, and this her presentation by the Duke. I was much struck with her beauty, and the elegant simplicity of her dress, a point lace, over satin, and three rows of large diamonds, each in a separate setting, extending down the waist, to the point of the long boddice. Mrs. Murray the dressmaker, told me, that she and her Daughter must sit up all the night through, in order to accomplish the sewing on of these jewels, the bridal gift of her distinguished Father-in-law. The Marchioness' whole "tournure" was in admirable taste. The Princess Doria was also present, and I heard herself, and the young Marchioness called the "twin stars of the Queen's drawing-room." We remained in this ante-room about three quarters of

[1] Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington, 1762–1852; field marshal; leader of Conservative Opposition in House of Lords, 1835–41.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of George, 8th Marquis of Tweeddale; married 1839, Arthur Richard Wellesley, Marquis of Douro, later 2d Duke of Wellington.

an hour, and having satisfied our curiosity, we prepared to depart. The female attendants below, neatly arranged our troublesome trains, like a shawl over our shoulders, and we drove back to our lodgings. Before exchanging our dresses, we paid a visit to our friends, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Amory, and Mrs. Hammond who are also our fellow lodgers at "the Brunswick." At 7 o'clock, we went to dine with Mrs. Denison, and her Son, the Bishop of Salisbury.[1] The latter is distinguished as being the youngest, among all the English Protestant bishops. Here we met an intelligent Scotch gentleman named Dundas. A Mr. Wood, related to Earl Grey [2] sat on my left, and Mr. Colville, an agreeable person, on my right. Baron [3] and Lady Parke were also present, at dinner. They have two beautiful and interesting daughters, who seem to be great favorites in society. A large party assembled after dining, with many new faces, but the most interesting person to me, was the lovely bride elect, of our kind host, the Bishop. She is a Miss Seymer,[4] and the

[1] Edward Denison, 1801–54, Bishop of Salisbury.

[2] Charles Grey, 2d Earl Grey, 1764–1845; statesman.

[3] Sir James Parke, 1782–1868; judge.

[4] Louisa Maria Seymer, daughter of Henry Ker; married 1839, Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury; died 1841.

nuptials are only postponed for a very short period, in consequence of a death, in the family of the lady. She was dressed in deep mourning, which added to the charm and interest of her beauty. At half past 11 o'clock, after once more exchanging our dresses for lighter ones, of tulle and flowers, we went to a magnificent fête at the town house of the Marquis of Westminster, in Grosvenor Street, whose magnificent mansion "Eaton Hall," in Cheshire county, I have previously described, it being one of four splendid country seats. This present house, stands one hundred feet from the street, the way up to which was temporarily covered, and prettily ornamented, with greens, flags, and various devices. Our carriage set us down at this entrance, and soon, were our names echoing, from servant, to servant, and from room to room, until after promenading through five splendid apartments, we entered the sixth one (the ball-room), through a large window; this was very spacious, temporarily built over the grounds, and garden, and adorned with flags, and every variety of rare plants, and growing shrubs. At the extremity of this room hung a crimson curtain, which after the lapse of about half an hour, was raised, discovering a supper table, splendidly furnished with gold plate, and cov-

ered with every luxury, and device, both of nature and of art. Pines in abundance, surmounting a silver gilt basket, filled with cherries, strawberries, and other costly fruits grown, under glass. The confectionery was very beautiful, and new to me. As "her Majesty" (I quote from the morning paper), "did the Marquis of Westminster the distinguished honour of being present," another supper-room for herself, and the other members of the Royal family was simultaneously opened, on the opposite side of the suite of apartments. The Queen was dressed in a blue crèpe, over white, ornamented with roses, the centre of each, being set with a large brilliant, and a wreath of roses on her head, each rose with one of these precious gems. The Queen does not sanction the wearing of feathers, in dancing; this is considered decided "mauvais ton." Her Majesty when not dancing (which she did constantly), sat on a raised platform, on one side of the ball-room, surrounded by her family, Court, and also by the Marchioness of Westminster. The "gold stick in waiting," stood at the foot, and with a low bow, on receiving her Majesty's orders, respecting the partner she might choose for the ensuing dance, he then *backed* from the presence, with the happy announce-

ment to the envied partner and he appearing, and taking the Queen's *fingers*, led her to the dance. Once, I observed the young and handsome Marquis of Douglas,* [1] son of the Duke of Hamilton to be the favored personage; it *was whispered* that he was thought to be a prodigious favorite, and that the Royal eye was kindly bent in that quarter. The Queen herself must take the lead in conversation, and no remark is made except in reply to those of her Majesty. She dances well, and appears conscious of it too. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, their relatives, Mr.[2] and Mrs. Abraham Van Buren [3] and the attaché Mr. Singleton (brother to Mrs. Van Buren), were the only Americans present, beside ourselves.

* Lord Douglas reminded me strongly of John Sullivan,[1] but he is considerably taller, and a very handsome, elegant man; he is cousin to Mr. Charles A. Murray, and married afterward, the Princess Mary [2] of Baden. (H. S. P.)

[1] John Turner Sargent Sullivan, 1813–48; lawyer.

[2] Princess Marie Amélie Elizabeth Caroline, daughter of Charles Louis Frederick, reigning Grand Duke of Baden, and cousin of Napoleon III; married, 1843, William Alexander Anthony Archibald Hamilton, Marquis of Douglas.

[1] William Alexander Anthony Archibald Hamilton, Marquis of Douglas, later 11th Duke of Hamilton, 1811–63.

[2] Abraham Van Buren, 1807–73, son of President Van Buren; soldier.

[3] Angelica Singleton, 1820 (?) –78; daughter of Richard; married, 1838, Abraham Van Buren. She was niece of Andrew Stevenson.

Weippert's splendid band of 26 gave us the finest music, and the whole scene was truly one of delight, and enchantment. After supper, we went to enjoy the rare paintings in the "gallery." This is 150 feet long, and contains some of the rarest works of the old masters in England, particularly four very large, and valuable "Rubens," in quite a different style, from anything I had ever seen, of this great artist. We were presented to many people, and were gratified at seeing many more, known by name and reputation. We returned to our lodgings in time, to see the daylight dawn, sorely fatigued both in mind and body.

Friday, June 21.[1] Breakfasted with the Rev'd. Mr. Milman[2] and his pretty, and interesting wife. He is an author, a poet, as well as one of the Prebendaries of Westminster Abbey, and his house communicates through the gardens, with the Abbey itself. Before leaving home Mr. Webster received a note from Mr. Milman, stating that "he thought proper to inform him, that his children were ailing with the whooping cough, in case Miss Webster had

[1] The date is repeated.

[2] Henry Hart Milman, 1791–1868; Dean of St. Paul's; Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1835.

not yet had that distressing complaint." Mr. Milman entertained an idea, that Miss Webster was yet a child, which mistake caused some merriment, when she appeared. Lockhart was present (we had previously met him at a soirée at Miss Rogers') ; Taylor,[1] the author of Philip von Artevelde, Mr. Thurwell a professor at Cambridge, the Rev'd. Mr. Harness, an unmarried clergyman, and Miss Cockle, sister to Mrs. Milman were the guests. After breakfast, by a private passage, we entered with the above mentioned party Westminster Abbey, and I saw for the first time, the interior of this glorious edifice, hallowed by time, and a thousand associations of the past. I had the good fortune to go over a large portion, on the arm of Lockhart, and found him full of charming conversation and poetical allusions. Lockhart has the misfortune of being a little deaf, and the consciousness of this infirmity gives him the appearance, and reputation, of being both haughty, and reserved, but I should do him great injustice, if on this occasion, I did not acknowledge myself, much charmed, with the son-in-law of Scott, and separated from him with a strong desire for a more intimate acquaintance.

[1] Sir Henry Taylor, 1800–86; author.

"It has been my wont,
To pause o'er some fine thought, and feel that he
Who gave it utterance was my friend."

Respecting the Abbey itself, I could say *much*, but *volumes* are already filled, with far better descriptions than mine, of this time-honored and beautiful structure. I can hardly say, whether I was more struck with the rich Gothic of its vast exterior, or overwhelmed with all the historic associations that crowded on my mind, in walking among the tombs, and viewing the achievements of the "illustrious dead"; the scene itself,

"Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old."

I paused before the tombs of "Marie Stuart," and of the "Virgin Queen." A horizontal marble figure or effigy, adorns the tomb of each, and is supposed to bear somewhat of a resemblance; Queen Bess is much flattered, for this is more prepossessing than is inferred by most descriptions of her personal appearance. Poor Mary, looks gentle, and incapable of the black crime attributed to her. Here is quite observable that beauty of feature for which all the race of Plantagenet,* was said, to be so re-

* The effigy of Henry III (a Plantagenet) is of gilt brass, and well executed. Another of Edward III lies extended on a grey

markable. The very ancient tombs were deeply interesting; the remains of the paint, and gilt, with which it was formerly the custom to ornament the figures, is still visible, and in many instances the tombs have been restored by the descendants of the deceased. We saw the tomb of the "brave André" [1] highly ornamented with emblems, and figures; his remains were not long since exhumed, and brought from America to their present resting place. A statue of "Watt" [2] the energetic steam supporter, by Chantrey; Isaac Watts [3] the divine, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Dryden, and many, many others "known to fame"; the list is endless, of kings, heroes, and statesmen, whose remains lie here. I greatly admired a marble figure of a female beggar in a sitting posture, weeping on the tomb of "a lady known for her charities." Lockhart remarked on leaving the Abbey, that "he had never seen it so thoroughly, or enjoyed it so highly." We afterward went to the "record office" and saw a number of literary curiosities, two

marble slab, and at its head, the shield, and sword of this prince, the latter, seven feet long. (H. S. P.)

[1] John André, 1751–80; major.

[2] James Watt, 1736–1819; engineer.

[3] Isaac Watts, 1674–1748; divine and hymn writer.

or three "papal bulls," and the original Domesday book. The following is the ancient description of the

"Domesday book."

"Then King William to learn the worth of his land,
Let enquiry stretch throughout all England,
How many plough land and hiden also,
Here in every shire, and what they were worth thereto;
And the rents of each town, and the waters each one,
The worth, and woods eke, and wastes where lived none;
By that he wist what he were worth of all England,
And set it clearly forth that all might understand,
And had it clearly written, and that script he put I wis
In the treasurie of Westminster, where it still is."

Saturday, June 22. We were all asked by Lord Morpeth, son of the Earl of Carlisle, and brother to the Duchess of Sutherland, to a breakfast, at 5 o'clock, at the villa of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, but we had a long standing engagement to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bates in Portland Place at 7 o'clock, and had already declined invitations from Lord and Lady Lyndhurst for the same hour, and day. Many friends urged our attending this fête, and boats were promised to procure our arrival in town, in season for the dinner, but on consulting with Mrs. Bates, we found her somewhat opposed, to this plan, and in justice to our kind friend, we gave up this truly tempting excursion.

Sir Thomas Baring,[1] and his Daughter were among the guests in Portland Place, and the former told me, as he sat on my right at dinner, that both himself and Miss Baring had just returned from the villa at Chiswick, and that the fête was very successful, and delightful. Lord[2] and Lady Radstock,[3] Mr. Labouchère,[4] my right hand neighbor, and the Rev'd. Sydney Smith[5] were among the guests. This last named is a celebrated wit, and writer, and is a canon of St. Paul's. After dinner we went to a Soirée at Mr. Babbage's, where we met a younger sister of Miss Edgeworth,[6] rather a peculiar looking person, with short, and dark curly hair. We also, chatted some time with Miss Jane Porter.[7] She is a thin person, not at all handsome, but with a sensible, and agreeable physiognomy, dressed in black in quite an old-fashioned style; I should suppose her about fifty years old. She made many enquiries about our country,

[1] Thomas Baring, 1799–1873; financier.

[2] George Granville Waldegrave, 2d Baron Radstock, 1786–1857; vice-admiral.

[3] Esther Caroline Puget, daughter of James; married, 1823, George Granville Waldegrave, 2d Baron Radstock.

[4] Henry Labouchère, 1st Baron Taunton, 1798–1869; statesman; Under-Secretary of War and the Colonies, 1839.

[5] Sydney Smith, 1771–1845; Canon of St. Paul's.

[6] Maria Edgeworth, 1767–1849; novelist.

[7] Jane Porter, 1776–1850; novelist.

and expressed the highest reverence, and admiration, for the character of Washington.

Sunday, June 23. Mr. Charles Augustus Murray sent us tickets last evening, for the Chapel Royal this morning, and wrote word that her Majesty would be present, and to the Chapel Royal therefore, we went, and saw the Queen in her "closet" which is similar in external appearance to the orchestra of our own churches. The Dowager Queen Adelaide[1] was also there. The doors, and passages were crowded with people, trying to catch a glimpse of the Queen. The cathedral ceremony, to my Puritan eyes, savours greatly of the Catholic, the services here, were performed by four or five different clergymen, and the psalter, and responses all chanted. Julia went to the church called, "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields," at the invitation of another friend. On our return from church we went, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bates, to pay a visit to Lady Wellesley,[2] who had been for some weeks confined by indisposition to the house.

[1] Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia, daughter of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen; married, 1818, William IV; died 1849.

[2] Marianne (Caton) Patterson, daughter of Richard Caton of Maryland, and widow of Robert Patterson; married, 1825, Richard Wellesley, Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India; died 1853.

This celebrated granddaughter of Charles Carroll,[1] is still a superb woman, and although thin, and pallid, by illness, possesses the remains of great beauty and charm of manner, for which latter, she is quite conspicuous. I thought her intelligent and gentle. She made several enquiries respecting the last court drawing-room, and remarked, that not being herself able to attend, "the Duke" had sent for her inspection, the diamonds, that afterwards ornamented the dress of her niece, the Marchioness of Douro, and that Mrs. Murray was occupied from early in the morning, until the hour for going to court, in sewing on the diamonds, of the boddice alone.

The Rev'd. Sydney Smith had asked us to tea quite unceremoniously, and there we met his two married daughters, with their Husbands, and several agreeable gentlemen, among them Professor Smyth *[2] of Cambridge College, who excited our curiosity somewhat, by taking Mr. Webster into an adjoining room, for a "private conference," but we found afterward, it was only to request, that when Mr. Webster proposed

* Regius Professor of History. (H. S. P.)

[1] Charles Carroll, 1737–1832; politician; signer of the Declaration of Independence.

[2] William Smyth, 1765–1849; Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

visiting Cambridge, he would previously inform Professor Smyth of his intention by letter.

Mrs. Smith is a kind, motherly woman, whom we had not before seen. We were served with ice-cream in small plates, and afterward with goblets of iced water. Mr. Smith is now an advocate for the temperance cause, and gives his friends no beverage stronger than tea.

Monday, June 24. We drove down to the "city" this morning, and spent some time in looking at the treasures at Rundell & Bridge's shop, and saw many articles of gold and silver, of great weight and beauty, and jewels of inestimable value. From there, we went to a manufactory of painted slate tables, a new discovery; they are much handsomer than the scagliola, and the polish beside being finer, will not injure by time or using. We saw one in daily use, which had been so, uncovered, for three years, and quite fresh and uninjured. I think this must supersede all other articles for centre-table tops &c. Two that were ordered by an American friend were very handsome, and finished ready for mounting. From thence we went to St. Paul's cathedral, which was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1675.

The vastness of the interior is very striking, but

the exterior is so blackened by the smoke of London, that its beauty of architecture is almost lost; and then the Corinthian order is so much less imposing than the Gothic of Westminster Abbey. We visited the "whispering gallery," and ascended to the dome, and saw London from its exterior; went also to the library, and descended to the crypt where are the tombs of many conspicuous men. The remains of Nelson lie in the centre of the church, over which is his tomb. The visit was one of great interest, and I much regretted the absence of Julia, who had gone to ride, with "Fanny," and her Master (Mr. Senior), to breakfast at Richmond Hill, with Mrs. Austin.

At seven o'clock we dined with the Earl of Selkirk,[1] his Mother, the Countess of Selkirk,[2] and the two daughters, Ladies Isabella[3] and Katherine[4] Douglas. Lord Selkirk's acquaintance we all had the pleasure of making shortly before leaving America, and Mr. Webster, just before our embarkation, received from his Lordship a present of a valuable fowling piece used by him in deer shooting excur-

[1] Dunbar James Douglas, 6th Earl of Selkirk, 1809–85.

[2] Jean Wedderburn-Colvile, daughter of James; married, 1807, Thomas Douglas, 5th Earl of Selkirk; died, 1871.

[3] Lady Isabella Ellen Douglas, sister of the Earl of Selkirk.

[4] Lady Katherine Jane Douglas, sister of the Earl of Selkirk.

sions, on his estate at St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbrightshire. Among the guests, were Lord Abinger[1] (formerly Sir James Scarlett), and his Son, Mr. Scarlett,[2] who had with him his extremely pretty and interesting wife, Mrs. Scarlett,[3] and Sir Stratford[4] and Lady Canning,[5] the former was once Minister to the United States of America; beside these there were present several gentlemen.

June 25. Breakfasted in Pall Mall, with Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes. He is a bachelor of some twenty-eight, or thirty years, and has already acquired no mean reputation as a poet and politician. He is a Member of Parliament and represents Pontefract.

Mr. Milnes, although acknowledged to be an agreeable, and clever man, and attractive too, is accused of being too consequential, and important, spoiled in fact by the injudicious flattery of admir-

[1] James Scarlett, 1st Baron Abinger, 1769–1844; statesman.

[2] Sir James Yorke Scarlett, 1799–1871; general; Member of Parliament for Guildford, 1836–41.

[3] Charlotte Anne Hargreaves, daughter of John; married, 1835, Sir James Yorke Scarlett.

[4] Stratford Canning, 1st Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, 1786–1880; diplomatist; styled "the Great Elchi"; Member of Parliament for King's Lynn, 1835–41; Envoy to Washington, 1820–24.

[5] Elizabeth Charlotte Alexander, daughter of James; married, 1825, Sir Stratford Canning.

ing friends. He has genius, and is "petted by the women." Can that account for the abuse of his own sex? At any rate, I may acknowledge that I have not seen a more attractive man, without a particle of personal beauty (he is very short too), since I have been in England. Our breakfast party was composed of Mr. Colville, two gentlemen, translators of Niebuhr's Rome, a blond and pretty lady, wife of a Member of Parliament, whose name I have now forgotten, and Mr. Phillips, a young barrister of reputation, whom Mr. Webster had also known, at Washington. Mr. Milnes is also an amateur musician; he plays the piano forte, and presented me with a song, the words, and I believe the music, his own composition. It is called the "Venetian Serenade." He presented to Mrs. Webster, and to myself copies of his "Poems of many Years" recently published.

After breakfasting Mr. Phillips accompanied us to the House of Lords. The court was sitting, and I saw for the first time, the judges, and lawyers, in their wigs, and robes. It so entirely changed the appearance of their wearers, that I did not recognize when they spoke to me, either Baron Vaughan,[1] or Baron

[1] Sir John Vaughan, 1769–1839; judge; Justice of Common Pleas, 1834–39.

Parke, although knowing them both well. The House of Lords, is a comparatively small apartment, used but temporarily until a new Parliament house can be built. The present House of Commons, is the former House of Lords, but as the ladies are never admitted during the sessions, we saw but the vacant house. Our first visit to the House of Lords had been already made, on the day we visited the Abbey. Lord Lovelace took us to the "Ushers Black Rod box," the only place where ladies are admitted; there we saw the Vice-Chancellor on the Wool Sack, and "the Duke" in his seat, made a few remarks upon the "postponement bill," as did Lord Powerscourt, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Brougham.[1] The Duke of Wellington wore a white waistcoat buttoned to the chin, white neckcloth, and the customary English morning frock coat. He has very stooping shoulders, in consequence of advanced age, and very white, thin, straight hair. He speaks but indistinctly, the voice at times quite low, then raised again to a shrill, high pitch, reminding one of an aged clergyman, with whom half the words are lost. Lord Brougham is decidedly *ugly*, is full of gesticulation, and has a

[1] Henry Peter Brougham, Baron Brougham and Vaux, 1778–1868; Lord Chancellor.

peculiarly prominent, flexible nose, square at the end, and somewhat *retroussé*. This feature as he talks, is constantly in motion, all the lines about the mouth, and cheeks are subject to a most unfortunate nervous twitching scarcely ceasing, even for a moment. He speaks nevertheless with some fluency, but has the English stammer. Lord Lyndhurst is decidedly the best speaker we have yet heard, being free in a great degree from this unfortunate peculiarity. Lord Melbourne hesitates, repeats, and stammers, in the simplest conversation. In short, this stammering, is a general fault here, both in public, and in private. It is very tiresome, to await the outcoming of a word, when one already knows, what that stumbling word will be.

The morning after the visit alluded to, the newspapers announced that "Mrs. Webster the wife of the American Senator, was in the Black Rod box the previous night." But to return to this, our second visit with Mr. Phillips. After we had had pointed out to us the spot, where the unfortunate Mr. Perceval[1] was shot, in the House of Commons, we proceeded, to visit Westminster Hall, where Parliaments

[1] Spencer Perceval, 1762–1812; statesman. He was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons.

have often sat, and Coronation feasts occur, and Peers, and other distinguished persons accused of treason, and other crimes, and misdemeanors, have been tried. Warren Hastings'[1] trial took place here, and Lord Melville's.[2] It is one of the largest rooms in Europe, unsupported by pillars; the roof is curiously carved, in Gothic, with chestnut wood, and the Gothic windows, at the extremes are very striking. After driving over several of the bridges, and through various interesting portions of London, seen for the first time, we returned home to luncheon, and afterward made twenty *morning* visits until 6 o'clock, when we again returned to dress for a dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, York Terrace, Regent's Park. Among the guests, was "His Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick,"[3] cousin of her Majesty, a stupid person; he sat on my left, but I could extract from him nothing intelligent, or agreeable. Besides this, we had Sir Duncan MacDougall,[4] Mr. and Mrs.

[1] Warren Hastings, 1732–1818; Governor-General of India. He was impeached on the ground of corruption and cruelty in his Indian administration, but acquitted.

[2] Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville, 1742–1811. He was impeached for malversation, and guilty of negligence, but acquitted.

[3] August Louis William Maximilian Frederick, 1806–84; succeeded in 1831.

[4] Sir Duncan MacDougall, 1787–1862; lieutenant-colonel, 79th Cameron Highlanders.

Lamie-Murray, and Bishop Inglis[1] of Nova Scotia, and daughter. We were much urged to remain at Mrs. Archibald's evening party, but we were already engaged to a ball at the Marquis of Normanby's. On reaching home however, the question for going, or not going, to the ball, was put to vote, and we all with one accord, decided in the *negative*, preferring to seek the "arms of Nature's soft nurse" to the most brilliant ball, that a London season could offer. In short, we were quite *done up*, and did not rise until a late hour on the following morning.

June 26. Made many more visits, ending at Storr & Mortimer's tempting shop in Bond Street. Mr. Webster went to the Royal levée, exclusively for gentlemen, in full court costume, which became him excessively. As he made his devoirs, her Majesty, as she acknowledged them, remarked: "I had the pleasure of seeing you Mr. Webster, at the chapel, on Sunday." In the evening, we attended a grand concert at Lansdowne House. The music-room was very spacious, and elegant, embellished with antique statuary, and numerous lofty candelabra. The Italians sang divinely. The rank and fashion of London were present. Among them were Sir

[1] John Inglis, 1778–1850; Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Robert,[1] Lady,[2] and Miss Peel. The latter is short, quite young, and unlike her Father, she has dark eyes. *His* are *blue*, with light hair, high forehead, and a very good, intellectual, expressive face; he is about 50 years old. My desire was gratified by the sight of Lady Seymour,[3] and her no less celebrated sister the Hon. Mrs. Norton.[4] Both these granddaughters of the celebrated Sheridan, are very justly admired for their personal beauty, but Mrs. Norton's is of a more intellectual, less regular, and of a decidedly higher order than Lady Seymour's; the former has a large mouth, betokening energy, and decision, the latter a tranquil, regular loveliness, which is certainly very winning and attractive. Lady Lansdowne[5] is a firm, and

[1] Sir Robert Peel, second Baronet, 1788–1850; statesman; in Opposition, 1839.

[2] Julia Floyd, daughter of Sir John, Baronet; married, 1820, Sir Robert Peel, 2d Baronet.

[3] Jane Georgiana Sheridan, daughter of Thomas; married, 1830, Edward Adolphus Seymour, 12th Duke of Somerset; died, 1884, aged 75.

[4] Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan, 1808–77; poetess; daughter of Thomas; married, 1827, Hon. George Chapple Norton, from whom she separated in 1836; distinguished for her beauty and wit. Lord Melbourne was accused by her husband of being too intimate with her, but the trial proved both innocent. Dickens got hints of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick" from this trial.

[5] Louisa Emma Fox-Strangways, daughter of Henry Thomas, 2d Earl of Ilchester; married, 1808, Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, 3d Marquis of Lansdowne; died, 1851.

fast friend to Mrs. Norton, and enthusiastic in her defence against all those unfortunate, and well known slanders, that have reached even our own shores. Mrs. Norton has scarcely the bearing of contentment or happiness, and is much changed of late, they say. Lady Seymour reminds me of Elizabeth Bryant[1] of Boston, but she is taller, and has a superb complexion, and of course is more beautiful than our friend Elizabeth, although there is a striking similarity of expression.

June 27. Breakfasted with Sir Robert H. Inglis; Lady Inglis was not in town, a fact we were previously told, by Sir Robert. Here we met Mr. Spring-Rice,[2] the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stratford Canning, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton,[3] Mr. Morier, brother to the author of that agreeable book "Hajji Baba,"[4] and Sir Thomas Dyke Acland,[5] with whom we all fell in love. He urged us to visit

[1] Elizabeth Bryant, 1818–43; daughter of John; married, 1840, Patrick Grant of Boston.

[2] Thomas Spring-Rice, 1st Baron Monteagle of Brandon, 1790–1866; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1835–39.

[3] Sir Robert John Wilmot Horton, 3d Baronet, 1784–1841; politician.

[4] James Justinian Morier, 1780?–1849; diplomatist, traveler, and novelist; author of *Hajji Baba*.

[5] Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, 1787–1871; politician and philanthropist; Member of Parliament for North Devon, 1837–57.

him at Killerton Park, and I hope we may yet have it in our power to accept. We heard some marvellous ghost stories, and had altogether a memorable, and agreeable breakfast.

By appointment, at three o'clock, we went, in company with Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, to the Polytechnic School, and heard a short lecture upon the effect of light, in procuring colours, and witnessed some curious, and very interesting experiments, quite new to us, as illustration of the fact. Those with the electric battery were extremely interesting, finishing with a grand explosion, by which, through a communication with the battery, a miniature vessel was instantly thrown up from the surface of a miniature sea.

In the evening we went to a party at Baron, and Lady Parke's, 56 Park Street, where we met the Misses Denison and one of their numerous brothers, Lockhart, the Misses Mansfield, and their Mother, and Mrs. Mansfield, also Mrs. Beaumont, one of the prettiest women I have yet seen in London. She is a daughter of Mr. Timothy Wiggin, and married to a husband very much her senior, who was not present. I also saw a Mr. Blake, who on being presented, told me he was at the Virginia Springs during the

last summer, and "heard my Sister and myself sing, in the long room there." Of course he referred to Mrs. Gray,[1] as I frequently sang duets with her, in this room. The Misses Denison announced that their Brother, the Bishop of Salisbury, had been married that morning, and had already left town for Salisbury, with his interesting bride.

June 28. The appointed evening for Mrs. Bates' concert and Mrs. Stevenson's soirée. Her Majesty however had signified her intention of giving a grand ball, and cards of invitation had been issued accordingly. Mrs. Bates, and Mrs. Stevenson have in consequence issued their cards of postponement. We had the honor to receive a second mammoth card from the Lord Chamberlain for this occasion, but to-day, poor Lady Flora Hastings[2] (about whom there have been propagated so many cruel, and unfounded rumors), is declared to be dangerously ill, and the Queen has thought proper to relinquish the ball. Having afterward received

[1] Elizabeth Stone White, 1809–42; daughter of Captain Joseph and Eliza (Story); married, 1829, Samuel Calley Gray, of Boston. She was a first cousin, on both sides, of Mrs. Paige.

[2] Lady Flora Elizabeth Rawdon-Hastings, 1806–39; daughter of Francis, 1st Marquis of Hastings. Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Kent, and subject of a court scandal in 1839.

an intimation from Mrs. Stevenson that she is still "at home," and glad to receive us, we went at half past nine to Portland Place. The Queen's Uncle the Duke of Sussex, had been dining with the American minister. In consequence of an eruption about his eyes and head, he wore green spectacles, and a dark velvet skull cap. His wife is not the "Duchess of Sussex," but Lady Cecilia Underwood.[1] The Duke married without the consent of Parliament, and his wife cannot without a special act, bear his title, or be acknowledged at Court. Sir William[2] and Lady Chatterton,[3] it is always agreeable to meet; the latter, has just published a clever book, called "Rambles in the South of Ireland." Sir William's estates are there. Sir Charles Vaughan[4] formerly, H.B.M. minister at Washington, Mr. Edward Ellice,[5] brother-in-law of Earl Grey, Mr. and Mrs.

[1] Cecilia Letitia Underwood, Duchess of Inverness; daughter of Arthur Saunders Gore, 2d Earl of Arran, and widow of Sir George Buggin; married, 1831, Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex; died, 1873.

[2] Sir William Abraham Chatterton, 2d Baronet; 1794–1855.

[3] Henrietta Georgiana Marcia Lascelles Iremonger, 1806–76; miscellaneous writer; daughter of the Reverend Lascelles; married, 1824, Sir William Abraham Chatterton, 2d Baronet.

[4] Sir Charles Richard Vaughan, 1774–1849; diplomatist; ambassador to the United States, 1825–35.

[5] Edward Ellice, 1781–1863; politician; married Hannah Alethea Grey, daughter of Charles, 1st Earl Grey.

Van Buren, and Baron and Lady Parke were among other guests present.

Saturday, June 29. We have been sight-seeing, in company with several kind friends. First to the Goldsmiths' hall, where the law requires that all silver, or gold shall be assayed, or tested, as to its purity; whenever any article is found to fall short in point of weight, however beautiful or elaborate the work, it is instantly broken and destroyed. Several beautiful pieces of a tea-set, met our eyes, partially injured, having just been condemned. The precious metal was smelting in small crucibles, in the furnace, and we afterward witnessed the process of weighing, by which the quality to the minutest degree is ascertained. We greatly admired and almost coveted, some beautiful gold, and silver plate, of Queen Elizabeth's time. This Goldsmiths' Company is of ancient origin, having been founded in the time of Edward II. The exterior is a handsome building, although disfigured by London smoke. The dining-hall, drawing-rooms, and staircase are all very beautiful. The latter is ornamented with fine statues, and busts. We were much interested in examining a Roman Altar, about one foot in height, and a carved figure holding a bow and arrow, said to be

intended for "Diana," and tradition goes, that an altar to this Goddess, once stood in this very spot. Their patron "St. Dunstan" was a "Goldsmith," they declared; and so was George IV, and also the present Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Brougham and many others of the nobility. Their dinners are said to be agreeable, their tables, in shape are commendable, spreading out circularly, on each side, the head of the table, being appropriated to distinguished persons, and guests. St. Dunstan still presides over the whole, and is seen holding the tongs, which according to the legend, he used when "the Devil asked him to do a bad job." From thence we went to "Guildhall," where the Queen dined at her coronation; a sort of "City hall" where there were two very ridiculous figures carved of wood, called "Gog and Magog," arranged aloft in the corners; but which was "Gog," and which "Magog" was left to our own conjecture. We crossed over London Bridge through the borough of Southwark, in order to pay a visit to the far-famed tunnel, about which so much curiosity has been felt in our own country. The prints, however, so often seen, give a very perfect idea of its wonderful interior. We had the good fortune to meet the aged architect, and in-

ventor, Mr. Brunel,[1] who is a Frenchman, and projector of the whole work. He gave Mr. Webster some account of his early life, and said that some thirty or forty years ago, he had been employed as an architect in New York. He also presented Mr. Webster with a rusty hammer found imbedded many feet below the bed of the Thames. We saw also, an iron chimney-back of very ancient make, and form, discovered in the same way. Before returning from the city to our lodgings, we went to the "Mansion House" of the Lord Mayor, but we found little to attract us there. In the evening by particular request, and invitation from Macready[2] the actor, we went accompanied by Colonel Webb, of New York, and Captain Stockton to witness the representation of Shakspeare's play of King Henry V. Mr. Webster had gone to the House of Lords, and contrary to our expectations, did not get to "Covent Garden" for the evening. This play has been restored by Macready, who takes the part of the King, his performance was admirable; too much cannot be said in praise of his unwearied efforts to restore the British drama to its former reputation and eminence.

[1] Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, 1769–1849; civil engineer.

[2] William Charles Macready, 1793–1873; actor; manager of Covent Garden, 1837–39.

The King is seen in the play, to embark from England at the Tower Stairs, with his Court, retinue &c., then the Cliffs of Dover are seen, and the whole fleet appears sailing onward. The sun sets, the moon rises, finally, the French coast of Boulogne is visible, and gradually becomes more distinct. The bombardment takes place, then clouds appear, roll over, and conceal all. Then comes a prologue, or "chorus," spoken by a figure, dressed as Time; he keeps the spectators informed of all the events that have occurred, and behind him, is a pictorial exhibition, of these scenes occurring, so skilfully managed that it seems reality. After this, the clouds disappear and the actors are again visible, but before each act, Time with his chorus appears, and from him we learn the course of events. Covent Garden is a spacious, large theatre; our box was on a level with the orchestra, and below the stage, but so near to it, that our opportunity for enjoying this novel play, was particularly good. We have refused many invitations, both to dinner, and for evening parties during the last few days; from Baron and Lady Parke, Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. John Abel Smith,[1] the Mar-

[1] Anne Clarke-Jervoise, daughter of Sir Samuel, Baronet; married, 1827, John Abel Smith.

chioness of Lansdowne, Mrs. Grote, Lady Stepney,[1] Miss Burdett-Coutts, Lady Shelley, Lady Ogle,[2] and Lord Liverpool [3] and Lady Louisa Jenkinson,[4] all which from other engagements we were obliged to refuse.

Sunday, June 30. Julia and myself attended St. Paul's Chapel, and sat in Mrs. Bates' pew. I was not much pleased with the sermon. Mrs. Bates had invited us to a Sunday's dinner, but we declined, having taken the opportunity to ask some friends to dine with us, in Hanover Square; Mr. Sewall Tappan, Colonel Heth and Captain Stockton, all three are our own countrymen. After dinner, we went by invitation to Lady Wharncliffe's, Curzon Street, to visit her daughter-in-law, Lady Georgiana Stuart-Wortley. This lady is daughter of the Earl of Harrowby, and her Husband is a descendant of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,[5] the authoress of the let-

[1] Catherine (Pollock) Manners; novelist; daughter of the Rev. Dr. Pollock, and widow of Russell Manners; married, 1813, Sir Thomas Stepney, Baronet; died 1845.

[2] Mary Anne Cary, daughter of George, and relict of John Dalton, Jr., and of Sir John Hayford Thorold, Baronet; married, 1834, as his third wife, Sir Charles Ogle, 2d Baronet.

[3] Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson, 3d Earl of Liverpool, 1784–1851; politician.

[4] Lady Louisa Jenkinson, daughter of Lord Liverpool.

[5] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1689–1762; writer of "Let-

ters &c. To Mr. Stuart-Wortley, the husband, I had brought letters, from my Uncle, Mr. Justice Story.[1] Lady Georgiana is very clever, and very attractive; she superintends, in a degree, the education of her five children. She has read all of Jacob Abbott's[2] books, and is very enthusiastic about them, and is a great admirer of Madame de Saussure's[3] "Progressive education," and tells me this clever relative of "de Stael" has added another volume to her interesting work. Lady Wharncliffe showed us a very beautiful miniature portrait of the late King, the work of Sir William Newton.[4] It was the gift of his Majesty to Lady Wharncliffe, and she appears to value it highly, and says it is perfect, as a likeness. Mr. Stuart-Wortley is a M.P., and a sensible, unassuming man. Some years ago, he with Mr. Denison, and Mr. Stratford Canning, were at Washington, and he won at that time, the regard of all, by his simple, and unostentatious manners. He is like

ters"; daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, 1st Duke of Kingston; married, 1712, Edward Wortley Montagu.

[1] Joseph Story, 1779–1845; Justice of the United States Supreme Court; brother of Harriet (Story) White.

[2] Rev. Jacob Abbott, 1803–79; author of the "Rollo Books."

[3] Mme. Albertine Adrienne de Saussure Necker, 1766–1841; Swiss authoress; daughter of H. Bénédict de Saussure.

[4] Sir William John Newton, 1785–1869; miniature-painter.

all other gentlemen of the highest rank here; they are conspicuous for their entire want of pretension and their simplicity in every respect. Lady Haddington[1] was also present; the Earl,[2] was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland about five years ago, and I recollect some anecdotes illustrative of this lady's course, at that time. She has no children, and is neither very young, nor attractive in personal appearance. A tall Polish exile, talked good English and made himself agreeable. Mrs. Webster did not accompany us.

Monday Morning, July 1. This is my Husband's birthday, I wonder if he remembers it? Breakfasted with Mr. Samuel Rogers, the Poet and Banker, in company with T. B. Macaulay,[3] member for Edinburgh. Mr. Macaulay came back to England last year, from India, and for extensive information, and brilliant, and instructive conversation, he has probably, no superior. He is also an orator, and an author of high celebrity. Next to Macaulay, sat Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, Master of the Queen's household.

[1] Maria Parker, daughter of George, 4th Earl of Macclesfield; married, 1802, Thomas Hamilton, 9th Earl of Haddington.

[2] Thomas Hamilton, 9th Earl of Haddington, 1780–1858; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1834–35.

[3] Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1800–59; historian; Member of Parliament for Edinburgh, 1839–47.

He has just published his book about America, said to be quite favorable to our country. He left soon after breakfast, "to order the Queen's dinner," as Rogers said, and he immediately produced Murray's new book, sent him by the author, the day before, and pointed out the passage where he speaks of Daniel Webster. Sir Charles Bagot, formerly British minister at the Hague, was also a guest, and Miss Rogers, the Sister of the poet. Mr. Rogers' house is small, but a "bijou" of curiosities, and works of art. The staircase walls are ornamented with exact casts of the Elgin marbles, and the rooms are filled with antique vases, and various utensils found at Herculaneum. He has a fine cast of Wedgewood, from the Portland Vase. His walls are thickly hung with valuable paintings of the old Masters. His library of books is very choice, and many of them very rare. He shewed us Gray's poems in his own hand-writing, Dr. Johnson's own diary of a tour through France, in his own hand, also many other extremely interesting autographs, many of them, addressed to Rogers himself, from Walter Scott, Sheridan and Fox, from Pope and Dr. Franklin, but what soon rivetted our whole attention, and interest, was the identical deed in Milton's own hand-writing, where he sells to his

publisher, Samuel Symons, in 1666, the copyright of "Paradise Lost," for fifteen pounds. It is written on one page of foolscap, signed by the contracting parties, and witnessed by John Fisher, and Benjamin Greene, servant to Mr. Milton.

The autograph of the great poet, is distinct, and regular, notwithstanding his want of sight. This interesting relic is carefully preserved, and, framed and glassed, hangs in the library of the "poet of memory." Mr. Rogers it is said, gave 70 guineas for this relic. Milton received but ten pounds, five being paid in advance, and five, at the expiration of two years when 1300 copies had been sold. For each edition not exceeding 1500 copies, five pounds were to be paid, but in seven years, the Poet died, and his widow disposed of all her "right, title, and interest" in the work for the additional sum of seven pounds. Thus, the whole copyright of "Paradise Lost" brought to the author, and his family but seventeen pounds, and the piece of paper on which this was written was sold, and eagerly purchased for seventy guineas. We were shown, by Mr. Rogers, a letter to him, from Lord Erskine, and also Sterne's sermons in his own hand-writing. The house looks from the rear on St. James's Park, and from its windows, and

gilded balcony, Buckingham Palace is distinctly seen. From the windows opening into the grounds, of the breakfast-room, Mr. Murray wended his way by a short cut, to the Queen's palace, and Rogers told us, that "it was not uncommon, when Murray was his guest at breakfast, for the butler, or household servants of the palace, to follow him there, and there receive his orders for the dinner, respecting the number of covers, viands etc., for that day." Mr. Rogers called our attention, to a carved wooden pedestal, standing between the windows of his dining-room, supporting a bust. He told us that Sir Francis Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, was breakfasting with him, one morning, and some allusion having been made to this stand, of carved wood, Sir Francis turned to Rogers, and asked if he remembered the young man who about twenty years before, did that carving for him? Rogers replied, that his recollection was not very distinct. "I am the young man," and "the money you paid me for that work, was some of the first I ever earned." Rogers was full of wit, and humour, and made us laugh very often with his playful stories, and anecdotes. His wit is so unexpected, and often appears when one is least prepared for it.

At two o'clock, we went, through an order from Lord Grosvenor, son of the Marquis of Westminster, to view by daylight the paintings in Grosvenor House. We spent two hours there very satisfactorily and agreeably. Seven different apartments were opened for our inspection filled with these master-pieces of art. Colonel Heth was with us, and afterward accompanied us to Sir William Newton's studio, where we had a favorable opportunity of examining his exquisite miniatures. Sir William was knighted by the late King. He has recently finished a portrait of Mrs. Ogden, wife of the American consul at Liverpool.[1] She is a beautiful woman, and sits with her infant on her left knee. Dined at half past seven with Baron,[2] and Lady Alderson. I found myself between Mr. Justice Coleridge,[3] and the Lord Bishop of Exeter.[4] Lockhart was also one of the guests. We were late, Mr. Webster having been tempted by an interesting debate in Parliament to overstay the hour. The Bishop of Exeter is a lion here, in the clerical

[1] F. B. Ogden, United States Consul at Liverpool, 1839.

[2] Sir Edward Hall Alderson, 1787–1857; judge; Baron of the Exchequer, 1834.

[3] Sir John Taylor Coleridge, 1790–1876; judge; Justice of the King's Bench, 1835–58.

[4] Henry Phillpotts, 1778–1869; Bishop of Exeter, 1830–69.

way. He is at the head of the church, and is quite distinguished for his intellect and abilities; his name is Phillpotts. A bishop's dress is peculiar, consisting of smallclothes, black silk stockings, a "quaker" cut coat, and a black bombasine apron reaching below the knees. Until within a few years, Bishops wore wigs and surplices. Lady Alderson has a fine family of children, and seems an amiable, and motherly woman. She spoke of having known Mr. Ticknor many years ago, on his first visit to England. Many guests appeared after dinner, among them, was Mr. Hartley Coleridge,[1] the brother of the Judge, whom we had not met since our agreeable breakfast at Kenyon's. From his remarks I gathered, that he had been absent, and in my provincialism I enquired, "if he had been out of the *city?*" (instead of *town*), he replied with quickness: "I do not live in the city Mrs. Paige, what made you suppose, that I lived in the city?" Mr. Justice,[2] and Lady Coltman were also at dinner, the latter, is a strong Unitarian, which I soon discovered from her questions, and remarks. She expressed her convictions with

[1] Hartley Coleridge was a cousin, not a brother, of the Judge.

[2] Sir Thomas Coltman; died 1849; Puisne Justice of the Common Pleas, 1837.

great earnestness, and feeling, and I was much touched, and interested in all she said. She seemed equally delighted to have learned that my own belief was hers. She spoke of Channing and was familiar with his writings, and with many other similar works. She is very anxious that her husband should join her, but education, and the force of habit still keep him a doubter. Before leaving Lady Alderson's, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Webster promised that we should dine, or breakfast with him, before leaving for Oxford, and he also assured Mr. Webster, that he should depend on our making his Brother's house our home, as he should himself be there, when we visited Scotland, on our way to the Falls of the Clyde. We learned on our return home, that Mrs. Bates has been obliged for the third time, to postpone her concert, in consequence of the Dowager Queen having ordered the Italians to "Marlborough House." It was whispered too, that as gayety and excitement, were a matter of necessity to the young Queen, and that in consequence of the extreme illness of Lady Flora, nothing of the kind could take place at the palace, the Queen had desired Queen Adelaide, to get up something for amusement, and hence the postponement in Portland

Place. On the 4th of July Mrs. Bates hopes to accomplish, her long talked of party.

Tuesday, July 2. The Bishop of London[1] called this morning, and Lockhart, Lady Coltman, Lord and Lady Stanley,[2] Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Coutts, Countess Radnor,[3] Lady Emily Pleydell-Bouverie, the Duchess of Richmond,[4] Disraeli,[5] Miss Jane Porter, Mrs. Opie,[6] Mr. and Mrs. Fazakerley, Upper Brook Street, the Countess of Durham[7] and Lady Mary Lambton,[8] and the Earl of Durham. We were however, gone on a morning's drive to Richmond Hill; we stopped at the "Star & Gar-

[1] Charles James Blomfield, 1786–1857; Bishop of London, 1828–57.

[2] Emma Caroline Bottle-Wilbraham, daughter of Edward, 1st Baron Skelmersdale; married, 1825, Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley, Lord Stanley.

[3] Anne Judith St. John-Mildmay, daughter of Sir Henry Paulet, Baronet; married, 1814, William Pleydell-Bouverie, 3d Earl of Radnor.

[4] Caroline Paget, daughter of Henry William, 1st Marquis of Anglesey; married, 1817, Charles Gordon-Lennox, 5th Duke of Richmond.

[5] Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield, 1804–81; statesman and man of letters.

[6] Amelia Alderson, 1769–1853; novelist and poet; daughter of James; married, 1798, John Opie.

[7] Louisa Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Charles, 2d Earl Grey; married, 1816, John George Lambton, 1st Earl of Durham.

[8] Lady Mary Louisa Lambton, daughter of John George, 1st Earl of Durham; died, 1898.

ter," and enjoyed the lovely landscape and the "winding Thames." After rambling about the grounds of Lord Lansdowne's charming villa, and through Richmond Park, in company with Mr.[1] and Mrs. Austin,[2] we returned at one o'clock to their house to lunch. Miss Austin, who is soon to marry Sir William Gordon, is a tall, and rather striking looking girl. Mrs. Austin has remains of beauty, and has shown her cleverness in her various writings. A Miss Berry[3] came in, while we were there, having been sent for by Mrs. Austin. She is one of two maiden sisters, who were friends, and companions late in life, of Horace Walpole,[4] and to whom he left "Strawberry Hill," where they reside. The other sister had been taken suddenly ill and could not appear. We returned to town, to dress for a long-standing dinner engagement, with the Hon. Edward Ellice a widower, whose late wife was sister, to the Earl Grey, and whose son, with his wife, were in Canada with Lord Durham, the former his private secretary, and cou-

[1] John Austin, 1790–1859; jurist.

[2] Sarah Taylor, 1793–1867; translator; daughter of John; married John Austin.

[3] Agnes Berry, 1764–1852; daughter of Robert.

[4] Mary Berry, 1763–1852; authoress; daughter of Robert. Horace Walpole left them Little Strawberry Hill; Strawberry Hill went to Mrs. Damner.

sin. Mrs. Ellice, presides over the present establishment of her Father-in-law. We met, at this house, an agreeable coterie. The Earl Grey handed me in to dinner, and on my left was the Countess of Durham, whom contrary to general report, in America, I found, friendly and agreeable; her Daughter, Lady Mary Lambton was opposite. The only unmarried daughter of Lord Grey, Lady Georgiana Grey was there also. Lady Georgiana invited us to visit them at "Howick," Northumberland, an invitation which was cordially seconded by the Earl, her Father. Mr. Ellice had seats at his table, for Lord Palmerston, Lord Denman, and Lord Brougham, and they had all promised to appear, but a very interesting debate was taking place, in the House of Lords, on the subject of Education, and Mr. Ellice was disappointed of his guests. Mr. Webster found himself so much interested in this very debate, that the appointed dinner hour had arrived before he returned to dress. Lord Durham himself was ill in bed. We had often seen him before; he is a youthful looking person, with an agreeable countenance, and short, curling, black hair. Lord Grey resembles the portraits seen everywhere. He cannot be mistaken. He is in all respects a fine, majestic looking man, with white

hair, and a very aristocratic bearing. Notwithstanding his reputation for taciturnity, I found him disposed to be entertaining and agreeable. He talked of America, and various other matters. The staircase, ceilings, and the dining-room are all in Gothic style, and Mr. Ellice's drawing-room is richly furnished in Gothic blue, and gilt; the doors are thus, and the whole ménage is in elegant taste and style. It is much the custom, to receive, previous to dinner, in a library, or an apartment contiguous to the dining-room, and after dining, to withdraw, with the ladies, to the most splendid room of all, which is the drawing-room of course; in about twenty minutes, the gentlemen appear, coffee is immediately served, and after a short interval, *tea*. Earl Grey wore the order of the garter round his knee, the broad blue ribbon across his chest, and a brilliant star on his left breast.

Wednesday, July 3. Mrs. Stevenson brought us a *verbal* invitation yesterday, to go to a fête, at Mrs. Maryatt's to-day "to eat strawberries." Mrs. Maryatt having recently lost a sister, the party is to be given in the name of her Daughter-in-law. We had made arrangements for a drive about the environs of London, and consequently declined, through the same

source, Mrs. Maryatt's invitation. The repose, and quiet of the country was tranquillizing, and agreeable, after the constant whirl in which we had lived for the last six weeks. We returned to town over Hampstead Heath, where we saw children of various ages, riding donkeys, which they seemed greatly to enjoy. Other of these animals were saddled ready for immediate use. At half past six we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Senior; having refused several other invitations in order to fulfil this engagement, of long standing. It proved a very agreeable dinner; Lord Glenelg[1] handed me in. The newspapers say he is "always asleep," but I should do him injustice if I did not say, that I found him intelligent, and really *wide awake*, in fact, he gave me much useful information, for which I am sincerely, his Lordship's debtor. Mr. and Mrs. Wraix-Currie, were present, and also Mr.[2] and Mrs. Otway-Cave,[3] the last, is a daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and sister to Miss Angela Coutts. The Hon. Robert Otway-Cave is a member of Parliament for Tipperary. A large party assembled in the evening; among them was the Earl of Lovelace,

[1] Charles Grant, Baron Glenelg, 1778–1866; statesman.

[2] Hon. Robert Otway-Cave; Member of Parliament; died, 1844.

[3] Sophia Burdett, daughter of Sir Francis; married, 1833, Robert Otway-Cave; died, 1849.

whose wife (formerly Ada Byron), had that morning given birth to her second son, Mrs. Austin and Daughter, and Sir William Gordon, the Rev'd. Mr. Milman and his pretty wife, and her Sister, Mr. Phillips, a barrister, known to Mr. Webster in America, and quantities of other people, to whom we are now, no longer strangers, I trust. We left with regret, to visit the "Dowager Countess of Cork and Orrery."[1] She is ninety-six years old, and Sister to General Monckton[2] who fell at Quebec; Mr. Milnes calls her "his historic Aunt." The house was spacious, and handsome, but I was unprepared for the appearance of the venerable person to whom we were about to be presented. Passing through two apartments, and entering the third, there sat, upon a sofa, a very little old lady, about the size of a child of seven years, dressed in a white silk gown, a blonde scarf, and a fanciful white muslin bonnet, with a narrow fall of lace, in front. Her teeth are long since gone, and she articulates with difficulty. Mr. Milnes presented us each, as she rose to receive us, and after

[1] Mary Monckton, 1746–1840; daughter of John, 1st Viscount Galway; married, 1786, Edmund Boyle, 7th Earl of Cork and Orrery. She became known as a "blue-stocking."

[2] Robert Monckton, 1726–82; lieutenant-general; was wounded at Quebec, 1759, not killed.

we had made our salutations, she took the arm of Mr. Webster, and also that of a lady near, and followed by her page-in-waiting, she led the way to her own refreshment table, in a pretty conservatory, covered with grape vines. It was indeed a novelty, to us, the sight of one of that advanced age, doing the honours of her house to a hundred visitors, and indeed Lady Cork can be regarded in no other light, but as a very remarkable specimen of a by-gone age.

July 4. A year ago to-day, I was travelling, during intense heat, to the Sulphur Springs in Virginia. Lieutenant Colonel Head came to see us. He was a fellow passenger on board our ship. We have refused to dine with Miss Coutts, and Lord Brougham, as Mr. and Mrs. Webster were engaged to dine with "his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex," at Kensington Palace, having been engaged previous to this, to Lord and Lady Powerscourt,[1] but all other engagements must yield to those of royalty, and a note of excuse has been sent to Lady Powerscourt, accordingly. Julia took an early ride

[1] Elizabeth Frances Charlotte Jocelyn, daughter of Robert, 2d Earl of Roden; married, 1836, Richard Wingfield, 6th Viscount Powerscourt.

with Mr. Senior, *Stultz* having sent her riding-habit in good season. At two o'clock accompanied by Mr. Kenyon, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Curterss, we went to visit some of the "Clubhouses," and at the door of the "Athenaeum" we were joined by Colonel Head; we went also to the "United Service clubhouse" and to the "Travellers." They are charming, comfortable establishments, with fine libraries, drawing, and dining-rooms. The natural tendency of all, must be to make many English bachelors, I should think. After this, we made a visit to the "British Institution" and enjoyed some good old paintings. We finished the morning at an exhibition of watercoloured paintings thought to be very fine. Mrs. Bates' concert was quite equal, if not superior, to any music I have yet heard in London. Beside the usual Italian troupe, we had "Ivanhoff" [1] who is not on the stage this season, Mademoiselle Meerty, a German singer of great sweetness, and Mrs. Dulcken,[2] pianist to her Majesty, who played a fantasia, with great power, and execution. I undertook to chat a little, with Persiani; she speaks no English, and I got on as well as I

[1] Nicholas Ivanhoff, 1809–80; Russian vocalist.
[2] Louise Dulcken (née David), 1811–50; German pianist.

could, in French; she is positively ugly off the stage, but her manners are soft, and agreeable. "Grisi" is thought so beautiful, but I only think her rather pretty, and that is *all*. I said to some one near me: "Grisi is pretty, do you not think so?" "No," said the lady, "I do not think her *pretty*, but *very beautiful*." She has certainly, a Juno-like neck, and finely shaped shoulders, but, her eyes are *Chinesely* small, and her black hair *coarse*, although this and her stout figure, are not perceptible on the stage.

July 5. The Great Western sails to-morrow, and bears our long letters, full of hope, and love to our dear ones at *home*. Went to the "Soho Bazaar" and to the "Pantheon," and on our return, found that Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Amelia Opie, Miss Rogers, Lady Parke, and Miss Parke, Lady Harriet Baring [1] of Great Stanhope Street, Lady Anne Beckett, Sir James [2] and Lady Clark, the Marquis of Normanby, Mr. and Mrs. J. Abel Smith,[3] and

[1] Harriet Mary Montagu, daughter of George John, 6th Earl of Sandwich; married, 1823, William Bingham Baring, 2d Baron Ashburton; of literary tastes; died, 1857.

[2] Sir James Clark, 1788–1870; physician; unpopular in consequence of his connection with the case of Lady Flora Hastings.

[3] John Abel Smith, 1801–71; banker and politician; Member of Parliament for Chichester, 1831–59.

Miss Grey, had all left their cards at our door. Dined with Mr. Justice, or Baron Vaughan and his present wife, Lady St. John.[1] Baron Vaughan is a friend and correspondent of my Uncle, Justice Story; I bore a letter of introduction from him, which I had already presented. He is a brother of Sir Charles Vaughan, former minister at Washington, and of Sir Henry Halford,[2] the celebrated physician of George IV, both of whom were at the table. Judge Vaughan treated me with distinguished kindness, and attention, and placed me by his side, at dinner. He spoke frequently of "Mr. Justice Story," and asked me many questions about him; enquired particularly his address in America, &c., and said he had a book, he was anxious to send him, but had been doubtful how to direct &c. He said also, that Judge Story's "Commentaries" had a very high reputation with all the learned of the law in England, and that during that morning, in court, reference had been made, three different times to the "Hon. Mr.

[1] Louisa Rouse-Broughton, daughter of Sir Charles William, Baronet; married, 1807, St. Andrew St. John, 14th Baron St. John; he died in 1817, and she married, secondly, 1823, Sir John Vaughan, Baron Vaughan. She died in 1860.

[2] Sir Henry Halford, 1st Baronet, 1766–1844; physician. He changed his name from Vaughan to Halford in 1809.

Justice's book." Lady Lyndhurst, and her step-daughter Miss Copley, Serjeant Talfourd,[1] the author of "Ion," and Lord Denman, a distinguished lawyer, and British Peer, were also guests, and likewise Miss Vaughan, the daughter of our host. Lord Denman is a courtly, elegant gentleman, and a most favorable specimen of a well-bred English nobleman, as well as a handsome man.

July 6. Last evening, we heard the melancholy announcement, of the death of poor Lady Flora Hastings, and that Lord Melbourne was anxious the Queen should go to Windsor, for a few days, but that her Majesty was unwilling to go. For more than a fortnight we had been under an engagement, to dine with Mr. Alexander, Carlton Terrace. We have since received a note announcing the dangerous illness of a Daughter, and begging to be excused from receiving us. Extremely regretting the cause, we were not sorry to enjoy a quiet dinner at our lodgings, and Mr. Webster went to dine with Sir Charles Vaughan. At 3 o'clock, we went by invitation from Mr. Stuart-Wortley, and Lady Georgiana, to see the practice among the expectant Knights, for the

[1] Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, 1795–1854; judge and author; serjeant-at-law, 1839.

Earl of Eglinton's [1] grand tournament, in Scotland next month. It is quite a fashionable resort, and although we thought, we had met all the world, wending their way to another "Horticultural fête" at Chiswick, yet as seems ever the case in London, when we got to the tilting ground, from the crowd of carriages, all the world seemed to be there, too. We had been to Kensington Palace, to leave cards for the royal Duke, and Lady Cecilia, and found also Hyde Park, with its usual pageant of brilliant equipages, as we drove around it, on our way.

The Knights, at "St. John's Wood," were partially clad in armour, and as they rushed forward on their horses, the Heralds announced their appearance, with a flourish of trumpets. The attendants were likewise in armour, with a tall feather in their helmets. Several accidents having of late occurred, the combattants now attack a figure dressed, in armour, with joints and hinges. This figure moves on a sort of railway, and as each Knight appears wielding his long lance, the figure is advanced from the opposite side. They overturn this figure, or not, as the case may be, after which, the attend-

[1] Archibald William Montgomerie, 13th Earl of Eglinton, 1812–61.

ants replace it, for the next Knight to try his skill. Another wooden figure is also placed outside the circle, upon which these horsemen practice. Another feat, is to catch the orange, upon the point of their lances, or to strike it, as it hangs suspended, on the corresponding side of the circle, with the wooden figure. When the orange was displaced, the pages, in the fantastic dress of the olden time, picked it up, and replaced it. Lady Seymour is to be "Queen of Love and Beauty," at the tournament, and this high compliment to her preëminent beauty seems not misplaced. The charm of her expression, increases on a more frequent view, and I now begin to feel that I have seen no woman in England to compare with Lady Seymour's attractive loveliness. We lingered until a late hour, and after a more rapid dinner, than usual, we dressed for the Italian Opera, to which we accompanied Mr. Corbin, a Virginian gentleman, resident in Paris, and were soon listening with entranced ears, to the music of "L'Elesire d'Amore," and Persiani's thrilling tones. We had also a portion of "Anna Bolena," and Taglioni, in the ballet. I never enjoyed music more. Lady Blessington [1] was in her box as usual of a

[1] Marguerite Power, 1789–1849; authoress; daughter of Ed-

Saturday evening, accompanied by the Count d'Orsay,[1] and E. L. Bulwer.[2] This celebrated novelist, is far from being a handsome man, or very attractive in personal appearance. He is tall, with light hair, and whiskers, and forms a contrast to Count d'Orsay, who is considered the "glass of fashion, and the mould of form," but although unquestionably, a very handsome man, with fine white teeth, and a remarkable complexion, he has not, the sort of beauty, most '*covetable*' for a *man* (in my estimation). Lady Blessington is a very stout, very red-faced woman, neither remarkably young, nor handsome, and widely different from the portrait drawn by Willis, or the beautiful engraving in one of the late annuals.

Sunday, July 7. Mr. Webster, Julia, and Mrs. Webster attended service in Westminster Abbey, and enjoyed a most excellent discourse from the Rev'd. H. H. Milman, whom we both know, and respect, so highly. Suffering from indisposition, I, myself, lost the opportunity and privilege of witness-

mund; married, 1818, Charles John Gardiner, 1st Earl of Blessington.

[1] Alfred Guillaume Gabriel, Comte d'Orsay, 1801–52; artist.

[2] Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton, 1803–73; novelist.

ing this glorious cathedral service, but Mr. Webster, represents it as performed in a similar manner to that of the Royal Chapel. In the afternoon however, I was able to attend at "St. Paul's Cathedral," by the invitation of one of its canons, the Rev'd. Sydney Smith, who told us the night before, "if we would risk a cold church, and the infliction of a tedious sermon, that he would find us comfortable seats." Mr. Smith's sermon upon *toleration* was the most sensible discourse I have yet listened to, in England, and I confess I was agreeably disappointed, in hearing the subject discussed there, so liberally and fairly. Mr. Watson,[1] Episcopalian clergyman from Trinity Church, in Boston, was present; he sat directly beneath us, in a separate pew from the ladies, according to the established custom, with Mr. Webster on his right, while we were in the stall or pew above, and locked in there by the warden, to prevent the intrusion of visitors; it was Mr. Smith's own pew, but to a nervous temperament, this locking up, was not agreeable. The service was performed in the choir, or church, which is but a small part of the Cathedral; but on the

[1] Rev. John L. Watson, assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston, 1836–46.

conclusion of the service, Mr. Smith joined us, and accompanied by him, we went over the whole edifice, while he explained several interesting objects, and the meaning of many of the ancient monuments. Although of less antiquity than those of Westminster Abbey, still some of them are very beautiful and elaborate. I was more struck than ever, with the vastness of St. Paul's; the echoes of the "pealing organ," and all the solemn associations, connected with the service, heard in such a spot, produced an effect upon me, which I cannot easily forget. Mrs. Bates had asked us to dinner, but we begged to be excused. Mr. Webster went to dine with Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, and we enjoyed a quiet evening in Hanover Square.

Monday, July 8. At half past ten, we breakfasted with Miss Rogers, Hanover Terrace. She has a separate house from that of her Brother, and is one among the many instances, of single ladies, of "a certain age," at the head of charming establishments, receiving visitors, commanding the best society, and the entire respect of all. Miss Rogers, although passed the prime of life, is full of intelligence; she lives upon the income of an independent fortune, left her by a deceased Brother; her house is filled with valu-

able paintings, and we greatly enjoyed our social breakfast. "Macaulay," "Sydney Smith," and two ladies, whose names have escaped me, were our guests. Mr. Webster dined with Mr. Charles Buller,[1] and, in the evening, Mrs. Webster, Julia, and myself, went to a party, at the same house. Mr. Charles Buller, is a radical in politics, and was Secretary to Lord Durham, when in Canada. He is member for "Liskeard." Here we were all introduced to the great repealer, and agitator, Daniel O'Connell[2] and notwithstanding my prejudices, and his abuse of our own country, I could not but be favorably impressed with his intelligence and cleverness. He has an immensely stout, and tall figure, small eyes, a round face and wears a full curled, dark brown wig. He talked of Ireland, its productions, and the distinctive differences between some of the trees of that country, and those of America, as they were each spoken of. Here was also Miss Catherine Sedgwick,[3] our American authoress, with her two nieces; they leave England, in a few days for the Continent, the

[1] Charles Buller, 1806–48; Liberal politician; Member of Parliament for Liskeard, 1832–48.

[2] Daniel O'Connell, 1775–1847; Irish politician; called the "Liberator."

[3] Catherine Maria Sedgwick, 1789–1867; authoress.

climate here not agreeing with the health of her invalid brother. They go to some German Spas I believe. She told me, that she came to Mrs. Buller's, (Charles Buller lives with his parents, and is unmarried), in spite of other engagements, chiefly to see O'Connell, and to compare the "two Daniels" together, and I myself acknowledged that it was our chief attraction there, as we were previously engaged to Lady Brougham's, for this evening. At a later hour, we proceeded to Grafton Street, and found a large party of "fashionables," and agreeable people. Lord Brougham has but one child, and she is one of the most distressing, pitiable objects, possible. Owing to some organic disease of the heart, the circulation is impeded, and the whole face, and even the lips of the poor unfortunate girl are so deep a purple, that she resembles a mulatto, rather than a white person. Mr. Milnes told me, that she possessed an uncommon degree of cleverness, was very cultivated, and absolutely adored by her Father; that he consulted her on all occasions, and that at the time of his appointment as Vice-Chancellor in 1830, he told her twenty-four hours before any other human being, and she being herself *conservative*, advised him *not* to accept the office. Lady Georgiana Fane was present, Lady Seymour,

Lord [1] and Lady Mahon,[2] and many other familiar faces, too numerous to mention. Lady Brougham was *seated* nearly all the evening, being herself in a precarious state of health, and her unfortunate daughter confined herself to a corner of the room, near to her Mother. I hardly knew for which, I felt the most commiseration, the child, or the parents. Lady Brougham is a *very* plain woman; the daughter named "Eleanor Louisa" is about seventeen, or eighteen years old, but hopelessly ill, I fear, and probably doomed to a sudden, and early death. I cannot express how the sight of her, has shocked, and distressed my heart.

Wednesday, July 10. Had a delightful breakfast with Lockhart, in "Sussex Place, Regent's Park." We were received in the gardens, which are in common to all the occupants of Sussex Terrace, where we walked, with the various guests, until breakfast was announced. It is customary for ladies to wear their hats, on these occasions, and generally, a silk, or coloured muslin dress, with embroidered cape, or

[1] Philip Henry Stanhope, 5th Earl Stanhope, 1805–75; historian; styled Viscount Mahon, 1816–55; Conservative; Member of Parliament for Hertford, 1835–52.

[2] Emily Harriet Kerrison, daughter of General Sir Edward, Baronet; married, 1834, Philip Henry Stanhope, Viscount Mahon.

collar. I sat between Lord Mahon, the historian, and son of Earl Stanhope, and Lord Ashley,[1] the son of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Mr. Milman, his wife, and Miss Cockle were also present. Lord Ashley is a very handsome man, a high Tory, and has great reputation, for benevolence, and charity; he uses all his influence to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, and particularly, the factory children, and miners. His wife,[2] the daughter of Earl Cowper was not present, but she is a very pretty, attractive woman, and I am told, they are a sincere, and devoted couple. Lord Ashley is also a very religious man. He told us a most touching story, of two wretched Chinese children, just brought to England, by a Captain, who purchased them out of charity, of their miserable *parents* (if they can be called such), who had, horrible to relate, put out both their eyes, broken their backs, and all their bones, and otherwise horribly maimed them, for the cruel, and only purpose, of making them "objects," that is,

[1] Antony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, 1801–85; philanthropist; styled Lord Ashley, 1811–51; Member of Parliament, 1826–51.

[2] Emily Caroline Catherine Frances Clavering-Cowper, daughter of Peter Leopold Louis Francis Nassau, 5th Earl Cowper; married, 1830, Lord Ashley.

objects of pity, and charity to others. This dreadful case, had been laid before the Dowager Queen Adelaide, and Lord Ashley seems to think, that in accordance with her well known benevolence, these unfortunates, will be well taken care of, through her bounty.

Lunched afterward, with Miss Coutts, and met Charles Kean[1] the actor, who is about embarking for America. We had delicious peaches, and grapes, and a table groaning under a profusion of magnificent silver. Peaches, here, at this time cost often a guinea apiece, and other fruit in proportion. On our return, we went to see six splendid paintings, said to be the celebrated Titian's Cæsars; there are six more, which Mr. Brett the owner of these, hopes to recover. One of these heads bore a remarkable likeness to Buonaparte, when first consul. At the door of Mr. Brett's house, we met William Pratt; he has just returned from the Continent, and is looking very well. We also, saw with unmingled pleasure a superb production, from the united pencils of Rembrandt, and Gerhard Dow. Kenyon and his friend Captain Jones met us here, and we intended going to "Thalberg's morning concert," but on reaching

[1] Charles John Kean, 1811?–68; actor.

the door, we found it had already commenced, and we gave up the idea. We therefore went to drive in "the Park," where we saw the Queen, and all the rest of the world, and Julia rode with Mr. Senior, over "the turf." In the evening Mr. Webster, Julia, and myself went to another concert, at Chandos House, the residence of Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador. The fatigue of the last few days had so completely exhausted Mrs. Webster, that she fell asleep in her chair, after our departure to our toilettes, and on Mr. Webster's return from Lord Brougham's dinner, he found her asleep in the same position, and so completely overpowered, that she went at once to bed, instead of to his Highness' concert. The Duke,[1] and Duchess of Cambridge, with the Princess Augusta, entered soon after we arrived, and seated themselves in readiness for the music, but there was a simultaneous movement, and every one present, arose, and stood, until the royal guests had made their entrée, and occupied the seats prepared for their reception. The concert was very fine, and the supper very splendid. Lady Georgiana Fane sat near, and pointed out many persons, new to me, among

[1] Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, 1774–1850; 5th son of King George III.

them was Lord Castlereagh,[1] who was listening with admiring eyes, to Grisi's "Quanto guerrier"; Lord St. Vincent,[2] and Miss Jervis,[3] the latter, is quite celebrated, as an amateur vocalist, and rather an interesting person, apparently; Lady Charlotte Guest,[4] the wife of Sir Josiah Guest,[5] he has very extensive estates in Glamorganshire (Wales), where there are iron mines, and works of immense value. Lady Charlotte, is not handsome, but she dresses well, and we are favorably impressed, through the accounts given by Hamilton, our "femme de chambre," who says that Lady Charlotte is exceedingly charitable, and domestic, and adored, almost, by her servants, and dependants, and that she, and also Sir Josiah, are extremely good, and religious. I therefore looked with added interest at the lady, who, with a twist of crimson velvet, above her brows, had attracted my attention at the Opera, on the Saturday evening previous. With her, was another beautiful woman, with large

[1] Frederick William Robert Stewart, 1805–72, Viscount Castlereagh, later 4th Marquis of Londonderry.

[2] Edward Jervis Jervis, 2d Viscount St. Vincent, 1767–1859.

[3] Mary Anne Jervis, daughter of Edward Jervis, 2d Viscount St. Vincent. She died in 1893, aged 80.

[4] Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of General Albemarle, 9th Earl of Lindsey; married, 1833, Sir Josiah John Guest.

[5] Sir Josiah John Guest, Baronet, 1785–1852; ironmaster; Member of Parliament for Merthyr Tydvil, 1832–52.

dark eyes, and soft brown hair, whom I learned was *Mrs. Petre;* her husband has lost a large property within a few years, and from all I learn, is scarcely worthy to be the envied possessor, of this really lovely-looking female. Lady Jersey[1] was presented by her half sister Lady Georgiana Fane. She has remains of great beauty, and still, a fine English complexion, and "nice" manners, but withal she is cold, and stately, the reverse of her amiable sister.

Thursday, July 11. We declined an invitation to dinner at Lord Westmoreland's, the father of Lady Georgiana, and Mrs. Webster and myself, were also compelled on account of sheer fatigue, to excuse ourselves from attending a breakfast, at the Rev'd. Mr. Harness', where we had been long engaged. We were also asked to [blank] "to meet Mrs. Opie," but had to forego likewise this gratification. Julia and Mr. Webster appeared at Mr. Harness', where they met Charles Kean, who seems to be much petted among a certain set here. Mr. Harness is a friend, and I suspect also, an *admirer*, of Miss Burdett-Coutts. He is a widower, and his Sister not coming to town this morning, according to his expectations, he was greatly troubled

[1] Sarah Sophia Fane, daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmoreland; married, 1804, George Child-Villiers, 5th Earl of Jersey; died, 1867.

because Julia happened to be the only female present. To Mr. Harness' relief however, Lady Stepney came in, after breakfast. We had first met this lady at the Countess of Cork's, and often times since. She is mentioned in Lady Bulwer's[1] book as "Lady Stepastray,"[2] and of course is not a friend or favorite of the authoress, but as may be inferred, takes sides, with the husband of Lady Bulwer. She has asked us to come to her next Saturday evening, but we shall probably be at Twickenham. We have had several tempting invitations for Friday and Saturday, which our engagement to Mr. and Mrs. Clay, prevents our accepting. Among them is one for a concert, at Lord Liverpool, and Lady Louisa Jenkinson's. Lady Georgiana Fane had brought us vouchers for "Almacks," from Lady Jersey, who is one of the Patronesses, and notwithstanding my fatigue, Julia and I decided to appear there, as it is the last ball of the season, and will be particularly brilliant, on account of the expected presence of "their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of

[1] Rosina Wheeler, 1802–82; novelist; daughter of Francis; married, 1827, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton. She was legally separated from her husband in 1836, and wrote a long series of attacks upon him.

[2] See *Cheveley, or the Man of Honour* (the Parlour Library Edition), p. 309.

Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta." Mrs. Webster declined, and Mr. Webster went "par préférence" to the House of Lords.

The ball-room, is more spacious than our own "Almacks," the ceilings ornamented with stucco work, and fresco, and on the walls were mirrors, and the windows curtained in blue silk, and greenhouse plants in the niches, and recesses, and a double row of blue damask sofas for the "gazers, and sitters"; the back sofa is elevated a little, a plan, that gives all the occupants, a "coup d'œil" of the brilliant scene. The rooms were beautifully lighted with lustres, and abundance of candelabra, the candles protected by a glass shade, they being almost exclusively used here for lighting apartments. There were two refreshment rooms, communicating, but nothing more tempting, than tea, coffee and lemonade. There was more beauty than I had yet seen in England, and the great "exclusiveness" of Almacks, exists no longer. At half past two, we left the rooms, as crowded, as when we entered. Mr. Willis was at the ball, Lord Normanby, Lady Seymour, Lady Charles Somerset,[1] Mr. Colville, and others. The Marquis

[1] Emily Smith, daughter of Robert, 1st Lord Carrington; married, 1822, Lord Granville Charles Henry Somerset.

of Lansdowne has just sent, with "his compliments to Mrs. Webster," from his villa near London, the largest, and finest pine, I ever saw; this fruit, grown here, in pineries, at great expense, is quite another thing, to the withered and sour fruit, we eat in our own country, from the West Indian Islands.

Friday, July 12. Went to see Miss Linwood's[1] surprising productions in needlework; they are most of them copies, from the paintings of the old masters, and being in frames, the deception is perfect at a short distance. For one piece, a copy of a head of our Saviour from Carlo Dolce, we were told, Miss Linwood had been offered 20,000 guineas. Miss Linwood is now 82 years old, her eye-sight, within the last five years has failed, and of course these are her last productions. It is certainly a very interesting monument of taste, and industry; the "death of Abel" she completed about five years ago, and it is difficult to believe, that the whole effect, is entirely produced by *stitches*, but the fact is said, to be undeniable. They are exhibited in long galleries, and one room is appropriated to sacred subjects; this exhibition for many years, has been one of the 'Lions'

[1] Mary Linwood, 1755–1845; musical composer and artist in needlework.

of this wonderful city. At the "National Gallery" we walked through several apartments, containing paintings, both in oil, and water-colours; this last style of painting, is very much in vogue here, at this time, and "Copley Fielding's"[1] productions are some of them truly exquisite. I forgot on Tuesday last to mention having dined with Miss Coutts, at half past six, in company with Mr. Mossbank and Daughter (the former is the Banker of Miss Coutts), Mr. Harness, Lady Langham[2] and Miss Langham, the Aunt and Cousin, and Miss Meredith, these three last compose the household of this wealthy heiress. The house, formerly occupied by the late Duchess of St. Albans, is one of the most spacious, and among the handsomest establishments I have yet seen; a full length portrait of the late Duchess, hung over the sideboard and in front of me at dinner. I was handed in by a grey-headed intelligent gentleman, but in consequence of introductions never taking place here, I was entirely ignorant of the name, and station of my neighbour. He however, made many enquiries of me, respecting Mr. Webster, his opinions

[1] Anthony Vandyke Copley Fielding, 1787–1855; landscape-painter in water-colors.

[2] Elizabeth Burdett, daughter of Francis; married, 1800, Sir James Langham, Baronet.

on certain prints, and expressed the strongest admiration of his talents, and "intellectual beauty," and after having drunk wine with Mr. Webster, at his own request, he turned to me, and remarked that "it was an honour which he appreciated, and should never forget, to his dying day." On rising from the table, I took the earliest moment, to ascertain from Mr. Webster, who this admirer of his, could be, and learned to my regret, that I had lost a golden opportunity of acquiring a great deal of useful information, on my favorite subject of *painting*, from so great an artist as, "Sir Martin Archer Shee,[1] the President of the Royal Academy." He was the artist of the portrait I had been admiring at dinner, and had I enquired the *name*, I should have been made wiser. In one apartment of this house, there is a cabinet, fitting to the ceiling, the entire side of the room, and it is filled with specimens of rare old china of every description. We drank our coffee, after dinner, out of cups, which Garrick often used; I am not sure, that they were not once his property. Miss Sedgwick, and her two nieces, appeared in the evening, and I should have added, that Earl Grey, and

[1] Sir Martin Archer Shee, 1769–1850; portrait-painter; president of the Royal Academy, 1830–50.

Lady Georgiana, were our companions at dinner. We had during the evening, some fine singing from Mr. Phillips,[1] the vocalist, and the piano, by Mr. Cipriani Potter.[2] Miss Coutts' history is peculiar, the heiress of so much wealth and of such unassuming simplicity of manner. She has been the subject of many matrimonial speculations, but is still disengaged. She is not pretty, but is tall, and slight, with a good figure, and exceedingly gentle, and lady-like air, which *entreats*, rather than *demands* the attention of others.

This evening, we have made another visit to "Covent Garden theatre," by an invitation again, from Macready, to see Bulwer's celebrated play of "Richelieu," performed for the last time, during the season. Macready is always delightful to me, as an actor, and a man of taste, and to-night, his impersonation of "Richelieu," won Mr. Webster's entire approbation.

Saturday, July 13, 1839. Tullwell Lodge, Twickenham, Middlesex. We are now at the country seat of Mr. William Clay, he is a radical member of the House of Commons, for the "Tower Hamlets"; here,

[1] Henry Phillips, 1801–76; musician.
[2] Philip Cipriani Hambly Potter, 1792–1871; musician.

we are to remain until to-morrow evening. We drove through Richmond on our way, and crossed the beautiful suspension bridge at Hammersmith. This house was built by James II, and used as a hunting lodge; it is now a tasteful, pretty spot, but the house is not large. After lunching with Mrs. Clay at half past two, we drove to Hampton Court palace, through Bushy Park, where, on our right, was the country house of Queen Adelaide, who is "ranger" of this Park. In addition to this, the government has generously given the Dowager Queen, "Marlborough House" in town, and one hundred thousand pounds annual income. A portion of this undoubtedly finds its way among her German relations. Hampton Court is a royal palace, about 13 miles from London. It stands low, is built of red brick, and was formerly the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and a gift from him to King Henry VIII. Jane Seymour died there, and Catherine Parr married. It is a succession of quadrangles, part of which were built by the Cardinal, and the remaining portion, in the time of William and Mary. We ranged through nineteen apartments, the nineteenth, containing the celebrated cartoons of Raphael; these are fine specimens of grouping, and invaluable as studies for artists, but

the colours are much faded; they are painted on sheets of paper as their name indicates, and are named "Cartoons," from the Italian, "Cartone." They were painted, it is said, for the papal palace of Leo X, and were purchased for Charles I by Rubens. The remaining eighteen rooms, are picture galleries, and contain 2000 pictures; one apartment, is devoted to Holbein's portraits, there are several original ones of Queen Elizabeth, and of Henry VIII. The portraits of the "beauties of the Court of Charles II" are contained in one room, and some of the finest efforts of Benjamin West's [1] pencil are here. I was amused at the sight of a portrait of Jeffery Hudson,[2] a dwarf mentioned in Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," I think. A picture by Correggio, of a "girl reading," I thought was one of the most striking paintings I had ever seen. In some of the rooms were still the state beds, with the "Prince of Wales' feathers," waving at the four corners, of the tester, but little furniture remains, and that is dusty, and time-worn. We saw Cardinal Wolsey's banqueting-hall, with drawing-rooms attached. A portrait

[1] Benjamin West, 1738–1820; historical painter; born in Pennsylvania.

[2] Jeffery Hudson, 1619–82; dwarf.

also of this unfortunate favorite, by Holbein. As a privilege we were admitted here. The "retiring-room" contained some chairs, worked as the guide assured us, by Queen Mary's own hand, they were removed necessarily, from their original destination, owing to the depredations committed by curiosity seekers. A portion of "Hampton's royal pile" is occupied by about sixty families, mostly of the decayed nobility, who have the privilege of living here and enjoying the great beauty of the surrounding grounds, and "pleasure gardens." They are of considerable extent, and ornamented with vases, and statues. In the greenhouse attached, is a celebrated grape-vine, said to be the finest in Europe; it is seventy-five years old, its trunk is 27 inches round, its length one hundred and ten feet, and it yields on an average, twenty-five hundred bunches of grapes annually. It is a black Hamburg. There were likewise fine orange trees, and a promenade called "Queen Mary's bower."

Mrs. Clay had several friends at dinner, most of them were gentlemen, and members of Parliament. Mrs. Stewart, and another lady from a neighboring estate, were the only females, beside ourselves. Mr. Charles Buller is staying here, and

Temple Bowdoin, Jun.,* he is in the army, and is a nephew of Mrs. Clay. Our hostess, with three of her children, gave us a charming family concert this evening; they all perform on various instruments, and her little son, of only seven years, played the violin quite as well as "Master Burke the young prodigy." We adjourned to our bed-rooms at midnight, leaving the gentlemen in the billiard-room.

Sunday, July 14. My Sister Caroline's [1] birthday. Julia and I have been talking of her, and her Husband [2] and little "Grace," [3] and wishing them all health, and happiness. "Strawberry Hill," Horace Walpole's residence, and "Pope's Villa" are both near, and Mr. Webster and Julia went to visit them, but the violent rain prevented Mrs. Webster and myself from joining them.

Another party composed entirely of gentlemen! Our carriage is ordered at half-past eight, we leave immediately, having enjoyed, in no small degree the

* Mr. Bowdoin has since married Mr. Clay's daughter. (H. S. P.)

[1] Caroline Story White, 1811–86; daughter of Stephen, and sister of Mrs. Paige; married Daniel Fletcher Webster.

[2] Daniel Fletcher Webster, 1813–62, son of Daniel and Grace (Fletcher); lawyer; colonel, 12th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

[3] Grace Webster, daughter of Daniel Fletcher; died, 1844.

quiet of this sweet spot, and the hospitality and kindness of our host, hostess, and their sweet children. Would I were going to my own darlings, far, far away!

II

Oxford and Windsor

MONDAY, July 15. Angel Inn, Oxford. We reached this place at six o'clock P.M., after a most agreeable drive from London of 54 miles, through the most charming and cultivated country. In consequence of a great agricultural celebration to-morrow, the Inn, where we are, is crowded to excess, but we have a spacious parlour and comfortable sleeping-rooms. On our way hither, we stopped at Beaconsfield to see the tombs of "Waller" [1] and of "Burke." [2] They were in an old church, where there are tombs bearing inscriptions, as early as the time of James I. We came here "en prince" as they choose to call it, that is, we used for the first time, the travelling carriage in which we propose going, next week to Scotland. Four post horses, with two postillions, in blue jackets, and yellow topped boots; the horses changed every ten miles; our maid, and man servant, Hamilton and Holton in the "rumble"

[1] Edmund Waller, 1606–87; poet.
[2] Edmund Burke, 1729–97; statesman.

behind. Mr. Webster, from preference, occupied the coach box, and the ladies, the carriage proper, which, in spite of the "imperial" (containing our dresses, on the top), was partially open, it being a landau, which admits of this arrangement. Our trunks, brought from America, remain in London; this travelling carriage, being supplied with substitutes, admirably contrived for that purpose. At an Inn, at Uxbridge, where we stopped, we learned it was a former palace of Charles I, and we saw here the apartment, where this same King, signed the treaty with Parliament, just before he was beheaded. The oak carvings of this, and the adjoining room, won our admiration. We were also much struck with the beautiful valley of Aylesbury, and saw for the first time several chalk pits.

July 16. Oxford. Immediately after breakfast, we sallied forth to see the colleges, which are twenty-three in number. We first visited Magdalen (they pronounce it *Maudlin*) College, and Christ's Church College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey. The Magdalen Chapel is very beautiful; the Gothic stone cuttings, even to the organ case are very fine, and the oak carvings extremely well done. Over the altar, is an exquisite painting of "Christ bearing the Cross,"

formerly attributed to "Guido," but it is now decided by judges to have been the work of "Morales," a Spanish artist. The exterior of this chapel, is also very fine, and so antique, in short, Oxford itself is so unlike other places, one seems to be transported to the days of the Henrys, and Edwards, of ancient times. This college is on a small stream called "Isis." On our way to Christ's Church College, we walked through a long avenue of trees called "Addison's walk," commanding a view of a park, and some fine deer. Addison was a fellow of Magdalen College, and in one of the rooms, our guide informed us, "there were six chairs, on which he had often sat." Most of the colleges are built of brick, in the form of quadrangles, and one is constantly surprised at their extent, and the wealth required to support such extensive establishments. They are all independent of each other. You enter an arched way, either in a lofty hall, or through the lower part of a building, and at once, you are in a spacious quadrangle, sometimes a verdant, grassy square, with chapel, commons, and library around. These seem the very place for quiet study, and repose. Their look of solemnity is very attractive. Most of the chapels are really very beautiful. "Christ's

Church College" has one hundred and one students, and the great bell, tolls every evening 101 times. The dining-room walls, are covered with portraits; a dais, on the principle of olden times, was at its head, and we were told that the sons of noblemen alone, occupied these seats. The Chapel of St. Frideswide, containing the tomb of the saint, belongs to the above named college, and was built in the 8th. century; the architecture of the most ancient part is Saxon, with the circular arches peculiar to that period. Attached to this college, is an extensive picture gallery, with some valuable paintings of the old masters. A "Tintoretto" of "the last Supper," was to me, a very remarkable specimen, of the effect of light and shade. Some of the stained windows are exquisite; they are two or three centuries old and possess a brilliancy of colouring which the moderns have as yet, failed to accomplish. The chapel of "New College" is in a different style of architecture from the others, but not the less beautiful. Indeed the whole place is full of powerful interest. The quadrangle of "Queen's College" directly opposite our lodgings, has been temporarily covered, and converted into an immense dining-room, and tables are laid, to accommodate eighteen hundred

persons. Earl Spencer[1] is to preside, he being a great agriculturist. Mr. Kenyon met us here, by appointment this evening; he is a great acquisition to our party, so full of information, and kindness of heart. One is always wiser, and happier after a chat with him.

July 17, Oxford. Drove with Kenyon, to "Blenheim" this morning, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. This land was given to the "great Duke of Marlborough"[2] by Queen Anne for services rendered in the battle of Blenheim, and is certainly an agreeable specimen of royal munificence. Parliament subscribed one hundred and fifty thousand pounds toward the building, and embellishing, of this beautiful spot. Mr. Webster was breakfasting with Mr. Hamilton (where we were all asked, but declined), and did not accompany us, to our regret. This fine old place is eight miles from Oxford, and built of the stone of the country, which time has mellowed into a peculiar yellow; the approach, through the parks of Woodstock, is imposing. The entrance hall is spacious, and striking in its architecture, with a lofty frescoed ceiling and statuary. There were fine

[1] Frederick Spencer, 4th Earl Spencer, 1798–1857.
[2] John Churchill, 1650–1722; 1st Duke of Marlborough.

original paintings on the walls of the apartments, three of which were covered with exquisite specimens of Gobelin tapestry, presented to one of the Dukes, one hundred and ten years ago, the rooms being measured for them. One, represents the battle of Blenheim, the colours are fresh, and beautiful, and I think a King of France was the donor. The finest room by far, is the library, one hundred and eighty feet long, beautifully carved in wood. At the head, stands a full length marble statue of Queen Anne, and at the other end an antique head, dug up at Herculaneum, supposed to be that of Alexander the Great. The books are rare; the library contains 17,000 volumes, and is the finest of its kind (so Kenyon told us), in England. The present Duke[1] is of extravagant habits, and is restricted to an income of five thousand a year, he is therefore, quite unable properly to support the place, which in many parts looks somewhat dilapidated, but withal, it is a princely spot. The present owner, is 75 years old; he lives here throughout the year, and devotes a large portion of his time to the cultivation of his "American flower garden." In the "dress grounds" were some

[1] George Spencer-Churchill, 5th Duke of Marlborough, 1766–1840.

very fine old cedars, and antique oaks; the English evince a just taste, in their appreciation of old trees. As a last thing, we went to look at a stone bridge, built over an artificial lake, said to be an exact model of the "Ponte del Rialto" at Venice. As we alighted from our carriage, at the Angel Inn, on our return, we encountered Mr. Hamilton, waiting eagerly for our appearance, to take us, by a private passage, to the Provost's house, the windows of which, open upon the college quadrangle, and command a view of the tables, and arrangements for the dinner of to-day. There were several ladies, evidently dressed for the occasion, and while we were there, the procession entered, and Mr. Webster's plate, was the *third* one, on the right, from the President of the day, the princely owner of "Althorp." The Earl has invited "Mr. Webster and party," to Northamptonshire, but we must make a much longer sojourn, in this delightful country, than we contemplate, to accept one half, the hospitalities, already so liberally, and kindly proffered, to visit among these "stately homes of England."

I am now writing by the open window, and am constantly interrupted by the shouts of the multitude, the clapping of hands, and the fine music of the band,

in the adjoining quadrangle. Mrs. Webster was disinclined to return again to the Provost's house, notwithstanding the kind solicitations of the ladies there assembled. I feel consequently, no small degree of curiosity, and interest, to learn if Mr. Webster has been speaking, and if so, the impression his first speech in England makes upon his hearers. Mr. Kenyon says the desire, to hear Mr. Webster speak, is intense. It is very tantalizing, to sit here, just hearing enough of the excitement, over the way, to sympathize, and yet to be ignorant of the cause. An "American Ox" is the *lion* among the show of cattle, but had we the inclination to see so unladylike an exhibition, the crowds about the pens would prevent it.

Mr. Egerton Vernon-Harcourt[1] the son of the Archbishop of York, has been here this evening, and likewise Mr. Handley, a member of Parliament. The former embarks immediately for America in company with his Brother, and Mr. Dundas, whom we met at dinner the other day, at the Bishop of Salisbury's. I have just finished writing several letters of introduction promised to Mr. Harcourt, by Mr. Webster early to-morrow morning. Mr. Web-

[1] Egerton Vernon-Harcourt, 1803–83.

ster has now gone to a party at Dr. Buckland's,[1] the well known geologist; the remainder of our party were compelled to decline. Mr. Harcourt represents Mr. Webster's remarks at the dinner to have been very eloquent, and successful, and to have been received with rounds of applause, and to have given great delight and satisfaction to all classes of his numerous auditors.* Several of our London friends are here to-day, among them is Sir Thomas Acland, who I find is as universal a favorite with all the world, as with our own party. Mr. Harcourt has been urging very strongly, that we should breakfast at "Nuneham," to-morrow, with his Father the Archbishop, but want of time compels Mr. Webster to decline so agreeable a proposition. Mr. Kenyon has been talking this evening of poor L. E. L.,[2] and describing many particulars of her melancholy, and sudden death. She was not personally known to him, but he, with another friend was asked to meet her, on a certain evening. Kenyon did not attend the party, but his friend did. He enquired the fol-

* They liked so much what he said about "his going to see the elder branch." (H. S. P.)

[1] William Buckland, 1784–1856; geologist.

[2] Letitia Elizabeth Landon, 1802–38; poetess; married, 1838, George Maclean.

lowing day, of this friend "what his impressions were"? He replied, that they were those of disappointment, and in short, almost of disgust, in consequence of Miss Landon's very bold advocacy of the crime of *suicide*. She very explicitly declared her opinions on this point, and gave many reasons why she considered self-destruction in certain cases, justifiable. This almost corroborates the opinion, that seems so strongly to prevail here, that in consequence of domestic disappointment, Letitia Elizabeth Landon Maclean brought about her own untimely end. Kenyon seemed to believe this, and gave some further reasons for this belief. Unhappy poetess! Who but the Searcher of all hearts can describe the agony of hers, before she was finally driven to this dreadful deed of self-destruction!

July 18. Castle Hotel, Windsor. Left Oxford at half past nine this morning, in company with Mr. Kenyon, and our usual party of four besides. On reaching Wallingford in a pouring rain, to our vexation we learned that no post horses could be had for two hours. At length however, we again were on our "wending way," and proceeded to Reading, where a letter awaited Kenyon from Miss Mitford,[1]

[1] Mary Russell Mitford, 1787–1855; novelist and dramatist.

urging us all, most hospitably to come at once, to "our village" to lunch. The place is almost three miles distant, and is called "Three Mile Cross." Our appetites were too keen for this postponement, so after lunching at the "Crown Inn" much to the satisfaction of mine host, we proceeded to Miss Mary Russel Mitford's humble cottage by the roadside. The letter to Kenyon I have preserved, and shall bind it up with these sheets in commemoration of our charming visit, to this amiable authoress. We found the lady whom we were all so curious to see, in her favorite garden, among her much loved flowers. She is not handsome, or young, for she is 53 years old; she is short in stature with a very peculiar full grey eye, and her hair the same decided colour, parted on her forehead beneath her cap. Her voice is agreeable, and her manners are cordial, and frank. She appeared much gratified, and flattered at Mr. Webster's visit, and received us all, most kindly, making us at once at home in her little parlour, up a very narrow and steep staircase. From the sideboard cupboard, she soon removed several dishes of fruit, to the small round table, and we enjoyed thus socially, the products of her own garden, listening the while, to the sweet, low tones of Miss

Mitford, the liveliness of Kenyon, and the deep, and cheerful ones, of our own dear Mr. Webster. After an hour spent in this delightful interchange of "kindred thought and feeling," we returned to the garden to see the geraniums, which are all seedlings, and cultivated by her own hands. Singularly enough, one which she had named the "Daniel Webster" months ago, had blossomed for the first time to-day. She asked me if she succeeded in cultivating a sprig from it, "if I would take the trouble to carry it to America," and on my expressing how much gratified I should feel, to be able to do so, she made arrangements with Mr. Kenyon, for transporting it to Harley Place, directed to me.* Miss Mitford's father[1] is quite unlike the Daughter, with a bald head, and nothing in particular to recommend him, to a stranger, save his *age;* he has spent two or three fortunes, the last one, his Daughter's, and is now dependent on her, who never alludes to him, but with the utmost tenderness, and kindness. Indeed, this is a beautiful trait in Miss Mitford's character,

* Since our return she has written to say that the geranium is ready for its travels, that her friend Serjeant Talfourd, who is coming to America, will take charge of it for me. (H. S. P.)

[1] George Mitford.

her filial devotion toward this surviving parent, as if by this, she could shield him, from the censure of his friends, and the regrets of his own conscience. She quotes her Father, on all occasions, and is constantly appealing to him in conversation. She filled our carriage at parting, with gay bouquets, and kindly offered to send us, in the autumn, seeds from all her flowers. We changed horses at "Bingfield" remembering it, as once having been the residence of Alexander Pope's father, and proceeding through by-roads, and a most cultivated country, we reached the forests of Windsor.

> "Thy forests Windsor, and thy green retreats,
> At once the Monarch's, and the Muses' seats."

After a drive of three miles, we entered the park, and soon after appeared the towers of Windsor Castle, looming in the distance. We drove through an avenue of magnificent elms, two miles and three quarters in length, and three hundred feet in width; at the commencement of this straight, and beautiful avenue, is a bronze colossal statue of George III, in full view of the windows of the castle, three miles distant. The beautiful, and graceful deer were sporting, and feeding around us, and often fearlessly crossed our path. As we drove onward, we counted

over one hundred of these lovely animals, including the red deer, and the spotted fallow deer; these last, are of handsome yellow brown, and were of all ages, and sizes. We have taken possession of apartments, previously bespoken for us, at the Castle Inn, and in consequence of the lateness of the hour, our visit to Windsor Castle must be postponed until to-morrow morning.

July 19. Immediately after breakfast, we hastened to gratify our eager curiosity. The castle is built of dark grey stone, in plain castellated style. The circumference of the whole is 4180 feet, the length from east to west is [blank] feet, and the area exclusive of the terraces is about twelve acres. It is a most feudal-like, and magnificent structure; the effect of the wind to-day beating against its massive towers, was indescribably grand. After walking around, and having formed some idea of its external appearance, we went at once to the round tower, and through the kindness of Lord Ashley's permit, we were immediately shown the private apartments of the Queen. The dining-room, and drawing-room were both fitted up by George IV with extreme magnificence. The former room contains the massive silver gilt vase, or wine-cooler,

made by Messrs. Rundell & Bridges for George IV, at the cost of £10,000, it is after the model of the "Warwick Vase," and is about twice the size of the "Webster Vase." An exact model of the Warwick is seen from the window of this room in the pasture below. The bed-room, "writing-room," and boudoir of the Duchess of Kent, were shown, but those of her Majesty, by "her particular request," are not exhibited. The corridor, or picture gallery is quite celebrated; it is adorned with portraits, and pictures, and busts of celebrated men. Many of the pictures are chef d'œuvres, and are highly prized; the busts are on pedestals, arranged on each side of this winding gallery; the ceiling is so richly stuccoed, and gilt, that the effect is heavy, and cumbrous, but still, this is a very splendid and striking apartment. It is about 300 feet long, and when lighted, by the gold candelabra on their gilt pedestals, during the period the Court is at Windsor, it cannot, but be, a scene of very great magnificence, and splendor. The Gobelin tapestry presented by the French King to George IV, is even more beautiful, than that at "Blenheim," the subjects are finer, and the colours appear to be more brilliant and fresher. The furniture of one apartment, is

covered with something similar to Gobelin tapestry of silk, instead of worsted, so fine, that it resembled beautiful paintings.* A clock in this apartment, attracted us. A figure of Time, with the hours marked on a golden ball, to represent the world; he was in the act of arresting the hours, with his scythe, the point of the scythe touching the proper hour of the day. It would be in vain, however, to attempt to describe, all that art has made so beautiful here. These apartments are a far better specimen of what a Queenly palace should be, than either Buckingham or St. James's, the latter has not much pretension to modern elegance, but the Queen there holds her drawing-rooms, on account of the size, and arrangement of the rooms; the balls, and parties are at Buckingham palace. The view from the windows here is remarkably fine, overlooking a vast extent of country, and the beautiful avenue of trees spoken of last night. The terrace where her Majesty walks is 1870 feet in length, and commands a beautiful, and variegated prospect; it is crowned with a rampart of freestone. "Eton College" a beautiful Gothic structure is distinctly seen; it is in a pictur-

* "Beauvais tapestry" I afterwards learned it was called. (H. S. P.)

esque, fertile valley, and adds much to the beauty of the prospect, as does "Harrow-on-the-Hill," and "the proudly-freighted, deep-winding Thames," which is a more imposing river here, than near London, in consequence of its greater depth. With no little interest and satisfaction did we look at Shakspeare's "Datchet Meade," and at no great distance still stands, the trunk alone, of the immortal "Herne Oak." It is covered with ivy, and Mr. Webster has kindly brought us a "commemorative leaf," to lay on these pages. "Herne," is said to have been one of the forest keepers, in the reign of Queen Bess, and having committed an offence that would have lost him his office, in a fit of desperation, he hung himself upon this tree.

> "There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
> Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
> Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;
> And there he blasts a tree," &c. &c. &c.

"Kenyon" has amused himself, by associating *my name*, with all these scenes, and has been repeating a remark made by a gentleman in London, on the subject, which I must tell to my Husband among the thousand other things, when I have the happiness of seeing him once more. From the terrace, we went

to the State apartments, which are open to the public; with a crowd of other people, we promenaded the "Queen's ball-room," "Queen's drawing-room," "Queen's closet," the King's "closet, council chamber, drawing-room and vestibule," the "Throne Room," the large "Ball-room" the walls of which were tapestried, the "Waterloo chamber," containing portraits of all the eminent persons connected with the battle of Waterloo, the "grand vestibule, and staircases, ante-room, guard chamber, St. George's Hall," and the "Queen's audience and presence chamber." The guard chamber contains some fine ancient armour, and a bust of Nelson by Sir Francis Chantrey; it stands on part of the mast of a ship, perforated by balls at the battle of Trafalgar. After this long ramble, we returned to our lodgings to lunch, and then proceeded to visit the two remaining portions of the tower, "St. George's Chapel" and the Round Tower. In the former, the famous "Knights of the Garter" are installed; the proportions both externally, and internally, are very fine. The choir contains the stall of each Knight, and the banner, with their armorial bearings, waves above; when a Knight of the Garter dies, his banner, sword &c. are taken down, and a brass plate, representing

the same is nailed over the stall, to the wall; the banner of the successor occupying the former place. The royal vault is beneath this part of the chapel, and contains the remains of the late Kings of England, those of Edward V, Henry VIII, Charles I, and Jane Seymour. The stained glass windows are very beautiful here, they are very large, and are composed of compartments, separately painted. On each side are two modern windows, designed by Benjamin West, the American artist, which I could not approve, and did not admire. Beneath the left window is an ancient tomb, with an effigy of a Duke of Beaufort, and on the right, is the cenotaph erected to the memory of the Princess Charlotte;[1] the conception is in poor taste. The dead body lies covered by a shroud, on the tomb, and immediately above, is a figure, representing the spirit, in the act of ascension, attended by two angels, one of which, bears the child. The four weeping figures are beautifully executed, and the effect of the light, upon the marble, producing a mingling of yellow, and a violet shade is really very beautiful. This elaborate piece of sculp-

[1] Princess Charlotte Augusta, 1796–1817, daughter of George IV; married, 1816, Prince Leopold George Frederick, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

ture has been much censured, but portions of it, to my unpractised eye, are very commendable. I have learned for the first time to-day, the history of the origin of the "Garter" and I will write it here for the benefit of those at home, who happen to be as ignorant as myself. It is said to be as follows: Joan, Countess of Salisbury, a beautiful dame of whom King Edward III was enamoured, while dancing at a high festival, accidentally lost her garter of *blue* embroidered velvet. It was picked up by her Royal partner, who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers on the occasion, used the words to them, which afterwards became the motto of the order,

"Honi soit qui mal y pense,"

adding, that in a short time they would see that garter, advanced to such high honour, and estimation, that all would account themselves happy to wear it.

Our last visit was to the "Round Tower," which stands upon the summit of a hill, overlooking the other surrounding structures. An ascent of 225 steps (according to our female guide, who by the way, was a very intelligent person), brought us to the battlements, the view from which, formed a panorama of great beauty, and extent; twelve coun-

ties may be seen here, viz: Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Berks, Bucks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and Bedford, and on a clear day, the dome of St. Paul's may also be distinguished; the circumference of the tower is 302 feet and 6 inches. The show-woman, to whom I have alluded, gave us the following conundrum: "Why is Windsor bridge like a leg of mutton after dinner"? Because it is half Eton (eaten). In the garden under the tower, where the lovely Jane Beaufort took her solitary walk, and was first beheld by King James I of Scotland, we gathered a memento, in commemoration of the passion, of the enamoured King. At half past four, we found ourselves again at our lodgings, full of pleasurable reminiscences, but sorely fatigued.

At six o'clock we drove to "Eton Hall," the cradle of many of England's most eminent poets, statesmen, lawyers and divines, and had the pleasure of dining, by previous invitation, with Doctor Hawtrey,[1] and his Sister, he being the headmaster of Eton College. Here at dinner, was another brother of Coleridge's, a most charming, and handsome man; he is a professor here, his wife at present an invalid;

[1] Edward Craven Hawtrey, 1789–1862; Provost of Eton; Head Master of Eton, 1834–52.

two or three other gentlemen were present also. Dr. Hawtrey is a most cultivated man, well versed in all modern languages, as well as Greek, and Latin. He presented Mr. Webster with a beautiful volume of his own composition, translations in various languages, called the "Trifoglio." After dinner, Mr. Coleridge went to his house, and brought me from his garden, a large, and beautiful bouquet of carnations, and geraniums, among the latter was one very beautiful, called the "Lady Flora Hastings." A painting, representing "Eton Montem" hung in one corner of Miss Hawtrey's drawing-room, which led her to explain this singular ceremony, and to remark that Miss Edgeworth's little tale, bearing that name, was quite wrong in many particulars. She explained the "Eton Montem" thus: "In the first place, it occurs only, every third year, on Whit-Tuesday. The ceremony is supposed to be coeval with the foundation of the college, and to have originated in the monkish election of the *bairn* or boy bishop, it consists of a procession of scholars, to a small mount, called Salt-hill. Here, their chief object is to collect 'salt' for the Captain of the scholars, previous to his departure from Eton, for the University of Cambridge. Contributions are levied on all spectators,

and passengers, for *salt*, as they term it. Those that have once paid, receive a ticket, to that effect, by way of passport. The whole scene is very lively, and interesting; the scholars' dresses are often very grotesque and it partakes of a sort of mock military character, which is very spirited and showy in effect."

July 20. Upon the kind invitation of Dr. Hawtrey, we went this morning, to see the college. Before the school-room in the quadrangle, were 500 boys at play; here was then, the germ of England, what in after years was to be among her greatest, and best, probably. The young Duke of Beaufort[1] was one of the finest looking lads I ever saw, and as a whole, they were as fine scions of noble houses, as one could very well see in England. We proceeded to the school-room, and were shown with no little pride by Dr. Hawtrey, and pleasure to ourselves, among the millions of names, cut in the unpainted walls, those of "Canning," and "Charles James Fox," "Carlisle," "Hobhouse," the "Duke of Buccleuch," and many others now forgotten. The "Iron Duke," as Arthur Wellesley, was also an Eton boy,

[1] Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, 1824–99, was Marquis of Worcester in 1839, and later 8th Duke of Beaufort.

and the room in which he slept is still shown, but it was not in our direct way, and we did not go to see it. The college was founded by Henry VI in 1440; it consists of two quadrangles, one appropriated to the school, the lodgings of the masters and scholars, and the other contains the apartments of the Provost and the fellows. Miss Hawtrey took us to the house of the venerable Provost, a remarkable man of 80 years of age, who was very desirous of an introduction to Mr. Webster. His fine apartments, were hung with portraits of former Etonians. He has the first picture ever painted in England, that of Jane Shore, and many other antique portraits, among them, those of James V, VI, and VII, copies of which we saw at Hampton Court. The library attached to Dr. Goodall's [1] house (the name of the Provost), is called one of the finest in Europe; it contains many Oriental manuscripts, drawings, and many rare and curious works, particularly a prayer book once the property of Queen Mary, "bloody Mary" as she is called. In her own hand writing are these words: —

"My Ld., I shall desyre you to praye for me.
Marye the Queene"

[1] Joseph Goodall, 1760–1840; Provost of Eton.

The Latin exercises of "George Canning" were shown by the Provost to Mr. Webster, and he remarked that they all "*sunt bona.*" He said too, that Canning's talents at that early period were most versatile, and remarkable, that his exercises of all kinds, were invariably well, and creditably done, "which," added the Provost, "few of us can say." Mr. Webster's engagement to dine with the Marquis of Lansdowne, greatly abridged this interesting visit, and we bade adieu to Dr. Goodall, with regret, Mr. Webster repeating the following familiar verses on our way: —

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

After paying a hasty visit to Virginia Water, and to the interesting ruins from Carthage, which are tastefully disposed on its banks, we proceeded toward London, and passing through Egham, Staines, and Brentford, we reached Hanover Square at 4 o'clock,

and find our table covered with cards, and notes of invitation in abundance.

Mr. Webster has just come in from dining with Lord Lansdowne, in company with Lord Chancellor Cottenham,[1] Earl of Radnor,[2] Earl Fitzwilliam,[3] Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell,[4] Hon. Mr. Ellice, Sir Charles Metcalfe,[5] Mr. Stuart, a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Senior, Mr. Locke, Mr. Lushington, and the Lord advocate of Scotland, Mr. Rutherfurd.[6]

[1] Sir Charles Christopher Pepys, 1st Earl of Cottenham, 1781–1851; Lord Chancellor.

[2] William Pleydell-Bouverie, 3d Earl of Radnor, 1779–1869; Whig politician.

[3] Charles William Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, 5th Earl Fitzwilliam, 1786–1857; politician.

[4] Lord John Russell, 1st Earl Russell, 1792–1878; statesman; Colonial Secretary, 1839.

[5] Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, 1st Baron Metcalfe, 1785–1846; Governor of Jamaica, 1839–42.

[6] Andrew Rutherfurd, Lord Rutherfurd, 1791–1854; Scottish judge.

III

London Again

SUNDAY, July 21. The Liverpool has arrived and brings welcome letters. God bless them all!

> "Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
> Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
> They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
> The Virgin's wish without her fears impart,
> Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
> Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul
> And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

Drove to Chelsea hospital by the way of Brompton to Queen's buildings, through Hyde Park, where we met the Queen riding, followed by crowds of gazers, and accompanied by a retinue of other equestrians. Farther onward were the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta, accompanied by Lady Augusta Somerset;[1] they were in an open landau and four. Count d'Orsay too was driving his cab "the observed of all observers." On "Rotten Row" (corrupted from *routine*), were two

[1] Lady Augusta Somerset, daughter of Henry, 7th Duke of Beaufort; died, 1850.

or three hundred riders of both sexes, and many children, with their donkeys and sidesaddles. It is estimated that there were more than five thousand people in the Park, this lovely evening.

Dined at 7 o'clock with Kenyon in Harley Place, with an agreeable party of gentlemen, consisting of, Mr. Edward Kenyon, the only, and beloved brother of our Host, just returned from the Continent, Mr. Joliffe, a clergyman *we were told*, who had formerly twice ascended in a balloon, when such excursions were much more rare than now, Captain Jones of the Royal Navy, a bachelor friend of Kenyon's, and Mr. Panizzi, the accomplished librarian of the British Museum; and now, at eleven o'clock, I have just transcribed the above, and am hastening to my downy pillow, with a happy, and I trust, a grateful heart, to the Giver of all Good, who showers on me, so many blessings.

Monday, July 22. Mr. Senior, and Mr. Jones-Loyd breakfasted with Mr. Webster this morning. Went to see a representation of the Queen's coronation in Westminster Abbey, and in the same building, is a panorama of the interior of the church of "Santa Croce" in Florence; by the curious effect of *colour* alone, the church from almost darkness,

became lighted, from all the candles about the altars, until the whole interior is made visible, and in readiness for Vespers. Sir Charles Vaughan came to see us on our return, and Lord Brougham, and "Monsieur Le Comte d'Argout"[1] a peer of France, who sent his card, requesting an interview with Mr. Webster. He is in England but for a few days; he speaks the language quite well, and expresses himself quite familiar with most of Mr. Webster's speeches, and impressed with "profound admiration" for their gifted author. The interview to a spectator, was one of high interest, and pleasure. At five o'clock, we accompanied Mr. Senior to the House of Lords; had a speech of some length, from the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Brougham. We saw Lord Roden[2] who urged Mr. Webster to visit him at "Hyde Hall, Hertfordshire," and we also had some conversation with Sir John Shelley,[3] who expressed his regret at our necessary refusal, of Lady Shelley's[4] invitation, for next

[1] Apollinaire Antoine Maurice, Comte d'Argout, 1782–1858; statesman and financier.

[2] Robert Jocelyn, 3d Earl of Roden, 1788–1870; Grand Master of the Orange Society.

[3] Sir John Shelley, 6th Baronet, 1783–1852.

[4] Frances Winckley, daughter of Thomas; married, 1807, Sir John Shelley, 6th Baronet.

Saturday. Mr. Ellice, Mr. Buller, Baron Parke, Lord Powerscourt, the "gentleman Usher of the Black Rod" Sir Augustus Clifford,[1] all approached the Black Rod box, and were very civil and chatty. Young "Owen" of Carolina, our fellow-passenger, was in the House; he is off to-morrow for the Continent. Mr. Webster presented us to Disraeli; he is very handsome, and strikingly well dressed. On our return found a note from Lady Georgiana Fane, urging our accompanying her to Countess Beauchamp's[2] concert this evening, but we had decided not to make the attempt, being too weary this evening, even for the music of Grisi and Lablache.

Tuesday, July 23. Mrs. Webster is suffering from a rheumatic affection, and is most unfortunately, confined to her bed-room. Dined with Sir Henry Halford, the distinguished physician to George IV; here we met the Dowager Duchess of Richmond[3] in a green brocaded dress, short sleeves, *of course*. She

[1] Sir Augustus William James Clifford, 1788–1877; Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, 1832–77.

[2] Charlotte Scott, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Clonmell; married, 1814, John Reginald Pindar, 3d Earl Beauchamp; died, 1846.

[3] Charlotte Gordon, daughter of Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon; married, 1789, Charles Lennox, 4th Duke of Richmond. He gave the ball at Brussels on the eve of Quatre Bras, 1815. She died, 1842, aged 73.

is very stout, and her green turban rejoiced in a white ostrich feather, with a black tuft at the bottom, the crown of her turban, covered with steel beads! The gown was short waisted, and trimmed with ribbon and flowers up the front.* This costume so "mauvais goût," forms quite an exception to the toilettes of the English *nobility* generally. I have never seen more superb ones, or in more exquisite taste, than among many of the English peeresses. Besides the Dowager Duchess, was the Lady Georgiana Fane, and her aged and blind father, the Earl of Westmoreland,[1] his own servant behind his chair. We also had Mr. Bruce,[2] the author of "Bruce's travels," Doctor and Mrs. Hawkins, Miss Vaughan, and Sir Charles Vaughan. We made many visits this morning; on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joy, Great Queen Street, and on Lady Georgiana Fane by appointment, also on Lady Anne Beckett,[3] Lady Frederick Bentinck,[4] Miss Angela Coutts, Mrs. and the

* She was a good hearted and estimable woman, but she dressed *horribly*. (H. S. P.)

[1] John Fane, 10th Earl of Westmoreland, 1759–1841; statesman.

[2] James Bruce, 1808–61; author.

[3] Anne Lowther, daughter of William, 1st Earl of Lonsdale; married, 1817, Sir John Beckett.

[4] Mary Lowther, daughter of William, 1st Earl of Lonsdale; married, 1820, Major-General Lord Frederick Cavendish Bentinck.

Misses Denison, Lady Parke, Mrs. Senior, and Lady Ashburton,[1] Mrs. Sydney Smith, and Lady Strathedon,[2] also on Lady Graham,[3] the wife of Sir James Graham.[4]

Wednesday, July 24. Mrs. Webster still remains indisposed. Julia and myself received, and made visits, all day, and afterward the former rode out with Mr. Senior, and Mr. Webster and myself visited together, several friends. At half past seven Mr. Webster dined with Earl Devon,[5] in company with Lord Ellenborough,[6] Lord Bishop of Exeter, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Ashburton, Mr. Senior, Mr. Courtenay, son of Lord Devon, Lady Devon[7] and two daughters.

Thursday, July 25. Friends at breakfast this

[1] Anne Louisa Bingham, daughter of William, of Philadelphia; married, 1798, Alexander Baring, Baron Ashburton.

[2] Mary Elizabeth Scarlett, Baroness Strathedon, daughter of James, 1st Baron Abinger; married, 1821, Sir John Campbell, Baron Campbell.

[3] Fanny Callender Campbell, daughter of Sir James; married, 1819, Sir James Robert George Graham.

[4] Sir James Robert George Graham, 1792–1861; statesman.

[5] William Courtenay, 10th Earl of Devon, 1777–1859.

[6] Edward Law, 1st Earl of Ellenborough, 1790–1871; Governor-General of India.

[7] Lady Harriet Leslie Pepys, daughter of Sir Lucas, Baronet; married, 1804, William Courtenay, 10th Earl of Devon. She died, December, 1839.

morning. Miss Rogers, and Mrs. Bates came to enquire after Mrs. Webster, who is still ailing. The Dowager Duchess of Richmond called, Lady Radnor, Lady Emily Pleydell-Bouverie. At 5 o'clock Mr. Webster accompanied Mrs. Bates on horseback, to the Horticultural exhibition at Regent's Park, and I followed, in the landeau. Mr. Webster dined with Baron and Lady Parke in company with Lord[1] and Lady Holland;[2] Julia and myself attended the evening party at Lady Parke's where we were, but a half an hour. Miss Denison and Brother, pretty Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Fitzroy, the sister of Lady Parke, and Mr. Austin &c. From Lady Parke's accompanied by Mr. Webster, we went to visit Miss Burdett-Coutts; there we heard the piano remarkably well played by a prodigy of a boy. The Duke of St. Albans[3] was there, Lockhart, Mr. Langham, and some other people. Our carriage was waiting, to carry us to a still larger party at Lady Stepney's; we therefore made our congé, and departed

[1] Henry Richard Vassall Fox, 3d Baron Holland, 1773–1840; politician and writer.

[2] Elizabeth Vassall, 1770–1845, daughter of Richard; married, 1797, Henry Richard Vassall Fox, 3d Baron Holland.

[3] William Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk, 9th Duke of St. Albans, 1801–49.

for Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square. It proved a very agreeable party. Charles Kean was present, and Kenyon. Mrs. Fonblanque, wife of the author,[1] was "performing" on the piano as we entered. The Prince of Oude[2] and suite, Lord[3] and Lady Bagot,[4] Lockhart and Miss Rogers again, and Lady Georgiana Fane, and Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Friday, July 26. We were all engaged to visit the London docks at the invitation of Mr. Vaughan in Fenchurch Street, and afterward to dine there, but Mrs. Webster still continues a sufferer, and, it is raining copiously, this expedition is, therefore, postponed to some future occasion. Mr. Webster took advantage of the opportunity to visit the House of Lords, and at a late hour, met Julia and myself at the house of Mr. Henry Joy, in Great Queen Street, where we had declined an invitation that day to dinner, on account of the engagement to Mr. Vaughan. Mr. Sheridan the Uncle of Mrs. Norton, and with whom she lives, was there, and Mr. Austin, and some other guests. At eleven o'clock, we

[1] Albany Fonblanque, 1793–1872; journalist.

[2] Sarja-Jah-Am-jud-Ali-Shah, King of Oude, 1842–47.

[3] William Bagot, 2d Baron Bagot, 1773–1856. He was a widower in 1839.

[4] Lady Bagot; see p. 37, note.

drove to New Burlington Street, on a second visit to Lady Cork; there was a gay assemblage, but none gayer, or more tastefully dressed, than the Countess of Cork herself, who wore a white figured muslin, trimmed with thread lace, a lace cap, with a demi-veil of thread lace thrown over it. On her cheek was a green bay leaf, as large as that of a rose, which she wore, I was told, from a superstitious notion, that it would charm away "the tic." Lady Georgiana Fane, the Prince of Oude, and many of the guests of Lady Stepney last evening, were at Lady Cork's. We had some good music, and returned at half past twelve o'clock.

Saturday, July 27. Lady Georgiana Fane having two or three days ago, proposed taking us to Apsley House, to visit "the Duke" called at 4 o'clock for that purpose, and Julia and myself were in readiness to accompany her. It seems that Lady Georgiana had written to his Grace, and had told him that Mr. Webster intended to visit him, and the Duke had named Saturday, it being the only afternoon when he is not in his seat, in the House of Lords. This arrangement of Lady Georgiana's, was not understood at all, by Mr. Webster, and as he had received no invitation, or intimation personally, from

the Duke, that he would be happy to receive him, Mr. Webster thought proper to stay away, although he would gladly have gone, had the matter been properly explained. As it was, Mr. Webster felt a delicacy at intruding himself unsolicited upon the Duke. Apsley House is at the South-east corner of Hyde Park, and the windows which are now protected by iron shutters, look directly upon the colossal statue of "Achilles," inscribed " to Arthur, Duke of Wellington by his countrywomen." In consequence of this expectation, on the part of his Grace, he was at the hall door to meet us, on our arrival, enquiring at once for Mr. Webster, and expressing great disappointment at his nonappearance. Mrs. Webster was still unable to leave her room. The Duke however, gave me his arm, and conducted us up the staircase to his study. Having shown us this apartment, he took us through his beautiful suite of rooms, to the Picture Gallery, the most charming room of its kind I ever saw; the walls were tapestried with the richest yellow damask and covered with rare, and valuable pictures. The windows lining one side of this gallery, are down to the floor, and look upon the Park, and statue above named. They are surrounded by a very rich and

beautiful gilt moulding, or rather a broad frame, reaching to the ceiling on the top; inserted in the wall are immense sliding mirrors, the size of the windows, and at night, these mirrors cover the windows, being removed from their hiding places, and have precisely the effect of so many mirrors, reflecting the brilliant light of the costly, and elegant candelabra, that are dispersed on pedestals through this tasteful and striking apartment. The floor was of "parquetage," or inlaid wood, with a high polish. The Duke was constantly reminding us of its slipperiness, and warning us to be careful, and told an anecdote of a lady, visiting him two days ago, who twice fell upon the polished floor, while crossing it. He called our attention to a full length portrait by Titian, of Queen Mary, hanging over the chimney-piece. I said then to his Grace: "This is an original of bloody Mary"? "Yes," he replied, "it is bloody Mary, and said, to be a perfectly correct likeness, but here is a picture that is thought a great deal of, although I know nothing about it myself," and he pointed to that celebrated picture of Correggio's "Christ in the Garden," a small painting of most exquisite finish, and an undoubted original. A full length of Charles I. on horseback, by Van

Dyck (a similar one we saw at Windsor), hangs in this room, and in an adjoining one, was another full length of George IV, in the picturesque "Highland dress," which he wore on his famous visit to Scotland, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Duke also showed portraits of Charles X, Louis XVIII, Emperor Alexander, and Emperor Nicholas of Russia. In an adjoining room, were three original portraits of Napoleon Buonaparte. Lord and Lady Burghersh came into the dining-room while we were there. Lady Burghersh is the daughter of Lord Maryborough, and niece to the Duke of Wellington. Lord Burghersh is half-brother to Lady Georgiana Fane. His Grace, seemed to take an almost childish pleasure in exhibiting his beautiful paintings, and various objects of "vertu." He had quite a novel pianoforte, made in Paris by Pape, in the shape of an octagon centre table, a drawer of which drew out, and discovered the keys. Near this instrument, was a portrait which greatly attracted me, and I ventured to enquire of his Grace, for whom it was intended? He replied, with seeming pleasure, that it was a very correct likeness of a very beautiful woman, the first Lady Lyndhurst,[1] and "when,"

[1] Sarah Garey (Brunsden) Thomas, daughter of Charles Bruns-

said he, "the mob chose to attack this house, and to throw brickbats into the windows, a large stone, struck this portrait directly in the neck, and severed the head from the shoulders. From the great friendship I entertained for Lady Lyndhurst, I was much troubled, and feared the injury was irremediable, but I sent for Leslie [1] the artist, who finally put about the neck, the black velvet ribbon, which you perceive, and it being in keeping, with the Spanish cast of countenance, and the black veil, thrown over the head, proved in the end, no detriment, but on the whole, it is rather an improvement to the picture." Just as the Duke finished speaking, Lord Burghersh from the other side, whispered in my ear: "You are fortunate, Mrs. Paige, in admiring that portrait, the Duke is evidently pleased, and in fact, you have got on his right side, for he was a great admirer of the late Lady Lyndhurst, and the topic is always agreeable to him." Our last visit was to a room on the first floor, where he showed a beautiful crayon drawing of his newly made Daughter-in-law, who is the daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

den, and widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Thomas; married, 1819, John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst; died, 1834.

[1] Charles Robert Leslie, 1794–1859; son of American parents; painter; writer on art.

I remarked: "What a lovely face and profile!" "Yes," said the Duke, "she is a very handsome, a *very* handsome woman." As we passed over the staircase, I remarked upon the effect of the light, through the coloured glass windows from above; his Grace again replied: "Yes it is very pretty, quite so." I am thus minute, and particular, in detailing the trifling remarks, made by the Hero of Waterloo, because I feel assured that I cannot be too much so, for the friends at home, for whom these pages are penned. From Apsley House we accompanied Lady Georgiana to the exhibition of water-coloured drawings in Pall Mall, and returned to our lodgings only in time for a hasty toilette for the Opera. I heard "Norma" for the first time, on the stage, with unmingled delight. This character is admirably calculated to display Grisi's powers, and I never can forget the pleasure I received, as I listened to songs so familiar, but so far superior to anything I think, I have yet heard. The two Elsslers I saw for the first time. Fanny Elssler's [1] dancing is so peculiarly her own, that a comparison between her and Taglioni ought not perhaps to be made. The latter has now gone to fulfil an engagement at St. Peters-

[1] Fanny Elssler, *née* Haydn, 1810–84; Austrian dancer.

burg. I think however, her airy, bounding, graceful motion, can never be excelled, probably never equalled. Thérèse Elssler[1] is too tall for a danseuse, and her long limbs in a pirouette, are positively *disgusting*. Lady Brougham and the pretty black eyed Mrs. Petre occupied the next box, but one. Lady Blessington and party were opposite, as usual. The Queen was there, and the Duchess of Braganza in the same box. On our right were the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta, with a host of other now familiar faces, Saturday evening being the "fashionable night."

Sunday, July 28. Found Mrs. Webster very unwell, and a return of severe pain; did not therefore attend "Mary-le-Bow" church, but remained all day with Mrs. Webster. At her particular desire, she being considerably relieved at 7 o'clock, we went to fulfil a dinner engagement at the Earl of Westmoreland's, with Lady Georgiana Fane. Here was the Lord Marquis of Exeter,[2] Mr. and Miss Mitchell, Mr. Armstrong, and a vacant seat for Lord Harry Vane,[3] who did not appear. Mr. Daly, an

[1] Thérèse Elssler, 1808–78; Austrian dancer, and wife of Prince Adalbert of Prussia.

[2] Brownlow Cecil, 2d Marquis and Earl of Exeter, 1795–1867.

[3] Lord Harry George Vane, afterward 4th Duke of Cleveland,

agreeable young Irishman whom we have before met, came in after dinner, and a cousin of Lady Georgiana's, a Mr. Fane. His Daughter is devoted to Lord Westmoreland, and he poor man, explained to me, that a certain operation, of *brushing* over the pupil of his eye was about to be performed, that he felt quite sanguine of success, and could not but hope, that on our next visit to Grosvenor Square, he might have the satisfaction of seeing our countenances. Unfortunate old man! With all that wealth, and rank can bestow, he is miserably and hopelessly blind, and deserted by his wedded wife, for no other reason, than "incompatibility of temper and tastes." At eleven o'clock we accompanied Lady Georgiana to a soirée at Lady Southwell's,[1] she herself is a Catholic of French descent; there was fine amateur singing. We were introduced to Lord Clements[2] whose brother, Mr. Webster very well remembered, seeing in America some years ago. Here we remained but a short time, but on going out, we met Lady Stepney

1803–91. He later took the name of Powlett in lieu of that of Vane.

[1] Jane Berkeley, daughter of John; married, 1799, Thomas Anthony Southwell, Viscount Southwell.

[2] William Sydney Clements, Lord Clements, later 3d Earl of Leitrim, 1806–78.

just making her appearance, it being just twelve o'clock!

Monday, July 29. Rainy and disagreeable. Mrs. Bates and Madame Van de Weyer called. Lady Georgiana Fane paid us a long and social visit; she brought me a beautiful and fragrant magnolia, sent to her by the Countess Zichy, from her conservatory, to remind me as she said, "of my own more genial clime." Mr. Webster dined at 7 o'clock with Sir Robert Harry Inglis, in company with Rogers the poet, Lord Burghersh, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, and his son, who is member for West Somerset, and some other guests whose names have escaped me. At half past ten we went to a concert at Mr. Quentin Dick's, in Curzon Street, Mayfair. He is a bachelor, and member for Maldon; here was Lady Shelley, Sir William and Lady Chatterton, Countess Beauchamp, and Countess Zichy, Rogers, Daly, Young, Lord Burghersh who is himself a musician and composer, and Mr. Meredith, also the Duchess of Canizzaro and her Son. Grisi was taken ill and did not make her appearance; Garcia therefore had a rare opportunity for the display of her powers, she accompanied herself on the piano with several songs, one of which, in German, was her own composition. She is said

to be very accomplished, and the mistress of six different languages. She is most unfortunately plain, but she drew rounds of applause, particularly from Lord Burghersh, who was enthusiastic with his "encores." Rubini sang divinely too, and Lablache's basso is as fine as ever. Lady Georgiana pointed out to me a lady greatly admired by Mr. Bulwer, who was also present. She has light hair, blue eyes and is tall; her name I forget. We got home at *half past two*. Lord Brougham was present, but Lady Brougham,[1] indisposed.

Tuesday, July 30. Mr. John Evelyn Denison[2] called, having just come back from the Continent, where he has been for two months. He has visited our country, and formed a previous acquaintance with Mr. Webster; ever since his departure his chariot, horses, and coachman have been at Mr. Webster's entire disposal; in fact, we are indebted to him for many kindnesses. His wife Lady Charlotte,[3] is daughter of the Duke of Portland. He is a conserva-

[1] Mary Anne Eden, daughter of Thomas; married, 1819, Henry Peter Brougham, Baron Brougham and Vaux.

[2] John Evelyn Denison, 1st Viscount Ossington, 1800–73; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1857–72.

[3] Charlotte Cavendish-Scott-Bentinck, daughter of William Henry Cavendish, 4th Duke of Portland; married, 1827, John Evelyn Denison, 1st Viscount Ossington.

tive, and member for Malton. He urges Mr. Webster to bring us all, to "Ossington Hall" in Northamptonshire, and Mr. Webster wishes it himself, if possible. Soon after his visit he sent Mrs. Webster, a most tempting basket of peaches, and grapes, from his own grounds, near town. The rain continues, but we accomplished many visits simply, by leaving our cards. At 7 o'clock dined in Park Crescent with Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon. On account of the dampness of the evening Mrs. Webster still feared to go out. We met several American friends now in London. At half past ten we drove to St. James's Place, to an evening party at "Rogers'." Miss Jervis, the Daughter of Lord St. Vincent, was singing as we entered. She is a friend, and favorite of Rogers; she possesses a voice of great richness, and compass, although not extremely powerful; she sang a Swiss song of her own, and another in German, with great effect. Rogers says her compositions are wonderful; that she has written the music of a whole opera. Lord St. Vincent was there, Viscount Duncannon,[1] Mr. Armstrong, and Lady Portman,[2] one of the ladies

[1] John William Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon, later 4th Earl of Bessborough, 1781–1847; statesman.

[2] Emma Lascelles, daughter of Henry, 2d Earl of Harewood, married, 1827, Edward Berkeley Portman, 1st Baron Portman.

of Victoria's bed-chamber, who with Lady Tavistock,[1] has been recently, so much censured in the sad affair of Lady Flora Hastings. Lady Portman requested me to introduce her to Mr. Webster; "never having," she remarked, "yet had the honour of knowing him." The Earl of Lonsdale[2] and his widowed daughter, Lady Frederick Bentinck, were also guests of Rogers; having taken their leave of him, and approached the door, they again crossed the room, and in a very kind manner, they invited me to accompany Mr. Webster to Lowther Castle in Westmoreland on our way North, next month, adding, that Mr. Webster had already promised them this pleasure. This castle is said, to be one of the finest in England, and I was much flattered, by this marked attention on the part of the old lord and his amiable daughter. Long after midnight we retired, leaving Miss Coutts, her sister Miss Burdett, and many others still there.

Wednesday, July 31. The eleventh day of rain! Our letters all dispatched by the steamer Liverpool,

[1] Anna Maria Stanhope, 1783–1857, daughter of Charles, 3d Earl of Harrington, married, 1808, Francis Russell, Marquis of Tavistock, later 7th Duke of Bedford.

[2] William Lowther, 1st Earl of Lonsdale, 1757–1844; patron of Wordsworth.

that sails to-morrow. At half past ten o'clock we attended a concert at Apsley House, at a card of invitation from: "Field Marshall, Duke of Wellington. At home, half past ten o'clock. Music." Mr. Webster had been dining at Holland House, with Lord and Lady Holland, in company with Lord Saye and Sele,[1] the Duke of Sussex (whom I should have *first* named), and his wife Lady Cecilia Underwood, Lord Mostyn,[2] Lord Dinorben,[3] Lord[4] and Lady Marcus Hill,[5] Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Josiah, and Lady Charlotte Guest, Colonel, and Mrs. Fox, and Mr. Allen. Of course we met the élite of London this evening. The concert had already commenced, and Rogers who was present, told me that the programme was the entire selection, and arrangement of Miss Jervis. "Bel raggio di Luna," a Romanza from Lord Burghersh's own opera of "Il Torneo" was sung enchantingly by Rubini. Also, was the duet of "Deh con te" by the two Grisis.

[1] Gregory William Eardley-Twisleton-Fiennes, 14th Baron Saye and Sele, 1769–1844.

[2] Sir Edward Mostyn, 7th Baronet, 1785–1841.

[3] William Lewis Hughes, 1st Baron Dinorben, 1767–1852.

[4] Arthur Marcus Cecil Hill, later Baron Sandys, 1798–1863, son of Arthur, 2d Marquis of Downshire. He later took the name of Sandys in lieu of that of Hill.

[5] Louisa Blake, daughter of Joseph, of South Carolina; married, 1837, Lord Arthur Marcus Cecil Hill.

Miss Coutts introduced her Father, Sir Francis Burdett, to Mr. Webster. Between the two parts, the Duke approached Mrs. Webster, who was out for the first time, since her illness, and desired to have the pleasure of introducing us all, to the members present, of the Royal family; seats for them exclusively, having been reserved in front of the performers, in the beautiful picture gallery I have previously described. A square space, in front, of the music was left unoccupied; the remainder of the whole room, being fitted with yellow damask sofas ranged in rows, for the convenience of the listening guests. Into this prominent space, did we follow his Grace, and were respectively presented to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, and their Royal Highnesses, the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duchess of Gloucester. With the Duke of Cambridge I myself had some conversation; he addressed to me some remarks, and questions about our voyage, and comparison of climates. Every eye and eyeglass while this was occurring, were upon this presentation scene, and it was curious to witness, how greatly some of us, rose in the estimation of some I could name, after this scene. We were also introduced to Sir Robert Peel, who reminded me

strongly of Mr. Edward Everett,[1] both in manner and in expression, but he is taller and stouter, and would be thought probably, a handsomer man, than Mr. Everett. Miss Peel was well dressed, and on a nearer view is extremely pretty. Sir Robert said, he hoped to see us all at "Drayton Manor" when we came to the Middle counties. He enquired our intended route to Scotland, and thought we should be pleased with the city of Edinburgh. Much gratified and delighted, we returned to our lodgings, at half past one o'clock.

Thursday, August 1. Mr. Webster dines with the "Fishmongers"; their hall is on the banks of the Thames, close to London bridge. Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Wiggin, Mrs. Bates and Mr. Van de Weyer, Sir Charles and Lady Bagot, Lord Lovelace, and Lord and Lady Normanby called. At one o'clock we went to see a Panorama of Rome, and another of the harbour of Malta. It is intended to represent the recent visit there, of the Dowager Queen Adelaide; the view was taken on the deck of a ship, and the water around the enclosure where we stood, so naturally represented, and the illusion so perfect, that Julia actually complained of seasickness! Mrs.

[1] Edward Everett, 1794–1865; statesman, orator, and writer.

Austin who knows Malta well, assured us that it was almost a faithful representation, and worth the trouble of visiting. We afterward drove in the Park where we met her Majesty *riding* as usual, except on a Sunday, when she *drives;* this is a recent arrangement, owing it is said, to the interference of the Archbishop, who has remonstrated of late, with the Queen, on the evil influence of her example, in making no distinction in her *amusements* on the Sabbath, and ordinary days of the week. Went to the Italian Opera, in the hope of hearing "I Puritani," which was announced for this evening, but we soon discovered, that it was "Lucia di Lammermoor." On sending out, to ascertain the meaning of this, we learned, that the Queen, had ordered "I Puritani," but that in consequence of a certificate, signed by Grisi's physician, stating that she was "too ill to perform," the Lucia, with Persiani, was substituted. Her Majesty was present, attended by the Marchioness of Normanby; Mr. Murray, and others connected with the household, were also, in the Royal box. The Queen, contrary to her usual custom, remained to see the ballet, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge also patronized the two Elsslers, by their presence, during the "Gitana."

Friday, August 2. We were much pleased at a visit paid to the "Inns of Court" this morning. It is in the city, between Fleet Street and the Strand; to our satisfaction we read the names as we passed of "Lamb Court, Fig Tree Court, Mitre buildings, Pump Court, Paper Buildings," &c., &c. In the Commons hall, which we entered, at the upper end of the room, was a dais, where the judges dine, the barristers dine on the sides, and the students through the middle of the room. Each day, a clerk notes down the names of the students present, and all that is necessary for a student, is simply to be seen at the dinner, after he is sworn at the bar. All these buildings once belonged to the Knights Templars, and the ground now occupied by lawyers was purchased of them after their order was abolished. The roof is of oak darkened by time, and an orchestra, or formerly used as such, very beautifully carved in oak. Revels were held in these rooms in the olden time, and the Guide said "that Fox hunts were common there;. the judges danced and sung in their wigs, and had all sorts of gay doings." The Temple gardens are very pretty, looking upon the river, and have a remarkable air of quiet, and seclusion, in the midst of so vast, and busy a city. We passed "Crosby

Hall" formerly the abode of King Richard III. We saw nothing but its ancient exterior, and stained glass windows, in the broken panes of one, were stuffed gunny bags. Mrs. Bates took us to the cemetery of Kensal Green, enclosing an area of about fifty acres, upon the plan of "Père la Chaise" in Paris. The purpose of our visit, was to the tomb of her Son, over which is a white marble monument: "To the memory of William Rufus Gray Bates,[1] who was killed at Elton in Northamptonshire, on a shooting excursion, by the discharge of a gun." A funeral "was performing" in the chapel; the hearse, and four black horses each decorated with the same coloured plumes, in bunches, coachmen, footmen, mutes, and other attendants in black, with silk scarfs around their hats, waving from a bow behind, and wearing also black broadcloth cloaks. This is a contrast, to our simple manner of performing these sad rites; a repugnant idea to *hire* others to mourn for the departed, but here it is the custom, and a common advertisement in London, is a small-sized "hatchment" hung in the window and beneath it these words "Funerals performed." A hatchment is a

[1] William Rufus Gray Bates, 1815–34; named after William Rufus Gray, of Boston, 1783–1831.

lozenge, or diamond-shaped painting of the coat-of-arms of the deceased, and is hung in front of the house in a conspicuous position near the windows, the representation varying according to the rank, sex and age of the departed. They are similar to the coats-of-arms at the houses of our grandparents, embroidered on black satin, and here, as they remain some time, they may be seen in almost any street, outside the houses of persons of any distinction. Drove afterward to Fenton's Hotel to bid adieu to our friends Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Bates, who sail this evening for St. Petersburg. Called also on Miss Jervis, Miss Sarah Rogers, Mrs. Charles Kerr, Mrs. McKinnon, Lady Burdett[1] and Daughters, Lady Belhaven,[2] Mrs. Dr. Boott and Mrs. Boott, and Mrs. Alexander Hanky. Attended a soirée at Miss Rogers', and met Lord and Lady Holland; was agreeably impressed by the latter, after a long conversation, notwithstanding previous prejudices; they tell us however, that the entré to Holland House is a coveted distinction; Lady Holland is attractive in

[1] Sophia Coutts, daughter of Thomas; married, 1793, Sir Francis Burdett, Baronet; died, 1844.

[2] Hamilton Campbell, daughter of Walter Frederick; married, 1815, Sir Robert Montgomery Hamilton, 8th Baron Belhaven and Stenton; died, 1873, aged 83.

personal appearance, with remains of extreme beauty, and grace. Lord Holland is bald headed, aged, and crippled with gout, and moves about with difficulty. They both however, appear to command high reverence, and respect. Mr. and Mrs. Milman, Mr. Harness, Lady and Sir William Chatterton, each added to the pleasure of this evening's entertainment. Miss Rogers leaves London to-morrow, on a Continental tour.

Sunday, August 4. Mr. Webster had the honour to receive tickets to-day from the Archbishop of Canterbury,[1] to witness at Lambeth Palace, the consecration of two bishops, and to attend a collation there, after the ceremony. At the last moment, the project was abandoned. Friends who have since come in, assure us that we have lost a rare opportunity; that the palace itself is a gem worth seeing, on account of its antiquity, and interior beauty, independent of the choice society the Bishop will assemble on so interesting an occasion.

Mr. Morrison[2] has been here, and invites us to the South of England to his country seat called

[1] William Howley, 1766–1848; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1828–48.

[2] James Morrison, 1790–1857; merchant and politician.

Fonthill Abbey, formerly the residence of the celebrated Mr. Beckford,[1] the author of "Vathek," &c. At five o'clock we met by appointment, at the Zoölogical gardens, Lady Georgiana Fane, who was accompanied by Lady Charles Somerset. We met in the "Parrot House," the Duke and the Duchess of Cambridge, with their little daughter the Princess Mary,[2] only four years of age, attended by Miss Kerr, one of their household. The little Princess left her parents, and shook hands quite gracefully with us all, and her parents were gracious, and conversable. We met Lord Douglas (son of the Duke of Hamilton), walking about the grounds; he is called the handsomest man in London. He is extremely like John Sullivan, excepting that he is much taller, and of course, handsomer, but I think the resemblance is striking. Lady Georgiana introduced us to Sir Charles Lamb[3] the stepfather of Lord Eglinton, who is to give the approaching tournament on the 28th of August, also to Viscountess Forbes,[4] one

[1] William Beckford, 1759–1844; author.

[2] Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth; born, 1833.

[3] Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, 2d Baronet, 1785–1860.

[4] Frances Mary Territt, daughter of William; married, 1832, George John Forbes, Viscount Forbes; she married, secondly, 1838, Thomas Nugent Vaughan, and died in 1877.

of the Queen's bed-chamber women. She was looking at the bears, with her two lovely little boys, with curly light hair, and blue eyes. Lady Forbes is pretty, and appears amiable and good. Mrs. Webster who had been driving in the Park, met us by appointment, at the Garden gates, at half past six. She had the honour of meeting her Majesty who was taking a drive, and she gave her a most gracious bow of recognition. During our absence the Earl[1] and Countess of Morton[2] called, the former left a most friendly note, begging Mr. Webster to come to "Dalmahoy" on his intended visit to Scotland, which I much hope we shall be enabled to do. Lady Georgiana invited us to tea this evening, to meet the Duchess of Richmond; but Mr. Kenyon named 9 o'clock, as the hour he would be with us, to say farewell, on his contemplated visit to Italy; we therefore declined Lady Georgiana's kind proposal. Miss Coutts, and Miss Meredith, have been here, the former, came to renew an invitation for dinner on Monday, and to Julia, and myself for the evening, but Mr. and Mrs. Webster are to have the honour

[1] George Sholto Douglas, 17th Earl of Morton, 1789–1858.

[2] Frances Theodora Rose, daughter of the Right Honorable Sir George Henry; married, 1817, George Sholto Douglas, 17th Earl of Morton; died, 1879.

of dining with her Majesty, and cannot therefore dine with Miss Coutts, and Julia and myself have received a Royal command to appear at a small party at the Palace afterward. We have bidden adieu to Mr. Kenyon with sincere regret; as the period of his return to England is uncertain, we may not meet again.

After the introduction at the Duke's (it being considered etiquette so to do), we left our names on the visiting list, of the different members of the Royal family on Friday last, instead of leaving a card, which is never done in this case. The Porter at the gate produces the visiting book, which is handed into the carriage, to which we added our names, and residence. At Apsley House we left our cards; how many hours have we consumed in this way, during our residence here, but we submit to an unavoidable evil!

Yesterday I saw for the first time the "Highland Fling," most appropriately named, danced by a Highlander "all plaided and kilted" in front of our windows. To-night I have been to "Vauxhall," a place which, although no longer fashionable, is so associated with Miss Burney's heroines that I felt a desire to visit it, and went in company with Mr.

Rush,[1] and some other friends. These gardens are lighted with coloured lamps, in a similar style to Niblo's in New York. There were various exhibitions, in fireworks, and a stage, upon which dogs and monkeys were so admirably trained, that they performed a great variety of wonderful, and surprising feats.

Monday, August 5. Mr. Rogers has been sitting with us, and we enjoyed for an hour his delightful conversation. Lady Georgiana Fane also called. Declined an invitation from the Dowager Lady Charleville,[2] and punctually, at ten o'clock (the hour named), Julia and myself left our lodgings for Buckingham palace. I confess that, alone and unattended, except of course by our Footman, we both experienced some trepidation, as we approached the Royal residence, guarded about the porticos by the Yeomen of the Guard, but summoning all our courage we alighted, and entered, and ascended the grand and stately marble staircase, with no other companions, save its numerous attendants ranged on each side, even to the door of the mirrored saloon, where her Majesty

[1] Benjamin Rush, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Legation at London, 1839.

[2] Catharine Maria Tisdall, widow of James, and daughter of Thomas Townley Dawson; married, 1798, Charles William Bury, 1st Earl of Charleville; died, 1851, aged 90.

was. Mr. Webster and Mr. Charles Murray were awaiting our arrival at the doorway; the Lord Chamberlain instantly advanced, and signified briefly, that it was the Queen's pleasure, we should immediately approach, the royal presence and make our devoirs. This we did, in the best way we were able, the Queen, in the most gracious manner, acknowledging our courtesies, and pronouncing in a loud and distinct voice, our separate names. Lord Ashley had just shaken hands with me, and Lady Forbes also, when I perceived by certain commotions, that something was about to occur; Lady Forbes, and others who were near me at the doorway, instantly retreated "*en face*" into the adjoining room, and formed a line, on each side. Through this, the Lord Chamberlain appeared, *backing forward*, followed by others in office, about the household, doing the same, and soon the Queen appeared, and from the opposite end of this gallery into which we had *backed*, appeared the Royal family, including the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Princess Augusta; they advanced, placed themselves in a line, and Her Majesty embraced them all, kissing each. She then passed on, saluting others stationed each side, and entered the dancing-room. In the mêlée I was separated from

my friends, and was therefore under many obligations to Lady Forbes, who gave me her arm, and also some friendly instructions, as to the Court etiquette. Indeed throughout the evening Lady Forbes was most attentive, as well as *Mr. Vaughan*,[1] her husband, confirming my previous agreeable impressions of her Ladyship, at the Horticultural gardens on Sunday. Mr. Murray afterward congratulated Julia and myself on having got over, "selon la règle," the generally dreaded devoirs to her Majesty, remarking that persons were not infrequently, obliged to wait a long time, for a fitting opportunity to do their duty in this particular, that the interval was always an awkward, and unpleasant one, and that it was evident from the Queen's manner of receiving Julia, and myself, that she was pleased with our punctuality, we being the first guests, who appeared after dinner. The Throne-room was the dancing-room, the Queen commencing the first, with the Hereditary Duke of Saxe-Weimar.[2] The Marchioness of Normanby left the side of the Queen, to whom she was in attendance, and introduced her

[1] Thomas Nugent Vaughan; married, 1838, Viscountess Forbes; died, 1847.

[2] Charles Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, succeeded in 1828.

son, Lord Mulgrave,[1] who invited me to a quadrille in the set with her Majesty, but I declined, fearing that in so *novel* a position, I might make some faux pas in the figures, which are many of them quite different from our own manner of dancing them; everybody too, looks at the *Queen's set.* Julia however, having more courage on this occasion, accepted an invitation, and danced in the Royal quadrille. Her Majesty was dressed with great simplicity, in a white tulle over white satin, trimmed with pink roses, and pink roses in her hair, and a diamond necklace looped behind in the braids of her hair, and a diamond féronière. Countess Ailesbury[2] wore white crepe, trimmed with a profusion of diamonds around the neck, sleeves &c., of her dress. Lady Seymour was in white, trimmed with cherry, and the Duchess of Sutherland in black. Mrs. Webster's dress was a very rich, and superb yellow brocade, embroidered in various coloured flowers. Julia and myself, white tulle dresses, *very similar* to the Queen's, and trimmed in a similar manner with flowers! The sup-

[1] Sir George Augustus Constantine Phipps, Earl of Mulgrave, later 2d Marquis of Normanby, 1819–90; statesman.

[2] Maria, widow of Charles John Clarke, and daughter of the Honorable Charles Tollemache; married, 1833, Charles Brudenell-Bruce, Marquis and Earl of Ailesbury.

per table was laid in the Picture gallery, and brilliant with gold plate, and candelabra, in a similar style to that of the great ball. Being much fatigued, and to complete all our arrangements for our departure on the morrow, we stole away before her Majesty went to supper at half past twelve; the party however, did not break up until 4 o'clock. Mrs. Webster appears to have highly enjoyed the Royal dinner. Two bands were playing in adjoining apartments, the Queen was *first helped* on all occasions, and after dinner she had quite a conversation with her Majesty, when she did *me the honour* to make the enquiry, "if Mrs. Paige were a married, or single woman, as there had been great discussion at the palace, whether it was Mrs. or Miss Paige"! At the close of the dinner the Queen's health was drunk, all standing, she alone sitting, and bowing all around during this ceremony. Mrs. Webster sat between the Earl of Uxbridge[1] and Lord Belfast,[2] the former handing her in to the dinner. Mr. Webster also had a long conversation with her Majesty, he thought her intelligent, and agreeable. She

[1] Henry Paget, Earl of Uxbridge, 1797–1869, later 2d Marquis of Anglesey.

[2] George Hamilton Chichester, Lord Belfast, 1797–1883, later 3d Marquis of Donegall.

is also said to be energetic, and with a decided *will of her own*, and on a recent occasion, she thus replied to Lords Melbourne, and Palmerston, who were urging her on some point, to which she was averse, "What is the use of being a Queen, if one cannot do as one likes"? Her Majesty appeared highly to enjoy the dance, and was ready with her little foot forward, to commence, the first moment the music sounded, keeping time with her head, and having ready both hands to give, on each side, for the figure of "all round" which invariably commences the quadrilles here. As the Princess Victoria she was celebrated for her graceful waltzing, as well as for her charming singing, with the pianoforte, but as a Queen, these accomplishments are considered as undignified, and her voice is now heard only in the privacy of her own closet, and never in the drawing-rooms of the palace, as formerly.

IV

Journey through England and Wales

TUESDAY, August 6. Craven Arms, Coventry, Warwick County.

We reached this place at 8 o'clock, having left London at half past two, placing our carriage upon the railway, in which we were, ourselves. The house is painting, and undergoing repairs, and our accommodations are not the best, but the people are civil and obliging.

Wednesday, August 7. Angel Inn, Alcester, County of Warwick. At eight o'clock this morning we sallied forth to visit St. Michael's church, the largest parish church in England; to the spire, which is very beautiful, it is 303 feet; its interior is 300 feet in length and 80 feet in width. It is on the whole a striking edifice of fine proportions. We went after this to see an ancient hall called St. Mary's, which owes its celebrity principally to the fact that Henry VI once held a parliament there; we saw some curious relics, and a piece of tap-

estry worked by the nuns. Our next visit was to the Ribbon Manufactory of Mr. John Dresser, and we saw the whole process of making ribbon, from the winding of the raw silk on the reels, to the last process of weaving by perforated cards, to guide the pattern, in the same manner as in the carpet weaving at Lowell. Leaving Coventry at ten o'clock, in the midst of a shower of rain, we drove to "Kenilworth," a distance of five miles. How beautiful were the ruins, and how green was the ivy, made brighter, and greener by the passing rain! How heartfelt was the sigh to the memory of poor Amy Robsart! We wandered about these picturesque relics of Queen Elizabeth's career, and went back to Scott and Kenilworth with a keener relish than before. I have seen nothing yet that has given me greater satisfaction. A curious relic was exhibited as we passed out by the Guide, demanding at the same time his extra six pences, it was a marble mantelpiece, once belonging to the castle, having on its centre this inscription "Droit et loyal" and on its side, was the date 1571. Our guide could tell us nothing of the place of poor Amy's abode in Kenilworth castle, and I fancy it was but a license of the "Wizard of the North" to place her there at all,

for this evening, on accidentally opening a book, which treats among other things, of "various anecdotes, concerning the reign of Queen Elizabeth," I found the following paragraph: "That Dudley Earl of Leicester had married the heiress, and daughter, of Sir John Robsart, but as that lady was not permitted to appear at court, her Lord allotted for her residence a lonely mansion called Cumnor in Berkshire, where she suddenly died, by an accidental fall, but under such suspicious circumstances, as to impress the public with the belief, that she had been murdered."

From Kenilworth we drove through Leamington a new, and fashionable watering place, to visit the hereditary residence of the Earl of Warwick. We left our carriage at the inn, and walked to the castle, the approach to which is very beautiful. The river Avon washes the castle walls, and the view from the bridge in the town of Warwick, over this river, is picturesque in the extreme. The entrance hall is spacious, and contains many specimens of ancient armour, hung around its walls. The rooms contain some good old pictures, and particularly a celebrated portrait of Marie Stuart, representing a decidedly handsome woman, with her son James I,

standing by her side; the authenticity of the picture is unquestionable, and it has been seen, and visited by *millions*. "Strong," or "Grey's tower," built as early as the reign of Edward III, is ascended by 133 steps, but the magnificent view from its battlements (surpassing even the Round tower at Windsor), fully rewards one's exertions. This, for extent, and variety cannot certainly, be surpassed. In the Greenhouse, was the celebrated Warwick vase, presented by George IV, to a former Earl. The copies, and imitations from this original, are so numerous, that it would be difficult not to have previously formed, a correct idea of its general appearance, and fine proportions. From this castle, a still greater pleasure awaited us, in our long anticipated visit to the birthplace of Shakspeare, "Stratford-on-Avon." The room where the "mighty master of the magic lyre" first drew breath, is low, and small, the kitchen underneath, with a very old stone paved floor, and the staircase up which he went, narrow, and dark; the walls were white-washed, and covered with names, there was scarcely a vacant spot; among them, we read Walter Scott's, beneath his, was that of William Lockhart, *in the same hand* (he is brother to the son-in-law of Scott); Schiller's autograph was

here too, the Empress of Russia's and Washington Irving's; above his name, the latter wrote:

> "Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see;
> *That* where he died, in vain to find we try;
> Useless the search: for all *immortal* he,
> And those who are *immortal*, never die."

By dint of some persuasion, Mr. Webster gratified us by placing *his* name in a vacant corner of the wall near the window, and we then proceeded a little distance, to visit the church of Avon, where the remains of the great poet lie. In the chancel near the north wall elevated a few feet from the main floor, is the stone, covering the grave, with the subjoined not unfamiliar lines:

> "Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare,
> To digg the dust encloased heare;
> Bleste be y^e^ man y^t^ spares thes stones,
> And curst be he y^t^ moves my bones."

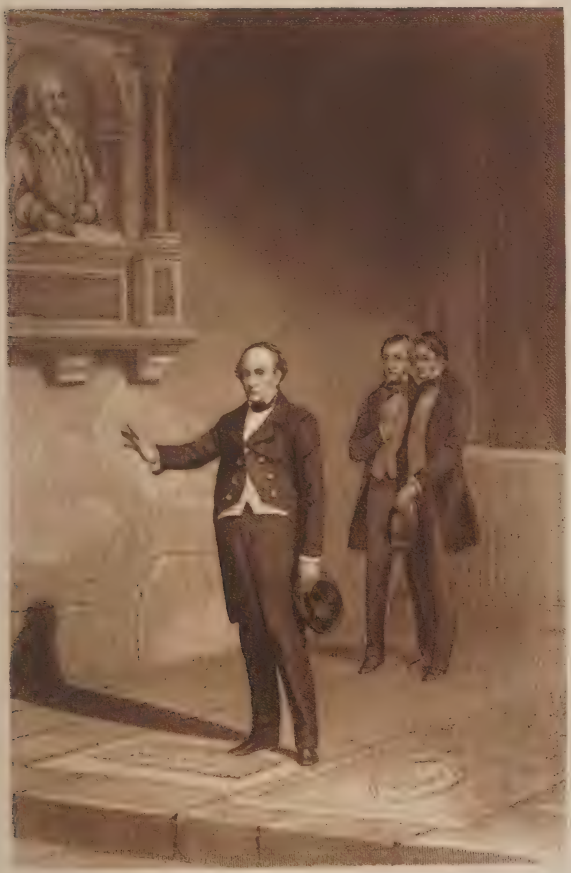
In consequence of the imprecation contained in these lines, and the horror, which Shakspeare is supposed to have entertained, of the custom of removing the bones, from the grave to the charnel house, they have never been removed as they would otherwise have been, to Westminster Abbey, but remain unmolested, but not unrevered, or unvisited, as thousand upon thousands of pilgrims, to Strat-

ford Church, can testify. So much in honour of human nature, can be said of him, whose genius knew no rival! Above the stone, in a niche, in the wall, is a bust, generally acknowledged now, to be a correct representation of the Poet. Copies of it, are abundant about England. Fortunately for us, the Shakspeare pew was just undergoing repairs, and a small piece of the timber of the floor, was so far preserved, as to allow Mr. Webster to remove it, and he has carefully laid aside the relic, to manufacture a penhandle or two, for friends at home, who will fully appreciate its value. From this consecrated spot we returned to the Red Lion Inn, and soon after were on our way to this place, "Alcester," from which I am now writing the "experiences" of the day. Mr. Webster has been out to visit a needle manufactory, and has brought us specimens of needle making, in all its various branches.

August 8. Gloucester. We have just reached this place (7 o'clock), having left Alcester at 8 o'clock this morning. We went first to Worcester which is "quite a place," and in a state of unusual excitement and bustle, on account of *the races.* Our object was the spacious and beautiful cathedral 400 feet in length, and 80 broad in the transepts. It

DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE

From an engraving designed by Schuessele for *Godey's Magazine*



contains several monuments, but a modern one of Chantrey's attracted me by its beautiful design and execution. It was erected by a clergyman in memory of a beloved wife, and consists of a single, female figure most gracefully reclining on the tomb, with the eyes upturned. It is touching, beautiful. We afterward went to the china manufactory, and were initiated into all the mysteries of china making, from the grinding and preparing of the clay, to the painting, and baking. From Worcester we proceeded to Tewkesbury, where we dined; thence to Cheltenham, a watering place, and beautiful town, and has the finest hotel we have yet seen. Gloucester was our next post 8 miles beyond, and here after a drive of fifty miles, over a road perfectly smooth and level, through a most rich, and beautiful country, we are passing the night. Mr. Webster and Julia, have gone out to see the Cathedral, while I stay at home to write this.

August 9. Aust, Old passage, Gloucestershire. We left "Gloucester" this morning at seven o'clock, and soon reached "Stroud" twelve miles distant, where we changed horses, and of course postillions. Our next post was "Cross Hands," 17 miles; then on to "Bath" where we dined. This well known water-

ing place is really a beautiful city; it is in Somersetshire on the river Avon. We spent two hours in driving about, and met many invalids taking *equestrian* exercise on donkeys. The water strongly resembles those of the Hot Springs in Virginia, the natural temperature is about 104 degrees; a male and a female sit near a marble vase, into which the water is pumped from a reservoir behind, issuing forth from this vase, through a serpent's mouth, also of marble. A gilt railing surrounds the spot, on the ledge of which are placed the goblets of water, much discoloured, by their strong chalybeate properties, as is the case in Virginia, and at Hopkinton Springs. The public bath without any roof, is looked upon from the windows of the pump room. Formerly, both sexes bathed here together, now, they have alternate days. The bath is about the size of the Octagonal one at the Hot Springs, in Virginia. At the head of the room is a full length statue of "Beau Nash" the former master of ceremonies; also busts of Pope and Newton. A Gothic abbey church, is near; it has been called the "lantern of England," in consequence of its many windows, fifty-two in number. It contains many monuments; an epitaph on Quin, by Garrick, and another on Nash,

one also to a former member of the American Senate, Mr. William Bingham, the father of Lady Ashburton, he died here at the age of 49, having come here in pursuit of lost health. In driving about, we came upon a very handsome monument "by the visitors, and citizens of Bath, to the Princess Victoria on her majority." We dined at the York Hotel, and left afterward for Bristol and Clifton; from the former the British Queen and the Great Western sail. It is on the river Avon, about ten miles from its junction with the Severn, and is partly in Gloucestershire, and partly in Somersetshire. In the cathedral, which we only saw "en passant," are those exquisite verses, by Mason,[1] on the death of his wife, familiar to us, and as we drove onward to Clifton the memory of each was taxed to repeat them correctly.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason

"Take, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead *Maria!* breathe a strain divine:
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

[1] William Mason, 1724–97; poet.

"Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, tho' 't is an awful thing to die,
('T was ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the Pure in heart behold their God.'"

Clifton appears a lovely spot, but it was raining too violently to explore its beauties. They however, are evidently great, and its celebrity apparently not without foundation. This was for some time the residence of Mrs. Henry[1] and family, the sister of Mrs. Isaac P. Davis. The houses at Bath, are built of stone, and are very regular, but discoloured like those of London by smoke, and exposure. The road from Gloucester to Stroud, was extremely beautiful, and highly cultivated, and four or five miles before reaching Bath, the country was variegated, and delightful. Twelve miles from Clifton is "Aust" or the "old passage," as it is called, where we are unexpectedly passing the night, in consequence of the swollen state of the tide, of the River Severn, over which, we must pass, in a ferry boat. The steamboat will not cross to this side until to-morrow morning;

[1] Mary Miller Jackson, 1789–1876, daughter of Dr. David, of Philadelphia; married, 1811, Lieutenant Bernard Henry.

it not only rains, but blows, and we are at a small, but comfortable inn with a *blazing fire* this 9th day of August, 1839. A picnic party from Tintern Abbey has just crossed the river in an open boat, notwithstanding the unpromising state of things; they are twenty in number, somewhat "draggled," and weary; looking like the finale of most other, "parties of pleasure." I do not envy their drive, in *open vehicles*, back to Bristol, and their own faces, look not very bright, at the rainy prospect before them.

August 10. Monmouth, Monmouthshire. We were detained at the Aust ferry until twelve o'clock this morning. We crossed in a steamboat, the hull of which was made of iron, and had the agreeable accompaniment of a drove of pigs, on board. A drive of three miles brought us to "Chepstow," with its picturesque and beautiful castle, built in the time of the conquest, but now in ruins. It stands on a high rock, overlooking the river Wye. The ivy is clinging to this, like other ruins, and forms a beautiful and striking contrast to the grey stone of its construction. Wales is rich in ruins, and along this lovely river, there is much in the scenery, to gratify and delight a traveller. A few miles further brought us to "Wynd Cliff," a crescent shaped, steep, and

high ascent, somewhat resembling the Palisades of the river Hudson. The ascent was fatiguing, over more than three hundred stone steps, cut out of the rock, winding round the cliff. The top is beautifully wooded, and the view from it, very extensive, embracing the rivers Wye, and Severn, and nine counties. Our guide was a Welsh girl, whose dialect, between Welsh and English, was very amusing and peculiar. At the bottom of the cliff was a very pretty little cottage, covered entirely with moss, with rustic chairs, sofas &c., where we reposed, and enjoyed a hearty lunch. Another party were doing the same in another room of "Moss Cottage" previous to their ascending the cliff. One mile beyond this, is "Tintern Abbey" about which my imagination was already highly excited, from the views I had seen, and from all I had read of these celebrated ruins, but I do not exaggerate, when I declare, that imagination fell *far* short of reality, as I entered, and gazed within, this truly romantic ruin, with no roof save the blue vault of heaven, and no floor but the closely shaven turf. Many of the pillars, of exquisite shape and proportion, that once supported the roof, remain, and the walls are still entire. The whole that remains is in the purest, and most beautiful Gothic style;

the three windows, and particularly the Southern one, with its beautiful tracery work, and lovely view, are as picturesque, and enchanting, as imagination can paint. The green, glossy ivy, was clinging, and waving around, and about, as if the hand of art had regulated all its movements. Part of the cloisters are remaining, and also the Almoner's window, from which the fragments from the Monks' table, were handed to the poor, on the other side. These monks were Cistercians, and like "Friar Tuck," probably knew how to enjoy the blessings of a "venison pasty," and other such like dainties. Standing against a pillar in the South transept, is a stone figure of a mailed knight, much broken, and disfigured, and elsewhere is a partial one, of the Virgin and child, and a mutilated head of a "reverend father." Some ancient pavement had been recently discovered, under the rubbish, and our guide remarked, that next year, they would dig, in a corresponding spot, on the other side, in the hope of finding more. With the deepest reluctance, and with never-to-be-forgotten feelings, of awe, and of delight, we took leave of this enchanting spot, our eyes still lingering in the distance, until the winding of the road, about this charming river Wye, shut it (*forever, I fear*), from our view. A

quick drive of eight miles, brought us to this spot (from which I date), and after dining, we took a "fly and pair," and once more proceeded on our sight-seeing excursions. The three interesting objects I have previously described, are on the estates of the Duke of Beaufort, whose son, and heir, so handsome, and promising, we saw at Eton college. This "Raglan Castle" must now be added to the list. Another rapid drive, of another eight miles, and we stopped before this baronial ruin, of Norman architecture, destroyed in the 17th century, during the civil wars, like so many others, by Cromwell and his followers. The entrance is imposing, but the hectagonal towers, are too entirely covered with ivy, impeding its beauty; there is too much here, of a good thing. The "moat" is still filled with water, and the "keep" commands a very pretty, although not extended prospect. It is a modern ruin of its kind. In 1646 the castle was besieged and with 800 men held out against its besiegers, for a space of three months. Their last resource was this "keep"; they surrendered upon terms, and the brutal soldiery are said, to have destroyed the third finest library in the world. We walked upon the terrace from which is a view, that must be tempting to an artist.

The sun had however, already set, warning us of the lapse of time, and of the intended drive back to Monmouth where we are to pass the night. The religious ruins of "Tintern Abbey," ought not justly, to be compared with those just described, because both are beautiful of their kind, and possess a distinct and separate interest. But notwithstanding, I cannot but give the preference to "Tintern," which from its hallowed, and solemn associations, is more consistent with one's ideas, of *what a ruin should be!* To my own taste, the architecture of "Raglan" is inferior, to the other. The delightful surprise, I felt on first viewing *that*, I shall never forget. It is however, a great pleasure to have seen Raglan, and a subject of congratulation, that we had the perseverance to make this expedition, which previous fatigue, had strongly tempted us, altogether, to abandon.

Sunday Evening, August 11. Commercial Inn, Hereford, Herefordshire. Mr. Webster and Julia attended church this morning at "Monmouth," while I, remained with Mrs. Webster, wrote letters *home*, and finished, and despatched them by the mail that stopped just afterward, on its way to London. At 5 o'clock we proceeded to "Hereford" where we are passing the night, twenty miles beyond "Monmouth,"

on the river Wye. Julia, Mr. Webster and myself have just returned from visiting the cathedral. Like most others, its form is that of the Greek Cross, of Gothic architecture; the cloisters are quite perfect. We were desirous of ascertaining something more about this structure, and soon found a man, who *acted* as *guide*, but one may judge of the extent of the information procured in this way, by his reply to Mr. Webster's enquiry, of: "When was this cathedral built?" "I don't know Sir (touching his hat), it was *afore my time Sir*." We afterward discovered the date, partly in Latin, on one of the stone doors, 1119. "Hereford" is said to have given birth to "Garrick," and to "Nell Gwyn," the house still exists, where the latter was born. As we drove along the banks of the river this evening, we passed the town of 'Ross,' and quite distinctly saw the house once occupied by Pope's "Man of Ross," whose actual name was "Kyrle."[1]

August 12. Oswestry, Shropshire. Leaving "Hereford" at a quarter before 7 this morning, we drove thirteen miles, to Leominster, to breakfast. Our next post was "Ludlow," eleven miles, where we stopped a short time, to see "Ludlow Castle," cele-

[1] John Kyrle, 1637–1724; philanthropist; "The Man of Ross."

brated as having been the place where Milton's "Comus" was first performed, and where Butler[1] wrote, a part of "Hudibras." It is now an extensive ruin, less garlanded than usual with ivy; it is interesting also from having been a royal residence, and from Prince Arthur, brother to Henry VIII, having died there. The town of Ludlow is situated on the confluence of the river "Corve," with the "Teme." From this place, sixteen miles, is "Church Stretton" just beyond which, is the "Hill of Caractacus," and on its top, are still visible, some interesting remains of an old British Camp. The region abounds in picturesque hills. At the "Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury," thirteen miles beyond, we dined. While dinner was serving, Julia, and I, made an excursion to a confectioner's, where "Royal Shrewsbury Cakes" were advertised, and purchased a round box, containing the same, just of a size to hold the cakes, piled one above another, the size of a "milk biscuit" and of a similar consistency. We also walked to an old church, to set our watches by "Shrewsbury clock," so often quoted from Shakspeare.

This Metropolis of Shropshire is prettily situated on a hill,

[1] Samuel Butler, 1612-80; satirist.

"While Severn like an eel, curves gliding by."

It is also called "Salop," I believe, and was somewhat conspicuous during, the civil wars of Charles I. There seemed to be several towers, and spires, but we were debarred the pleasure of a longer sojourn, and pursued our way toward "Oswestry," from which place, I now write, in a comfortable home-like apartment, with a good sea-coal fire! We are but two miles from Wales. The late Earl Powis [1] appears to be spoken of here in terms of great respect, and veneration. He died recently, at the advanced age of eighty. He owned Ludlow Castle, and a very large estate beside. Our guide told us this morning, during our visit to the above-named castle ruins, that the two young Princes were confined there, in a tower, which she showed us, where they remained, until carried to London, there to meet their sad, untimely fate. We are at the "Wynnstay Arms" on the estate of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn,[2] one of the oldest families in England, and himself one of the largest proprietors; his possessions extend in one direction fifty miles. "Oswestry" is situated on an eminence near the canal, that unites the Severn,

[1] Edward Clive, 1st Earl of Powis, 1754–1839.
[2] Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, 1772–1840.

with the Mersey. Two miles from Shrewsbury, at a place called Shelton, we alighted from our carriage to see an old oak, said to be the tree that Owen Glendower ascended, to reconnoitre, before the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403. It is 44 feet, 3 inches in circumference. We all stood together in the hollow of this tree, which would have held, with convenience, four, or five others. According to Mr. Webster's measurement, it was twelve feet through from one side, to the other. On our left, just beyond, was the battle-ground, and scene of the battle between Hotspur and Henry VIII.

August 13. Capel-Curig, Carnarvon, Wales. A half an hour ago, we reached this romantic spot among the Welsh mountains, reminding me somewhat of the scenery about Harper's Ferry, in Virginia. According to the custom of the country, a Welsh harper (a grey-headed, venerable old man), is playing in the hall near our door, the tune of "My name 's Edward Morgan, I live at Llangollen &c."; but I must go back to Oswestry, which we left at 8 o'clock this morning. At 9 we drove through the beautiful park, and grounds of Lord Duncannon, a member of Parliament. The house is of stone, in excellent taste, and the adjoining grounds

highly cultivated. As the hour was much too early for a call, Mr. Webster merely sent in his card, and compliments. We afterwards learned, that our conjectures were right, that his Lordship had not risen. On our way toward Llangollen, we went to visit Chirk Castle, the seat of Mrs. Myddleton-Biddulph;[1] the position is very elevated, and commands a beautiful, and extensive prospect. From its top, seventeen counties are said to be visible. The house-keeper conducted us through various apartments, the walls of which were hung mostly with ancient portraits. Among them, those of Charles I, and II, Nell Gwyn, and Jane Shore; also an ebony cabinet, beautifully inlaid with silver, and with ivory paintings of scripture subjects, presented by Charles II to the ancestors of this family. It was also our intention to have seen something of the parks of "Wynnstay," but we had ultimately to content ourselves with a distant view of the house, as the outlet through these parks, would bring us in a wrong direction for the "Vale of Llangollen." In the vicinity of Llangollen, which abounds in sweet scenery, is "Crow Castle," a Welsh ruin, of great antiquity, on the

[1] Charlotte Myddleton, daughter of Richard; married, 1801, Robert Biddulph, who assumed the name of Myddleton.

top of a very high mountain; it appears quite inaccessible, although the ruins are distinctly seen from the roadside. In the distance, just beyond, is another ruin of the Cistercian Monks, covered with ivy, forming a charming feature in the prospect. At the "King's Arms," Celrnioge (pronounced "Kerniogy"), we dined. A drive of 15 miles (through the Welsh mountains, over a fine road made by the Government, from Shrewsbury, to Holyhead, a distance of 104 miles), and we reached "Capel-Curig," our present abode for this night. The Welsh women were occupied, in all directions, hay-making; they wear men's beaver hats, over white caps, and in two or three instances, they were walking along the roadside, knitting with the greatest ease, and rapidity, at the same time, they had rakes in their hands, and a basket on their heads! As our carriage stopped, at any place, the women, and children would crowd in numbers about us, and offer us all varieties of knit stockings, caps &c., to purchase. They were generally of wool, and coarse materials, fit only for the wear of the peasants themselves. We are much amused in listening to the Welsh tongue, spoken by our post-boys, and by the natives themselves. One half of them can neither speak, nor understand Eng-

lish. We are now entirely among the mountains in North Wales, and Snowdon, the highest, is seen to great advantage from the garden of this house. It is eight miles distant toward the South West; its top is 2971 feet above the level of the sea. We are now 584 feet, above, ourselves. The principal river in Wales is the Dee; they are all beautiful however, and run through the high mountains, over rocks, and form many sweet cascades, and pretty cataracts. "Shallow Fall," a few miles hence, is extremely pretty, falling over declivities of rocks, forming a miniature resemblance, to our own "Trenton Falls." The old harper has found his way again to our parlour door, and is giving us at this moment "A rose tree, in full bearing," con molto spirito.

Mr. Webster has been saying, that one effect of the "Reform bill," has been, to turn most of the Whig members out of the representation of the counties, and most of the conservative members out of the representation of the large, and populous towns; he apprehends, this may lead to an injurious clashing of interests, and feelings. He thinks also, from all he can learn, that the old aristocracy, is more exclusive, and inclined to bear a sterner part, toward men, not of their order, than they were before this

Reform bill, especially toward those persons of liberal politics who owe their importance principally to their money. A gentleman of education, who had been friendly to the reform, and was supposed to be of radical tendencies, remarked that his family received no more invitations to such houses, as they had before. Mr. Webster thinks it doubtful, whether the Reform bill has not rather embittered, than soothed, the social interests, and feelings of the community, because, while it has made one step, and a very important one, toward the equalization of political power, it has left the inequality of personal condition, as great as it was before, and much more likely to be complained of. Mr. Myddleton-Biddulph [1] is a Whig (the son of the lady owner of Chirk Castle); he lost his election as Member of Parliament this year, and also, the two preceding ones.

August 14. Beaumaris, Island of Anglesey. Notwithstanding a profuse rain, our drive from "Capel-Curig" was far from being disagreeable. Our road lay through steep, high, barren mountains, composed of rocks, out of which the mountain streams were rushing with beautiful rapidity; this road was a continuation of the one of yesterday. The sheep, and

[1] Robert Myddleton-Biddulph, 1805–72.

cattle were browsing on the hills, and the cottages were constructed entirely of the stones found on the mountains, and were consequently scarcely distinguishable from the mountains themselves. The sheep look like white pebble stones on the mountain side; altogether the scenery was singularly novel, and wild. Fifteen miles from the place of our departure this morning are the Slate quarries of Mr. Pennant, who employs upon them twenty-three hundred men. The spot itself is barren enough, but the sound of the mallet, the blasting of the slate rocks, and the passing, and re-passing of the loaded carts, upon the inclined railway, gave to the spot, an air of bustle, and activity. Mr. Pennant's castle, a very pretty object, is near by, the gate-way at the entrance being of stone and slate. At Bangor we remained an hour, at an apparently good hotel; taking fresh horses, a drive of 8 miles, over the splendid Menai bridge, brought us to this place, much resorted to, during the summer months, as is our Nahant. The bathing carts, like those used at Newport, are ready for the sea bathers on the beach. A chain of Welsh mountains, seems to bound the sea, forming a complete crescent over on the opposite shore. To-day, they are only partially seen, in consequence of a mist, that

is prevailing. Beaumaris is in fact a very sweet spot; the name is Welsh, and implies "a beautiful situation close to the sea," as such it really is. The chain suspension bridge over the Straits of Menai, is a wonderful, and beautiful specimen of art; the Government expended it is said, £120,000 in its erection. The form is convex, rising gradually from one end to three feet high in the centre, forming a striking object, as we approached it from the road. It is sufficiently high, for ships of three masts to pass under. It was begun in 1819, and opened to the public in 1826. I should think it was about one third of a mile in length; but the chain from fastening to fastening, is seventeen hundred feet. The whole weight of iron in the bridge, is about two thousand tons.

Thursday, August 15. Beaumaris. Mr. and Mrs. Milman are passing a month at this place; we anticipated the pleasure of meeting them here, as at Miss Rogers' party, before leaving London, they told us they had rented a cottage, for the purpose of visiting Beaumaris. On sending our cards, they came immediately to see us, and have promised to dine at our hotel, the "Bulkley Arms," and we in turn, are to take tea with them. Mr. and Mrs. Milan ascended "Snowdon," which we did not, being ourselves discouraged

from so doing, by several London friends, who declared that the mists prevailed so constantly, that a fine view from its top, was a very rare thing. I must not omit to mention an anecdote which Mrs. Milman has just related. On remarking to the guide, upon the dreariness, and loneliness of the place, he told her, that these apparently remote regions were so thickly populated by the operatives of the Slate quarries, that one single blast of a bugle, from the foot of "Snowdon," would in the space of a few minutes, bring together twenty-three thousand men. Quite in Roderick Dhu style! Mr. Milman is a poet of no mean reputation, and was formerly Professor of Poetry, in the University of Oxford, and is now, as I have before named, a Canon of Westminster Abbey. I learned to-day, at dinner, from his wife, that he wrote "Fazio, or the Italian Wife" for Fanny Kemble,[1] of whom he is a warm friend, and admirer. At 8 o'clock we went to tea at the cottage, returning again, at ten, as we are travellers again to-morrow morning. We had some difficulty in finding our way home in the rain, for the night is dark, and threat-

[1] Frances Anne Kemble, known as "Fanny," 1809–93; daughter of Charles. *Fazio* was published in 1815 (acted in London, 1818), when Fanny Kemble was only nine years old; she first appeared on the stage in 1829.

ening, and Snowdon's crest has been all the day shrouded.

Friday Evening, August 16. Liverpool. We embarked for this place from Beaumaris in a steamer, called the "Zephyr," but the breezes were *not* Zephyrs, and we were intolerably seasick, and after six hours sail, glad to find ourselves once more on shore, and at our old lodgings at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. A band of music on board played "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "Jim Crow," expressly, we presume, out of compliment to our party, especially as we were afterward called upon, "for a few shillings for the music." Here are the same annoyances on landing, from cab, and hack drivers, porters from hotels &c., as in our own country. I was much amused this morning, by a dirty looking lad, who *twice* before had been to Mr. Webster to ask "if he did not want post horses for the carriage" (which was on board). Twice Mr. Webster had replied in the negative, but at this third attempt, Mr. Webster's forbearance was exhausted, and he said impatiently: "If you don't go away, I will throw you overboard." "Thank you, Sir," said the boy, touching his hat, and at once retreating. Let one find as much fault as he may, an English

servant will always "thank you," for that is their universal reply. We leave here to-morrow morning, to go as far as "Preston," putting our carriage on the railroad, as we did on leaving London. We have bidden adieu to Wales, and after visiting Lowther Castle, and the Lakes, we hope to see the Land o' Cakes.

"The Land o' Cakes! the Land o' Cakes!
O! mony a blessing on it,
Its hills and howes — its linns and lakes,
The bag-pipe and the bonnet!
The braes that bred the kilted clans,
That cowed the Dane and Roman,
Whase sons hae still the heart and hans
To welcome friend or foeman!
Then swell the sang — bath loud, and lang,
As echo answered never,
And fill ye up, and toast the cup,
The Land o' Cakes forever!"

Saturday Evening, August 17. Bowness, Lake Windermere. By the Liverpool papers of this morning, we learned the arrival of the British Queen, and among the list of passengers is the name of Samuel Appleton, Esquire. We are very much puzzled by this, and as our letters are forwarded according to previous orders, to Penrith, Julia must be kept for some days, in a state of vexatious uncertainty, for we are unable to decide, whether this is our mutual

friend Samuel *A.* Appleton,[1] or another, bearing a similar name, especially as the period of Mr. Appleton's departure from Boston was not to be, until later than this. It is difficult to believe, that Mr. Appleton may be in England, and searching for us too; however, although we have talked of little else all day, we must content ourselves as well as we can, with conjectures, until our arrival at Penrith, where I hope we shall be on Monday, at farthest, and then for our precious letters, with news from "*Home!*"

"Preston" is 38 miles distant from Liverpool, and we reached it at half past ten this morning. From thence we took post horses for "Lancaster" 22 miles, passing through "Garstang," and the "Beaufort Arms." Our next post was "Burton," where we tasted some "Burton Ale," which has always been famous. Thence we proceeded to "Kendal" (Kendal Green), and having arrived there, the majority were in favor of coming at once to this place, nine miles further. Onward therefore we came, but we had not proceeded four miles on our route, when one of the horses shied, and broke a trace. The difficulty was remedied however by the post-

[1] Samuel Appleton Appleton, 1811–61; married, 1839, Julia Webster.

boy, who used a piece of "cod line," carried always, as he said "in case of accidents." The road however was a succession of hills, and on coming down a very steep one, a little farther on, the shoe, or drag, attached to the wheel, broke in two, and became useless, obliging us to walk down all the hills for the remainder of the way. As the horses wear no breechings in this part of the country, the poor animals had hard work, from the weight of our heavy carriage, to keep themselves from falling, and finally, to complete our list of trifling annoyances, the traces a second time broke, but they were again secured with rope, and, without further accident, we reached this place on the Western side of Lake Windermere, at 8 o'clock. We have travelled 91 miles to-day, but our carriage is so comfortable, and easy, that we do not feel half the fatigue we did last night, on our steamboat excursion from "Beaumaris." The house where we are is prettily situated, on an elevation, overlooking the Lake, and we are in the quiet enjoyment of a blazing fire, which is far from being uncomfortable. I see by the Liverpool papers just sent in, by our host, that "Mr. Webster and *Suite*, arrived at Liverpool in steamboat Zephyr yesterday, en route from London."

Sunday Evening, August 18. Crown Hotel, Windermere. Julia and I, attended church this morning, in the rain, that seems constantly to follow us. We heard a very good sermon, in an old County Chapel. Over the Altar, were an antique stained glass window, and several mural tablets. The rain has prevented our going out since, and we have passed the remainder of the Sabbath, in quietness, and rest, so that I have nothing in particular to record, except the following epitaph by a Mr. Philopson which I read over the altar of the church this morning.

"The author's epitaph on himself in time of sickness."

A man I was, worm's meat I am,
To earth returned, from whence I came,
Many removes on earth I had,
And now in earth my bed is made;
A bed which Christ did not disdain
Although it could not him retain,
His deadly foes might plainly see
Over death and sin, his victory;
There I must stay 'till he doth let me see
His promised Jerusalem, and her felicity.
1640.

August 19. Queens Arms, Keswick, Derwentwater. Mr. Webster and Julia crossed the sweet Lake Windermere this morning as far as Amble-

side, six miles, in an open boat. In consequence of the very damp state of the weather, Mrs. Webster and myself, preferred to take the road, and drove around the Lake to "Lo Wood," and to the Lake-head, where we awaited Mr. Webster's coming. The lake itself is ten and a half miles in length, and about two in width. The view from this point of the lake is very fine. On our drive to Lo Wood we had a good view of Mr. Curwen's house on Belle Isle, a beautiful spot in the midst of this sheet of water. The house is circular; the grounds tasteful. Mr. Webster and Julia rowed around this sweet island. "Ambleside" is the well known residence of "Wordsworth" the poet, and when we saw him at Kenyon's breakfast in London, he expressed the hope that, "he should see us, on our way to the Lake Country." Mr. Webster had also a letter to him from Mr. Ticknor. We accordingly drove to "Rydal Mount," and great was our disappointment, after sending in Holton, with our cards, to learn that "Mr. Wordsworth was out, and would not be home for an hour, and a half." The servant said that Mrs. Wordsworth[1] was however at home, and "would be

[1] Mary Hutchinson, married, 1802, William Wordsworth; died, 1859, aged 89.

happy to see us, and show us the grounds." It was however again raining, and after a few moments hesitation, we decided not to accept Mrs. Wordsworth's obliging proposal, but to proceed to the residence of the other "Lake poet" Southey,[1] although from Kenyon's having explained to us, the melancholy state of the Poet's health, and *mind*, we had but little hope of seeing him. In fact we were told rather confidentially, that "Southey" was in a state threatening insanity, although the fact was kept private. "Derwentwater," his residence, and "Windermere" are pronounced the two finest lakes in the North of England. Both these lakes are in the bosom of high mountains, completely encircled by them, and when the Lake is unruffled, the effect of their shadows, on its surface, is particularly fine. The surrounding mountains all have their names; "The Old Man of Coniston" we first saw on our left on leaving Bowness this morning, and farther, on our right was "Langdale Pikes." We passed the little lake of "Grasmere" about a mile in length; at the head of it stood "Helm Crag," a lofty pyramidal hill on the top of which are some craggy rocks, called "the Lion, and the Lamb, and an Old Woman stoop-

[1] Robert Southey, 1774–1843; poet and man of letters.

ing down"; these are said to be distinguishable from certain points of the road. The first, I could distinctly make out, but my imagination could go no farther; to me, the two last were invisible. Wordsworth alludes to these objects, in some lines, describing the effect of the echo, among these mountains.

We were watching eagerly for "Helvellyn,"

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,"

but when it appeared, we were sadly disappointed in its height, and general appearance. Its summits were then enveloped in clouds, and when seen afterward from the middle of Derwentwater, it appeared bolder, and finer. Our first view of Keswick "lying in a vale" was very beautiful, but the place itself lies low, and has little to attract beyond the lake itself. After dinner we walked for a quarter of a mile, and hiring one of the numerous boats that ply the lake, we rowed toward its head. At a distance of two miles we landed, on a gentleman's estate, to see a very pretty cascade about 70 feet high. As the sun shed his parting beams on this tranquil and beautiful scene, we rowed back with our boatman "John Moore"; our row was pleasurable, and delightful. "Skiddaw" the range, at the bottom of the lake on

the Northern side, adds much to the grandeur of this scenery. "Derwentwater" is three miles in length, and a mile, and a half, in breadth, its shape is elliptical, whereas Windermere is less pretty, to my taste, because it is longer, and more river-like. On calling at "Greta Hall" we learned that Southey and his wife (formerly "Miss Bowles,"[1] to whom he was only married two months since), were absent. Mr. Webster left his letters, and cards, and proceeded to this place. I must mention, before going to bed, a new invention. We called for a fire, on our arrival here. The inside front of the grate was neatly papered, concealing the shavings, wood, and coal; over the whole, was a "grate apron." The servant brought in a large, red hot, kitchen poker, and removing first the "apron" thrust the poker, through the white paper, among the other materials, and in three minutes, we had a brilliant fire. This is a trifling idea, but I think it, worth recording. To-morrow we proceed to Penrith, where I hope to find my long looked for letters from America.

August 22. Lowther Castle. My time has been so much occupied, and I have been so engrossed, that I

[1] Caroline Anne Bowles, 1786–1854, daughter of Charles; married, 1839, Robert Southey.

have been unable, until now, to record all the agreeable occurrences of the last two days. On reaching Penrith on Tuesday we there had the satisfaction of receiving our letters, and the happiness to know, of the welfare of those who were dear to us. The arrival of Mr. Appleton was confirmed, and with him was Edward Webster[1] 'en route' for Geneva, where he is to remain probably for a year. Lady Georgiana Fane also wrote me a long letter containing all the London news, and the sudden death of Mrs. Morris Robinson in London. But a few days before our departure, Mrs. Robinson was in perfect health, and formed one of our party to Vauxhall gardens; how truly exemplified is the fact that "in the midst of life, we are in death."

Mr. Appleton, and Edward will remain in London to await our movements. At Penrith, Mr. Webster found two notes from Lord Lonsdale, saying that he "should soon hope to see us," begging we would "remain at the Castle as long as it was convenient," and also adding that "understanding from the Innkeeper, that Mr. Webster was expecting the arrival of some other members of his family, he

[1] Edward Webster, 1820–48, son of Daniel and Grace (Fletcher); major in the United States Army.

begged he would do him the kindness, to bring them, to Lowther." After reading our letters, we took fresh horses, and after a drive of four miles, found ourselves in sight of this truly beautiful, and hospitable edifice, from which I now write (before proceeding, I might as well mention here, that Penrith is but 26 miles from Keswick, and of course a short drive). We reached Lowther just at the hour of lunch, contrary to the English etiquette, which usually establishes the time for arriving, an hour or two only, before dinner, when at the announcement of that meal, the guests meet, for the first time. The Castle bell was rung, as we passed through the arched stone gateway, after a drive through the noble parks. The whole structure is modern Gothic, and built by the present Earl, in 1809, the former castle having been burnt. The entrance hall is strikingly magnificent; four large Gothic pillars, supporting the roof, face one immediately on entering, and divide it from the main hall. At a distance of about thirty feet from the doorway are four figures the size of life, in complete suits of steel armour; an ascent of five or six steps brings one into the main hall, on each side of which, are large glass doors, opening into corridors, communicating with the various apartments of the

ground floor. The whole interior of the hall, including the floor, and staircase, is of stone, with Gothic arches reaching to the roof. The ceiling of stucco-work and gold, is lighted by Gothic stained glass windows, through which the mellow light is shed below. The sleeping apartments are entered from broad galleries, which overlook the hall below, as in Mr. S. Appleton's house in Boston. Half way up this broad, and grand staircase, are three figures, in three separate niches. The centre figure represents the costume of Queen Phillippa, the face and figure being that of Lady Frederick Bentinck, the widowed daughter of Lord Lonsdale, and at the head of his establishment. The two other figures are Edward I in chain armour, and Edward III.

On our arrival, we were ushered into a library, a spacious room, with a ceiling of oak and gilt, in Gothic style, and old family portraits hanging above the Gothic bookcases. Lady Frederick immediately appeared, and mentioning that they were at lunch, begged us to follow her across the hall, where were Lord Lonsdale, Lord Lowther,[1] the eldest son and heir, and a Mr. Hyllier, Lady Caroline Maxse,[2]

[1] William Lowther, 2d Earl of Lonsdale, 1787–1872; politician.

[2] Caroline FitzHardinge Berkeley; married, 1829, James Maxse; died, 1886.

and Mr. Maxse[1] at luncheon. Lady Caroline is daughter of the late Earl of Berkeley,[2] about whose marriage, previous to the birth of his Lordship's eldest son, there are doubts. The House of Lords have refused to acknowledge the legitimacy of this son William FitzHardinge Berkeley,[3] stating that his claim to the peerage was "not substantiated." The second son,[4] born after the legal, or acknowledged marriage of the parents, refuses to take the title, and estates, considering them as the right of his elder brother; consequently, the Earldom of Berkeley remains unclaimed. This sad state of things is deeply felt by the members of this family, and particularly by Lady Caroline, who did not hesitate afterward, to allude to it, in a very feeling manner, to Mr. Webster. After lunching, Lady Frederick and Lady Caroline, Mr. Hyllier and Mr.

[1] James Maxse; died, 1864.

[2] Frederick Augustus Berkeley, 5th Earl of Berkeley, 1745–1810; married, 1796, Mary Cole. A previous marriage with the same woman, in 1785, was attempted to be proved, but was not admitted by the House of Lords.

[3] William FitzHardinge Berkeley, Earl FitzHardinge, 1786–1857.

[4] Thomas Moreton FitzHardinge Berkeley, 1796–1882, *de jure* 6th Earl of Berkeley, but did not assume the title. He was the fifth son of the 5th Earl of Berkeley; the four elder sons were born prior to the marriage admitted by the House of Lords.

Webster drove to "Hawes Water," a lake belonging to Lord Lonsdale, some miles distant, and we retired to our rooms on the plea of "letters to write," &c. The dinner hour is 7 o'clock, at which time the groom of the chambers announced, at the door of our apartments, that dinner was served, and we descended to the drawing-room, a large apartment, communicating with the dining-room. Here we met Lady Stuart de Rothesay [1] and Miss Stuart de Rothesay,[2] and Lord Burghersh, who had that day come from London, Miss Thompson, a connection of the family, Dr. Jackson, the rector of Lowther Chapel, Colonel Lowther,[3] the second son of the Earl, and his two sons, lads of 16 or less. Sir Thomas [4] and Lady Whichcote [5] were also expected at dinner, but owing to a difficulty in obtaining post-horses, on their way from "Aswarby" his seat, in Lincolnshire, they did not arrive until late in the

[1] Elizabeth Margaret Yorke, daughter of Philip, 3d Earl of Hardwicke; married, 1816, Sir Charles Stuart, Baron Stuart de Rothsay; died, 1867, aged 78.

[2] Louisa Stuart de Rothsay; married, 1842, Henry de la Poer Beresford, 3d Marquis of Waterford. (See p. 293.)

[3] Henry Cecil Lowther, 1790–1867.

[4] Sir Thomas Whichcote, 7th Baronet, 1813–92.

[5] Marianne Beckett, daughter of Henry; married, 1839, Sir Thomas Whichcote, 7th Baronet; died, 1849.

evening. Lady Whichcote is niece of Sir John [1] and Lady Anne Beckett, and has always lived with them, although she is daughter of Mr. Henry Beckett of Philadelphia. She is a pretty little bride, of about two months; the courtship commenced last year while they were both here together, and this is her first appearance, among her friends, since her marriage. They are both young, and interesting. These constitute the party at present here. Lord Lonsdale handed in Mrs. Webster, and Lord Burghersh myself; Mr. Maxse on my right, and next but one to Lord Lowther, who had one end of the long table. As I sat, I was enabled to look through the long windows, on one side of the dining-room, into the park, where the deer, had become so tame, as to approach, even to the closed windows. A large portion of the dinner-service was of gold, including forks, and spoons. There were three candelabra, the centre one, very splendid, supported on a high salver, containing also a gold vase on each side, and beside these, there were six or eight gold (or silver gilt), baskets containing rare fruits, ornamenting the table through the whole course; a Russian custom, lately introduced, I learn, and on the whole, it seems a

[1] Sir John Beckett, 2d Baronet, 1775–1847.

commendable one. The sideboard was covered with gold plate, in the centre of which was a very magnificent piece, called, I believe, the "Shield of Achilles"; there are two others only like it, one belongs to the Crown, and the other I think, to his Grace, the Duke of Wellington. Our dinner was delightful. The evening was spent in another drawing-room, the time occupied in music, conversation, and fancy needlework. Lady Frederick, and Miss Thompson, sang two fine duetts, and Miss Stuart sang very sweetly "The merry days when we were young," and gained much applause from Lord Burghersh, from whose new Opera, Lady Frederick played the overture. Lady Stuart and Daughter, and Lady Caroline, and her Husband, are on their way to Ayrshire to Lord Eglinton's tournament. They all have costumes of Henry VII's time; costumes for the tourney, for breakfast, and also for the banquet, and ball. They have given us a description of each. As we are unprovided with fancy dresses, Mr. Webster thinks it is best for us not to attend this long talked of tournament, and we are to write refusals to Lord Eglinton to-morrow. The breakfast hour is ten o'clock, the service principally of gold; it is served around two circular tables, Lord Lonsdale presiding

at one, and Lady Frederick at the other. All solids are on the side-tables, and offered by the servants. After breakfast we walked, with Miss Stuart, Lord Lonsdale, and Mr. *Hyllier* to the terrace, three quarters of a mile in length, artificially made, with closely shaven turf, commanding a most lovely prospect. We walked over various parts of the grounds, all very beautiful, and Lord Lonsdale took us to his stables, where we saw twenty or thirty horses, from the pony for the phaëton to the powerful bay coach horses. We also saw the circular riding house for wet weather, and finally, we visited Lord Lonsdale's own apartments, contiguous to the Steward's room, on the left wing of the ground floor; one room is appropriated to the reception of his various officers and people on business. Several of the gentlemen went soon after breakfast grouse shooting, and after lunching, again at two o'clock, each one separated until dinner to fulfil his or her various plans, and engagements. Lady Frederick took Mrs. Webster, Julia, and myself in a landau and four, accompanied by a groom in the saddle, to "Ullswater" another of these beautiful Northern lakes. Lord Burghersh had proposed accompanying us on horseback, but we did not meet until we were returning home. The lake

is nine miles in length; at its head, the scenery is very fine, one mountain towers above another, producing a bold and fine effect; the combination of wood, water, and the blue sky, makes this scenery almost sublime. At 6 o'clock we returned, and met Miss Stuart, and Miss Thompson, also returned from a drive in the pony phaëton. We had another agreeable dinner, occupying the same seats at table as before. Lady Frederick again gave us music afterward, and Lord Burghersh, whose voice is weak, although his musical taste is far from this, sang portions of his "Il Torneo," to me, and afterward presented me with a copy of one of the arias "Bel raggio di luna," that Grisi had sung at the Apsley House concert, in London. This morning we all went to see the view from the top of the castle. During a very violent storm of last February, Lord Lonsdale lost a thousand "set trees," and yet the injury is scarcely perceptible to a stranger. Great injury was also done to the walls, and to various parts of the castle, to the iron fences &c., and some trees are still standing that were mutilated by the hurricane. The mechanics are still employed in remedying these effects about the castle, but Lady Frederick says that it must be many years before, the

woods and grounds can resume their former looks. The greenhouse is a beautiful Gothic building, and highly ornamental. At a short distance is a dark woody walk, of very ancient yew trees, the path through this leads to the terrace; the deep sombre gloom of the former, contrasts agreeably with the brightness of the sunny terrace. Wordsworth has written some lines upon this walk. Lord Lonsdale has repeatedly expressed his regret that on account of violent inflammation in the eyes, Wordsworth, to his own great disappointment, was deprived the pleasure of meeting Mr. Webster here. On our way to the Castle top, we were shown two spacious bedrooms. One is furnished with yellow satin, with a splendid "Or molu" wardrobe, or "armoire," the other room was occupied by Lady Stuart, and was fitted up by Lord Lonsdale for George IV, who once, when Prince Regent, came on a visit to the castle. The bed is of white satin, embroidered in antique style in colours, and the toilette-table, covered with a superb gold toilette set, a complete paraphernalia, even to gold perfume boxes, brushes &c. The furniture was much of it of the same "Or molu"; the adjoining dressing-room contained a sweet picture of a Magdalen. Lord Lonsdale took us this

morning, to a long corridor, adorned with busts, mostly by "Nollekens,"[1] and to a small room, to see an original portrait of "William Penn," which he appeared greatly to value. Among the busts, in this corridor, was one of "Victoria" at twelve years old, strikingly like her present Majesty; there is a duplicate at Windsor; there were also fine busts of the Duke of York, George III, Duke of Wellington, William Pitt, and the Father of Lord Chatham. Also one of the unfortunate Mr. Perceval, who was shot in the House of Commons, a similar shaped forehead to my Uncle Judge Story, and the same animated, intellectual, amiable expression. Mrs. Webster was as much struck as myself with the resemblance. Mr. Webster did not happen to see it, not being with us, when we attended Lord Lonsdale hither. We also saw two immense bronze knockers of great weight, taken from one of the palaces in Venice at the time it was pillaged by the French. My own bed-room window opens down to the floor, upon the portico, or main entrance, which is beneath. These bronze knockers are intended for the outside, appertaining door. About the walls, in the hall, are the various crests and achievements of

[1] Joseph Nollekens, 1737–1823; sculptor.

the Lowther family of gilt and painted wood, in the shape of shields; these are attached to the walls in regular rows, and their coat-of-arms ornaments the mantel; and even the steel and brass grates, so beautifully polished, in our bed-rooms, are engraved with the same.

Thursday, August 22,[1] "Lowther." We have just lunched, and as usual, there have been various propositions, and parties of pleasure for the remainder of the day, until dinner. Mrs. Webster and myself have declined a drive to the "Elysian fields," and have come up to our rooms, being the only guests left within the castle. Julia has gone to drive with Lady Caroline, Lady Whichcote, and Miss Thompson, and Mr. Webster has accompanied Lady Frederick, Lady and Miss Stuart to "Ullswater" which neither guest had seen. We have decided on leaving here to-morrow, although Lord Lonsdale and Lady Frederick express great regret at the shortness of our visit, and strongly urge its continuance, but we are anxious to reach "Glasgow" where we hope to meet Mr. Appleton, and Edward according to agreement. The lands surrounding Lowther have been, ever since the conquest, in possession of this

[1] The date is repeated.

family, through all the "changes, and chances of war," and the possessions of the present Earl extend in some directions, as far as the eye can reach. Lord Lonsdale's great possessions are in coal mines, and collieries; he has also lead, and slate mines. From these coal mines, clear of all charges, his income amounts to forty or fifty thousand pounds, *per annum!* The railways under ground, for the use of the mines are from fifty to sixty miles in extent; and the number of horses used, is never less than three hundred! I have mentioned that the greater part of the original house, standing on the present site, was destroyed by fire in [blank]. In the hall, are couches, covered with embroidery, the coverings of which, were the bed furniture of Mary Queen of Scots, where she slept, when she once visited the castle of the former Earl. At the time of the fire, they were saved, together with a few other articles. The embroidery is now cut out of its original material, and "transferred" on blue cloth. The oak chairs, elaborately carved, and covered with valuable embroidery, would quite craze with delight, some antiquarians, at home; they are *intrinsically* handsome, and valuable, however. The beautiful hall, and staircase which I have but imperfectly described, I learn, is 90 feet

high, and 60 feet square; 47 stairs are ascended to reach the gallery of the second floor, where our bedrooms are. This passage is hung with pictures, and one, "a Monk at his devotions," by Salvator Rosa, I can never pass, without stopping to gaze at, yet it is a very painful, as well as powerful picture. Six officers dined here to-day. They are I believe of the 7th Dragoon Guards. Colonel Lowther was formerly a Colonel of this regiment. They are on their way to Carlisle, where they are to be stationed on account of the recent Chartist disturbances. An officer named "Green" sat on my left, and Julia's neighbour was a Captain Hunter. Our party at dinner was twenty-six. Our last evening at Lowther, like the others, has delightfully and rapidly passed, with the usual variety of music, conversation, and some of the ladies at embroidery. It is a melancholy reflection that we may never meet again, the friends who have contributed so largely, to our happiness within the last three days, and to say "Farewell" to-morrow will cost more pangs, than once, I could easily have believed. Lady and Miss Stuart de Rothesay depart to-morrow for Eglinton, but their route, will vary from ours.

Friday evening, August 23. Lockerbie, Dumfrie-

shire, Scotland. At eleven o'clock this morning we left "Lowther" with sincere regret on our part, and with the expression, of a very great deal, on the part of the old Earl, and his amiable family. Before we left however, we went below, with Lady Frederick, to see the "Offices" connected with this extensive establishment. The housekeeper was called to show us her parlour; it was carpeted in Brussels, hung with engravings, a centre table, ornamented with fresh flowers. The "butler's room" where she, and the head servants dine, was a really handsome apartment, carpeted, curtained in crimson, and a highly polished long mahogany dining-table. The under servants' dining-room was much plainer; the deal tables, scrupulously white, and clean, with benches around them; this was the servants' hall in fact, and consisted of two rows of tables, through a long room. The servants belonging to the present guests, amounted to twenty. There were four different beer vaults; one of these was appropriated to the high casks of "small beer," another to the "ale, during harvest," and the other two were fitted with casks for common use. In all there were upwards of a hundred tierces. We also visited the "Linen-room," the "Store-room," the two "kitchens" with their long cooking ranges, and jacks,

the larder for "meat," and another for "game," and "poultry." Then there was a Gothic building in the shape of a hollow square, quite a large structure, appropriated to the "Laundry" and to the "Dairy." There was also the "housemaid's room" which we visited, the two "wine cellars," and the "plate room"; the cupboards were filled with large quantities of gold, and silver plate. Among other things, Lady Frederick called our attention to some "wine coolers," made from silver, found among the lead, in her father's mines. We finally went to the bake-house, and like all other apartments, it was as neat and nice, as if it were only "kept for show." Lady Frederick here gave orders, that some ginger-bread just out of the oven, be sent by the Baker to our carriage for luncheon. The Baker, and all the male servants in the culinary department, including cook, and pastry-cook, wore clean white paper folded caps (as do our mechanics often), and the females their white frilled caps, and snow white aprons (all English female servants wear caps). In one of the offices, Lady Frederick called to her, a girl, of about twelve years, and enquired, "How she liked work," and explained this to us, by saying, that her "dear Mother, before her death, had established a school, to educate

the poor children on the estates; after which, they were allowed to come to the Castle, and learn servants' work; where, if they liked, they could remain as servants in the family; this girl was one of the number just from Lady Lonsdale's school." Lord Lonsdale is 82 years old, he is a little bent with age, but his mind is unimpaired, and his teeth remarkably good. He is a knight of the garter, and wore the insignia, when dressed for dinner. Lady Lonsdale [1] has been dead eighteen months. The Earl, his daughter, and sons, parted from us in the most affectionate manner. Lord Lonsdale gave Mr. Webster a cane made from an ancient yew-tree in his park, and also a book containing "the history of James II, by the first Earl of Lonsdale." Miss Thompson begged the favor of Mr. Webster's "autograph," with which she appeared very much pleased, and Lady Frederick's parting gifts to Mrs. Webster and myself, were two distant views of Lowther Castle taken by herself, and afterwards engraved. I shall treasure them, among my most precious mementos. I have been making some enquiries of "Hamilton and Holton" our two servants, respecting the domestic arrange-

[1] Augusta Fane, daughter of John, 9th Earl of Westmoreland; married, 1781, William Lowther, 1st Earl of Lonsdale; died, 1838.

ments at Lowther, and from them have gathered the following, which may afford an idea of the extent of an English Earl's country establishment. The Steward, "Mr. Horseley" and seven other head servants, wear no livery. The former, stands behind his Master's chair, dressed in small clothes, white silk stockings, buckles, white vest, and cravat, and does no waiting, simply overlooking the others. There are nine beside, who wear livery, including, the "Porter," "Lamptrimmer," and "Baker." Of female servants, including the housekeeper, and Lady's maids, there are seventeen. In the stable department, comprehending coachman, head groom, and others, thirteen. Then there are the gardeners, servants connected with the farm, also Dairy maids, and Laundresses, who are not enumerated! In November, Lord Lonsdale goes to "Cottesmore Park in Rutland," another of his estates, where he hunts, and keeps nine horses, which no one mounts but himself, and *forty* others, for the use of his friends, and visitors. We were driving, but moderately, on our way to Penrith, when the carriage was abruptly, and suddenly stopped; Holton let down the steps, desiring us to alight, stating that "one of the horses had broken his leg." It was dangling, entirely use-

less. The poor animal on perfectly level ground, had, in the most unaccountable manner, thus maimed himself. A man, on the side of the road, was looking at the horse, and witnessed the extraordinary fact, of the animal, at a gentle trot, having suddenly snapped his leg below the knee joint. Leaving the poor beast, thus suffering, with our remaining pair we proceeded to Penrith, two miles beyond, where our loss was replaced, and our horse left to be shot on the spot. The Landlady (who alone is visible at all English Inns), lamented in feeling terms, the loss of her steed, as horses were trebled in value just at this moment, as "all the world were wending their way to the Eglinton tournament." On our left, as we entered this town, we passed an old Tower, formerly the abode of the Duke of York, afterward Richard III, when sheriff of this county. At a distance from this is a Beacon, visible from the Castle at Lowther, which in olden times was lighted to give notice when the "Scots came over the border." From Penrith we drove eighteen miles to Carlisle, and while changing horses, the two officers mentioned at dinner yesterday, came to our carriage and remained in conversation, until we left. The Landlady also sent to us a dish of fine plums, with her "respects." Mr.

Webster had in the meantime discovered a book-store, where he was fortunate in finding some books, on local subjects, that he had been anxious to procure. Carlisle was quite conspicuous during the border wars, and has a castle built in the reign of Edward III, where it is said Fergus MacIvor [1] was imprisoned, but of course we did not visit it. Ten miles from Carlisle is the famous "Gretna Green" where the runaway marriages take place. The house itself, a clean, decent, but commonplace inn, looks upon a broad green, from which I suppose, it derives its name. The town is just upon the Scottish border. The landlord of "Gretna Hall" himself, performs the marriage ceremony, as far as there is any. The intended pair, simply state, in reply to his question, that they wish to be man and wife, he then fills out a printed paper (one of which he gave us), stating the names of the parties, that they were married at such a date, "according to the laws of Scotland," and to this he signs his name, and that of any other convenient witness; and this constitutes a legal marriage that cannot be gainsayed! The landlord pro-

[1] Fergus MacIvor, a character in *Waverley*. See *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, by John Gibson Lockhart (Household Edition), vol. VIII, p. 302, for a similar story.

duced his book containing copies of all his marriage certificates; it was handsomely bound in red morocco, with a brass lock, and key. There were no familiar names to us, excepting those of the Prince of Capua, and Miss Penelope Smyth,[1] in 1836. The popularity of a Gretna marriage is now fast passing away, and when they do occur, it is generally among people of much lower grade, than the names I have just written. The river "Sark," is the dividing line between England and Scotland. We travelled fourteen miles farther this evening, arriving in the midst of a profuse rain, at this place, where we are, until to-morrow morning. "Lockerbie" offers very little, however, that is attractive to a stranger.

[1] Penelope Smyth, 1815–82, daughter of Grice Blakeney; married Charles Ferdinand Bourbon, Prince of Capua.

V

Journey through Scotland

SATURDAY, August 24. Lanark, Lanarkshire. Leaving Lockerbie at 7 o'clock this morning we drove to Beattock bridge, a distance of fourteen miles, to breakfast. The road was good, but with uninteresting scenery composed of barren hills, and moors, the rain continuing to pour most merrily. Crawford our next post was 16 miles, and fifteen more brought us to this place just at noon, with a promise of sunshine, and fairer weather. Mr. Lockhart resides six miles from this place, and according to the promise made in London, we have apprised him, through a messenger, of our arrival at Lanark. In consequence of the rain, we were prevented seeing the "Falls of the Clyde," on our last post to this place, and we shall therefore postpone this pleasure, until Monday morning.

Sunday, August 25. Melton Lockhart. As we were dining yesterday at Lanark, shortly after despatching our messenger, Mr. Lockhart appeared. He insisted on our going at once to his Brother's

house, with whom he resides, six miles from where we were, and hoped we would consider our dinner a mere *lunch*, and would do himself and Brother the favor of dining with them at 7 o'clock at "Melton Lockhart." He urged this in the strongest manner, declared our "rooms were all in readiness," and in short, extracted a promise before he left, that we would immediately follow him to his Brother's house. So cordial and tempting a proposal, we could no longer refuse, although we had not thought of paying this visit until to-morrow at soonest; we were, therefore, in the course of an hour, driving along the banks of the Clyde, toward our destination. We were detained for twenty minutes, by again, breaking our trace, but a new one was procured and we arrived in good season, without further accident. We had a charming dinner, in excellent taste, with jellies, and a dessert of fine fruit. Mr. Lockhart's dining-room is a lofty, beautiful apartment panelled with oak; above, and around, is a gallery; the front, of very beautiful oak carving, in which are bookcases, and books. This tasteful gallery communicates by two doors above, with Mr. L's private apartments. The Brother, and owner of this establishment is William Lockhart, a bachelor; *his* name, was the one

we read at Shakspeare's birthplace, *above* that of Scott; he told us, that the author of "Waverly" had placed his name there unknown to him at the time, although he accompanied him on the visit to Avon. Some friend discovered, and told him of it, some days afterward. The house is at present undergoing repairs, and improvements, but it is quite a handsome building, with the family crest, "a heart with a padlock," introduced into all the ornamental part. The stucco work of the hall is now being gilded, and the ceiling of a large and new drawing-room. The son, and daughter of Mr. John G. Lockhart, and the grandchildren of Scott, are absent on a visit to some friends in Scotland; we therefore lost the pleasure of seeing them. Nothing can exceed the courtesy, and hospitality of these two gentlemen. We have spent a portion of the day in visiting the celebrated "Falls of the Clyde," they consist of three separate ones, one of which is a complete "Niagara" in miniature. They also bear some resemblance to "Trenton." They are on the estate of Lady Mary Ross. A pretty summer-house, stands on a hill, above one of the falls; in this building are some mirrors so contrived, that on seating oneself in a certain corner, a beautiful panorama of the falls is reflected

with great distinctness, and beauty. Mr. Lockhart conducted us to all the fine points, and through every interesting spot; in accomplishing this, we walked many miles, and on reaching Melton again, were much fatigued. According to an ancient Scotch custom, we were offered "Mountain dew" from out of a "quaigh" or drinking cup, a triangular vessel of wood lined with silver, holding about a half a wine-glass, when full. But *one* was placed on the table, out of which, each was expected to drink, taking the two sides, one in each hand, and thus raising it to the lips. This ceremony we merrily performed, and touched the "quaigh" to our lips. Mr. William Lockhart, is intelligent, and unpretending; his brother, handsome, "wise, and witty," devoted in his kind attentions, and they both evince the strongest desire, to make us happy, and at home.

August 26. Glasgow. We left "Melton Lockhart" this morning, after a visit of two delightful days. We stopped at Hamilton, a distance of eight miles, to visit the palace of the "Duke of Hamilton." Approaching through the parks, the house reminds me in style of the President's at Washington, although this palace, is three times as large. At present it is undergoing repairs, and improvements. It

abounds in exquisite, and valuable vases, and marble tables, of "malachite" which are really more precious than gold. The malachite is a brilliant green marble, beautifully veined, of which, but small pieces, are said to be, now obtainable, and those, at high prices. Here was a whole slab! Some of these tables, are said to be estimated at £4000. The picture gallery is 120 feet long, and 20 feet high, the walls of dark, carved, antique oak; the ceiling is of gilt, and stucco work, in very gorgeous style, but has a cumbrous, top-heavy effect, like the otherwise, splendid corridor, at Windsor Castle. This gallery contains a celebrated picture of Rubens, "Daniel in the Lions' den," "Moses striking the rock," by Tintoretto, the "Burial of our Saviour" by Poussin, and "Ecce homo" by Correggio, and a portrait of Lord Denbigh by Van Dyck; these all attracted my attention. I also remember a "Stag hunt" by Snyders, and a "Laughing boy," by Leonardo da Vinci, as very striking paintings. The "Tribune," a room yet unfinished, promises to be very beautiful; it has a gallery around it, made of stone, and is a very large apartment. At the head of the picture gallery is the present Duke's ambassadorial throne, brought from St. Petersburg. I was much struck with a beautiful

cabinet, of mosaic, and precious stones; it must have cost an immense sum. The Gobelin was here, as fresh and beautiful, as at Blenheim, or Windsor. The library was also a fine room, and so was the dining-room, which was 71 feet by 30, and a "State bed-room," containing a bed, in which Mary Queen of Scots had once slept. In another room, was a carved ebony cradle, that had rocked to sleep the infant Queen Elizabeth, and had been used in her royal nursery. The ceilings of the Duchess' own rooms were very beautifully, and emblematically gilded, and the walls, richly tapestried in blue. The recesses of the deep-set windows, in the adjoining room, were filled with low bookcases and books, an invention that much pleased me. In the new part, the artists were putting in, the mosaic marble floor, of an entrance hall, and gilding, and frescoing the ceilings, and walls; some of it in too "prononcé" style to be generally approved. This is called a palace because it is built on the site of another palace belonging to royalty.

The Marquis of Douglas, the son, and heir of this splendid palace and estates, I have previously named. "Dame Rumour" has already made him the husband elect, of her Majesty, but since the propagation of

this report, the Queen has not been disposed, as formerly, to give him her hand, in the dance; nothing has recently transpired, to confirm, in any way, this report.

Lord Douglas, I have heard called, "the handsomest man in England." The Duke,[1] his Father, married a daughter of Mr. Beckford [2] of Fonthill Abbey, Wiltshire. We left Hamilton at two o'clock, and arrived, in the midst of a pouring rain, at Glasgow; immediately on our arrival, we had the satisfaction, and pleasure of meeting Mr. Appleton and Edward Webster, who came to us by appointment. Here we are to pass the night, and I must leave 'journalizing,' for the present, for the more agreeable occupation of preparing letters to go to America, by the British Queen, that sails on the 1st of September.

Mr. Webster has just shown me the following, given to him by Lord Lonsdale while at Lowther; it is written from memory, by the Earl himself. He related to Mr. Webster, that when he was a student at the University of Cambridge, he happened to see,

[1] Alexander Hamilton, 10th Duke of Hamilton, 1767–1852.

[2] Susan Euphemia Beckford, daughter of William; married, 1810, Alexander Hamilton, 10th Duke of Hamilton.

on some window, in, or near the town of Cambridge, the following lines scratched on a pane of glass:

"Hail happy England, freedom's best retreat
Great is thy wealth, thy power, thy glory, great;
But wealth and power have no immortal day,
And only all things hasten to decay.
But when that Time shall come, the lot of all,
When England's glory, wealth, and power shall fall,
In other worlds another Briton see,
And what thou art, *America shall be!*"

As the Earl of Lonsdale is now in his 82d year, it is doubtless more than sixty years since he saw these lines. He told Mr. Webster that the prophecy made so great an impression upon him, that through the long lapse of years, he never forgot the words.

Glasgow is a place of considerable importance, and second only to London in size and population. We are so near the scene of the approaching tournament, and hear so much at this place of Lord Eglinton's splendid preparations, that we are half tempted, notwithstanding our previous determination, to change our minds, and witness the pageant, without attending the banquet, and ball, for which two last we are unprovided with fancy dresses.

August 27. Turf Inn, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire. This place is 17 miles from Glasgow and nine miles

from Eglinton; the town of "Ayr" is but three miles, distant; it is interesting from being connected with the name of Burns; the poet is said to have been born about a mile, and a half from the town. This is the scene of "Tam o' Shanter," and the ruins of "Alloway Kirk" and the "Auld Brig" are both still in existence, but the latter is deserted, and the former, a roofless ruin. It is said that the house where the poet first saw light, is now a public house, but the room, where he was born, is still shown to travellers. About four miles in another direction, from Kilmarnock, and a half a mile, from the village of "Galston" is Loudoun Castle, the seat of the Marchioness of Hastings, and the burial place of poor Lady Flora. All the inns, on the way to this place were crowded with vehicles, waiting for post-horses to bring them to the vicinity of Eglinton. We learn that every Inn, lodging house, &c., is secured at immensely high prices, and all things are in a state of tumult, and excitement, in consequence of the anticipated scenes, of the next three days. We have, contrary to our expectations, comfortable apartments here, and in the meantime, we await the return of "Holton," who has gone to Eglinton Castle, with a note, to the Stepfather (Sir Charles Lamb), to learn

the order of the day, for to-morrow, and to ask if, notwithstanding our previous refusal, it will be allowable for us to appear in the "grand stand" without fancy dresses, to-morrow, as we have been urged by others to do. We have therefore, thought it might be admissible to appear as spectators, relinquishing at once, all idea of the subsequent banquet and ball.

Evening, 8 o'clock. Holton has just returned with a most kind and obliging reply from Sir Charles, urging Mr. Webster in the strongest manner, to remain; assuring him that, as "strangers," we shall be admitted in "any dresses we have chosen to wear," and that he hopes "to persuade us all to remain to the Banquet and Ball, and will have the pleasure of providing rooms, where we may change our dresses for the purpose." After this, we no longer hesitate, and to-morrow morning we shall hope to be among the multitude, and partaking the pleasure and excitement of this long talked of tournament. Holton represents the excitement about Eglinton as *intense*, and the preparations for the tournament, &c., on the most splendid, and extensive scale.

August 29. Glasgow. We left Kilmarnock at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and passing through the village of "Irvine," were soon driving through the

beautiful parks of Eglinton, and in view of the castle itself. The lawn presented a most gay scene.[1] Vehicles of all descriptions with their richly dressed inmates were driving about, and the numberless tents of the various Archer clubs covered the lawn in all directions; they were variously and emblematically ornamented, and the lady archers themselves, dressed in Lincoln green, with long feathers in their caps, and their bows in hand, were promenading, appearing and disappearing, beneath their showy pavilions, adding greatly, to the brilliancy of the whole scene. Our object in driving first, to the castle, was to fulfil the particular request of Sir Charles, by sending to him our card of invitation, that the names of Mr. Appleton and Edward, might be added, in order to prevent all difficulties of admission, at the tilting ground. While we were waiting, Mr. Richard Milnes appeared in a Highland costume, and Mr. Willis also accosted us, and Mr. Gibson, our Scotch friend, and fellow passenger. Through him, we discovered that our ticket was a particularly flattering one, those generally issued, being for the "Tournament," or "Tournament and Ball" and few for the "Banquet"

[1] See *Endymion*, by Disraeli, chapters LIX and LX. There is an account of this tournament by John Richardson.

also. A mile distant from the castle, was the spot designated; there we took our places in the grand stand, or gallery, which was in Gothic style, handsomely gilt; in the centre was the throne for the "Queen of Love and Beauty," curtained in blue, and gold. This stand, was intended to hold 800 spectators. It was quite filled. On each side were those of smaller dimensions, without any covering or ornament, where persons were admitted gratis, through tickets. These two stands are said to have contained 1600 people, and the whole number of spectators is estimated at 10,000. The seats on which we sat, were covered with red, and protected behind with ancient tapestry. The tilting ground, or "List" comprised a space of about 650 feet in length, and 250 in breadth. On each side of this arena, were the tents for the different Knights, and their Esquires, each tent being designated by stripes of different colours from the others. The barrier, across which the Knights were to encounter, was in the centre of this space; it was said to have been 110 yards in length, and about 4 feet in height. The morning was unpromising when we left Kilmarnock, and it "sprinkled" even while we were in front of the Castle, but it ceased, soon after, although the aspect

of the Heavens continued threatening, until just as the procession was about leaving the Castle. At that critical moment, all doubts were dissolved, in a violent shower of rain. In the hope of a cessation, the departure of the procession was postponed, for about 30 minutes, when seeing no prospect of a change, it was decided that the procession must proceed; the immense number of houseless spectators, from long distances, making a postponement to the following day, impracticable. With the exception of the ladies, and the pages, this gorgeous and beautiful pageant, disregarding the copious, and uninterrupted rain, proceeded onward, along the paths selected, a mile in extent, and designated by previous arrangement, and announcement. Spectators, completely lined the whole way; a large portion of them were in the Highland costume, and the remainder sporting at least, a sprig of heather; they had been already standing for hours, to catch a glimpse of the passing pageant. Several of the Knights, being Scotch noblemen, were followed by their retainers, in the particular costume of their clan. The "tail" of Lord Glenlyon [1] amounted to 40 or 50 men, and that of the

[1] George Augustus Frederick John Murray, 2d Lord Glenlyon, 1814–64; succeeded his uncle as 6th Duke of Atholl, 1846.

Duke of Montrose[1] comprised as great a number, marching, in their "kilts, and plaids," to the sound of the "pibroch" or "screeching bag-pipe." The musicians of the 78th Highlanders, were all dressed by Lord Eglinton, in plaids, and bonnets, and were stationed directly in front, below the throne of the "Queen of Beauty." Uniforms, and Highland costumes prevailed among the gentlemen universally, and the largest portion by far, of the ladies, in the stand (where we were), wore costly, and splendid fancy costumes, adhering closely to those worn in the 15th century, in far more becoming taste, than the costume of the present age. The Duchess of Montrose,[2] a very lovely woman, was very superbly dressed, with a cap of golden net, and precious stones fitting tight to the head, the hair parted behind, and the whole brought in front, making two heavy braids around the face, the style often seen in pictures, but faithfully, and becomingly imitated. Lady Seymour, the "Queen," wore a similar headdress, with a long crimson velvet train, trimmed with ermine, the under dress of blue velvet richly embroidered up the front

[1] James Graham, 4th Duke of Montrose, 1799–1874; statesman.

[2] Caroline Agnes Horsley-Beresford, daughter of the Reverend John, 3d Baron Decies; married, 1836, James Graham, 4th Duke of Montrose.

in *gold*. I shall not attempt a description of the pageant itself, but I have preserved a book, which was sold about the premises, containing the order of procession, name of each Knight, his colours, dress, and the names and costumes of the Esquires. Likewise those of the Archers, who contributed their part, toward the splendor of the scene. Lady Seymour, with the ladies of her court, the four pages (who were exquisitely dressed, and were sons of noblemen of rank), were all *driven* down in closed chariots to the stand, while the beautiful white palfrey, intended for the Queen of Beauty, was led along, by two grooms, the rain, soon annihilating the stately ostrich feathers that were waving on his head, and tarnishing, and disfiguring the splendid caparisons, that had cost so much labour and expense to prepare for the occasion, and the blue velvet cloth which covered the animal, soon by the wet, and rain, became so heavy, that its golden tassels trailed on the ground! All this was very sad to see, and yet with this great impediment of the weather, the scene was novel, and brilliant. The Earl of Eglinton, as "Lord of the Tournament" was greeted on his appearance with enthusiastic shouts. He wore a magnificent armour of burnished gold, the cost of which

is said to have been 10,000 dollars; his horse was also splendidly caparisoned, and partially protected by armour of the same material, which was first made of steel, and then richly, and brilliantly gilded. When armed for the encounter, he made a most conspicuous appearance, and throughout the whole day, he won our respect and admiration, for the grace, and composure, with which he met, all the vexations, and trials of the time. His stepfather, Sir Charles Lamb, was the "Knight of the White Rose" which emblem, was emblazoned about his person, and cap; his dress was quite a contrast to Lord Eglinton's, although perhaps as beautiful. The dress itself was blue velvet embroidered in gold. The reins, and saddle-cloth of blue, with the coat-of-arms, and crest, richly embroidered upon it. Lady Montgomerie,[1] the Mother of Lord Eglinton, and wife to Sir Charles Lamb, was driven to the stand with the Marchioness of Londonderry (whose diamonds, I have described, previously, at a London ball). In their train came also, the Countess of Hopetoun,[2]

[1] Mary Montgomerie, daughter of Archibald, 11th Earl of Eglinton, and widow of Archibald Montgomerie, Lord Montgomerie; married, secondly, 1815, Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, 2d Baronet; died, 1848.

[2] Louisa Macdonald, 1802–54, daughter of Godfrey, 3d Baron Macdonald; married, 1826, John Hope, 5th Earl of Hopetoun.

and her sister Miss Macdonald, said to be the "handsomest woman in Scotland," and also Lord Eglinton's sister; all these ladies were gorgeously, and magnificently attired, in the same style of costume, as that, worn at the last "tourney," in England; their dresses were trimmed with sables, and ermines, and on their heads, were gold coronets, and precious stones, and velvet caps embroidered very richly, in gold, or silver, or precious stones. The rain however, continued without abatement, and it was not long before the feathers, and rich equipments of the Knights, their Esquires, and pursuivants, showed but too plainly, that their beauty was truly but evanescent, and fast disappearing. All hearts were filled with sadness and sorrow, for the actors had hardly appeared, and were partially seen, before the rain despoiled them of one half their beauty. The injury however, was not confined to *them* alone, for the spectators, more particularly those in the open stands, and on the grounds (richly dressed, and unprepared for this reverse in the weather), were thoroughly drenched and *bedraggled.* Indeed, the whole population, suffered more or less from the violence of the rain. For myself, I was placed directly behind a Highlander, desperately in love, apparently, with

a pretty girl by his side, and by whom he was entirely engrossed. The searching rain had found its way, in certain places, through the slight roof above, and happened to pour itself into the saucer top of his concave hat, leaving large drops, upon the points of the numerous black feathers, that ornamented its top, and side. To his 'ladye love's' often repeated, and anxious inquiries, as to the "prospect of a change of weather," he would *as* often, put back his head to raise his eyes to the Heavens, and the result was, that the whole contents, of the *top*, of the Highland cap, was liberally *poured* into *my face*, *and down my neck*, while his reply, was *always*, with a shake of the head, that sent also, every drop from his feathered plumes, *additional:* "I can't tell, but at present, it looks 'vry' unsatisfactory." *To me*, this oft repeated manœuvre, was particularly "unsatisfactory" as one may readily imagine, and although his Scotch accent, and entire unconsciousness of the "damp stranger" so near him, made me but *laugh*, yet the effects upon my *toilette* were vastly more enduring. But the greatest disappointment of all, is yet to be related. Adjoining the castle, covered with blue and white stripes, were two splendid pavilions, erected under one roof for the Banquet,

and Ball-rooms. Both were to be lighted with immense candelabra, chandeliers, and wax lights. A saloon in the centre led, through a beautiful staircase, lined with evergreens, and coloured lamps, to the castle itself; this was also adorned with the banners of the various Knights, &c. But all this preparation was in vain, at least, for that day. After a great deal of tilting, from all the Knights, and displays of splendid horsemanship, Lord Eglinton approached from the lists, to the front of the Grand Stand, and in a most graceful, and appropriate manner, announced, the dire intelligence, "that the unexpected and unwelcome rain, had inundated so completely, both the Banqueting and Ball-rooms, that in spite of the very best intentions, of giving his friends a good dinner, the violent storm, had frustrated all his plans"! He also announced, that there "would be no tilting the next day, should the weather prove as intolerable as now." The "Lord of the Tournament" afterward came into the gallery, and was introduced to Mr. Webster and party, and after expressing his regret at the misfortunes of the day, he said that "a few guests would dine with him in the *castle*, and that he should feel much gratified if we would all, join them." This hospitable invita-

tion Mr. Webster thought, with us, it was best to refuse, on account of our not having fancy dresses, or indeed any others, than the ones we wore. Added to these reasons, our drive for a bed at night, was one of nine miles, to Kilmarnock. Lord Eglinton also remarked that "he blamed himself severely, for not having guarded against the contingency of rain, by having the pavilions water-proof." I have since learned, that "Pratt" the mechanic, who superintended the arrangements for this whole affair, suddenly vanished from Eglinton, fearing the weight of Lord Eglinton's displeasure, at his want of attention, in not securing him against, so unhappy an accident. Our enjoyments for the day, were greatly damped; sorrow, and sympathy for Lord Eglinton, and his friends predominating. One who witnessed the scene, at the castle, told me, that Lady Montgomerie directly on entering the house, after the close of this unpropitious day, threw herself into a seat, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping, not "for her own disappointment, but that her beloved son, should, after all the labours, and anticipations of so many months, be the victim of *such mortifications, and distressing reverses.*"

It proved fortunate for us, that we did not delay

any longer, our departure from Eglinton, for our stupid post-boys, lost their way, and carried us ten miles out of the direct road, delaying us more than an hour, beyond the proper time. A good dinner (previously ordered on our departure in the morning), to which we did ample justice, made amends for our fatigue, and while at our dessert, Mr. Richard Milnes was announced, accompanied by a friend, who had recently paid a visit to America. Like ourselves, Mr. Milnes being disappointed of his seat at the banquet, had returned to Kilmarnock, cold, wet, and hungry.

August 30. Ardcheanochrochan,[1] head of Loch Katrine. After a most fatiguing day, we at last reached this place, and find its only Inn, entirely crowded, but one bed-room eight feet square, for our whole party ! This is one effect of the Tournament, which has driven all the world to one spot. We are quite in despair, for at present, there is no alternative but the parlour carpet, which is already occupied by an apparently newly married pair, who looked at first, a little surprised at our intrusion, but have since shown us many civilities. We sailed down the river Clyde this morning, in an iron steamboat, having left Glas-

[1] Ardcheanochrochan is at the outlet of Loch Katrine, not at the head of the lake.

gow at 7 o'clock, and breakfasted at Dumbarton, where we had a good view of its castle; it is situated on a high, forked rock, rising out of a plain, where a river joins the lake; 560 feet high, it is a mile in circumference, and has houses upon it, batteries, and a garrison. The fort is still kept up, in consequence of a stipulation, at the time of the Union of Scotland with England, that this fort should be one of the *four*, that were to continue in repair. These four forts being, "Edinburgh, Stirling, Blackness, and Dumbarton," formerly "Dunbreatan," signifying, the "Castle of the Britons." In this last named Castle, William Wallace was once confined, and a room is still shown, called "Wallace's tower." The road through the village of Dumbarton, where lived the "Bonnie belle" along the banks of the river "Leven" was extremely pretty, and in the town of Renton, we noticed a monument to the memory of "Smollett" who was born in this neighborhood. A drive of five miles more, and we alighted by the side of Loch Lomond, the largest sheet of water in Britain, and certainly the most beautiful; it is 23 miles in length, and at the southern extremity, five miles in width. It is studded with numerous pretty islands, and its shores are covered with woods. The first island we

passed, on our left, belongs to the Duke of Montrose, who owns a vast portion of the circumjacent country. It is called "Inchmurrin," and is now principally used by the Duke, for the keeping of deer. Rob Roy's rock, and cave were here pointed out, as among the objects of interest. During the greater part of the sail, the rain was pouring fast, but we had occasional glimpses of sunshine, enlivening the scenery of this sweet lake. We had the pleasure of meeting on board the boat, Sir William Newton the artist, and his daughter. They are on a tour through the Lakes, as far as "Blair Atholl." We landed at "Inversnaid" and entered a small, but clean, and humble cottage on the shore of the Lake. Near the cottage door, was a pretty cascade, falling into the Lake. Here we were detained for nearly three hours, awaiting the return of the ponies, to carry our party, through the valley, to Loch Katrine. We had fortunately taken the precaution of sending the greater part of our luggage by the travelling carriage to Edinburgh, therefore one little donkey was able to bear the remainder. We had a merry ride of it,

"O'er the muir amang the heather,"

but our ponies were obstinate, and weary, and the

gentlemen for want of a better conveyance, were obliged to walk. We were not therefore sorry, when our five miles were accomplished, and the clear waters of Loch Katrine first met our sight. The whole passage across was,

"Empurpled with the heather's dye,"

the mountains were barren of everything else, save a few low shrubs. How naturally and beautifully does Scott say for Rob Roy when urged to flee: "But the heather that I have trod upon when living shall bloom over me when dead, my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink, were I to lose sight of my native hills, and the rocks, and cairns that you see around me." Over Loch Katrine we were rowed by four stout Highlanders, who pointed out a solitary house on the North shore, where Rob Roy was born. "Ben Venue" and "Ben An" rose high in the air, among a cluster of other mountains, their dark shadows finely reflected in the lake below. A singular rock, called a "Stag's head" from its resemblance to one, was a prominent object on the shore; the antlers were very perfectly represented by two trees, one a birch, the other an oak. Their roots were attached to the rock, and they were growing by the nutriment, apparently,

of the air alone, without any soil to feed upon. At the eastern extremity of the lake, was "Ellen's island," for the sight of which we were eagerly watching. The lodge built precisely, it is said, in accordance with Scott's description, by Lady Willoughby de Eresby [1] (whose husband owns the island, and much contiguous country), was accidentally *burned down*, by a picnic party, who were *smoking in the bower!* The "silver strand" probably derives its name from the whiteness of the sands of the beach. "On the top of Ben Venue," said the spokesman, among the oarsmen, "just on that spot, on the left, is a cave, where Douglas concealed his Daughter from Roderick Dhu. On that rock, FitzJames stood, and wound his bugle." To him, the "Lady of the Lake" was all reality, and with the poem in one's mind, and the scene before one's eyes, this state of feeling became infectious.

> "So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
> The scenery of a Fairy's dream."

Twilight was rapidly approaching, as we stepped from our boat, but the sight of the "Trossachs" made us forget all previous fatigue, and wild with delight,

[1] Clementina Sarah Drummond, daughter of James, 1st Lord Perth; married, 1807, Peter Robert Drummond-Burrell, 19th Baron Willoughby de Eresby.

at the beauty of the glen, and the bold pass, along the mountain, we proceeded on foot for a mile and a half, to this crowded inn, with the long Gaelic name, which I have written above (Ardcheanochrochan). By dint of bribes, and entreaties, Julia, and myself, are to be *accommodated*, with one single bed, in a miserable shed of an outhouse, used as a laundry-room, with no floor but the bare ground, and a bed in the same cheerless place for our maid. Mr. and Mrs. Webster are to have the bedroom, and the two other gentlemen, the parlour carpet!

August 31. Stewart's Inn, Ardcheanochrochan. We are in full view of "Loch Achray," but the incessant rain prevents our seeing the beauties of the spot. I no longer wonder at the question of the stranger to the Scotch woman; "Pray," said he, "does it *always rain* in these parts?" "Nae," said the simple woman, "it sometimes *snaws!*" Our accommodations are so wretched that we are anxious to proceed, and in accordance with this determination, Mr. and Mrs. Webster and Edward have already left here, in the only post-chaise, that could be had, in the shape of a vehicle, and are to send it back with fresh horses, for the rest of our party, from "Callander."

Sunday, September 1. Stirling. At one o'clock, on the return of the post-chaise, we left for Callander, in a most violent rain storm. We crossed the "Brig o' Turk," and drove along the river Teith, passing Lanrick mead, and Lake Vennachar, and over the ford where Roderick Dhu is supposed to have led FitzJames, previous to their contest; we reached Callander ten miles distant, where a good dinner, and comfortable apartments awaited us. In the afternoon, we proceeded to this place, passing near Doune castle, and over the bridge on the river Forth, having a good view of Stirling castle on our right, as we entered the town. It is said to be Edinburgh castle in miniature, and like Dumbarton, it is elevated high above the village, which it completely overlooks, as well as the surrounding country. It is of very remote antiquity, and from its esplanade, the view is superb. "Dunblane" where dwelt the "fair Jesse," and "Allan Water" are both visible, and the mountains of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich, Ben Venue, and the Grampian hills. We also saw the "Lady's rock" mentioned by Walter Scott, beneath which, the ancient tournaments were held, and where Douglas performed his wondrous feats. Our guide we accidentally learned, was a soldier in the 71st

regiment, and was stationed at Quebec, eight years ago, at the time of our visit there. He remarked, that "America was a fine country, and that he much preferred it, to his present station"; he told us that the Governor of the castle, was named "Christie." From the newspapers, we learn, that "Lord Eglinton held another tournament, on the 30th inst., when the long anticipated banquet, and ball took place in magnificent style." From letters also from London, we learn, that there are invitations for us all, from the Duke of Wellington to dinner, this is the second opportunity we have lost, of dining with this distinguished man; our absence at this time, preventing it, of course.

Monday Evening, September 2. Edinburgh. We embarked on board a steamboat this morning, and saw many objects of interest, as we passed along the river Forth; on its banks, were the ruins of a monastery of Cistercians, long since gone, and the few remains of a castle, where it is said, the Grandmother of Oliver Cromwell was born. On our way to the steamer, we had a good view of "Cambuskenneth Abbey," alluded to in the "Lady of the Lake," and also in Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" as a spot associated with the name of William Wallace.

One spot was pointed out, as the residence in olden times of a lady named Stuart, who had in her possession a sword, once belonging to Robert Bruce. She was an aristocratic old lady, and when she was asked if she belonged to Bruce's family, with great dignity and hauteur, she replied: "Robert Bruce belonged to *my* family, Sir." With this sword, she used to confer the honour of knighthood, and it is said, that Burns the poet, was once knighted in this way, by the old lady Stuart. We stopped at Alloa for coal, but our sail was much protracted, owing to constant stoppages, and finally a copious shower completed the regret we had already begun to experience, that we had not taken the land route to Edinburgh. When however, the beautiful city became visible, in the distance, we were consoled, in the hope of arriving at last, and of exchanging our wet garments, near a comfortable fire. We were landed at Newhaven, and crossing a long chain pier at "Trinity," found carriages in waiting, that soon brought us to this comfortable "Douglas Hotel," where "Holton" was awaiting our coming, having accompanied the luggage, and carriage, and previously arranged with our host, for the suite of very fine apartments which we now occupy.

September 3. Douglas Hotel, Edinburgh. We have been busily occupied all day, in endeavoring to make ourselves familiar, with this novel, and picturesque city; we have also been tempted to purchase some beautiful Scotch fabrics, the manufacture of which, is peculiar to Scotland. Among other things, we have visited the "Museum of Scotch Antiquities," where we saw what is said to be the real "John Knox's pulpit," although there are some four or five others, shown, in different parts of Scotland; possibly, he may have at different times, used them all. There was also the "Standard of the Covenanters" used at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, a pair of white kid gloves, embroidered in black, once the property of Queen Mary, a cane, with the name of "Signor da Rizzio," on its ivory head, also, a large rusty *key*, found in Loch Leven, and lastly, a ticket of admission "to a Ball, and Masquerade," that was to have been given in Boston, America, in 1776, but was given up, in consequence of the departure of the British troops. Our spacious parlour, from which I write, faces the square, in front of the house, where stands, a fine monument to Lord Melville, whose statue ornaments the top. Beyond this square, some ways down George's Street, facing our windows,

stands a statue of George IV; down the same beautiful street, still below this, is still another, erected to William Pitt. On our left, is the "Royal bank," with a statue of the 4th Earl of Hopetoun standing beside a horse, the head of the animal bent down between his forefeet. The population of Edinburgh is about 40,000. Mr. Webster has just returned from a visit to the Courts of Law, and Advocates' library, and has seated himself in Walter Scott's chair. We all know that this is the scene of the "Heart of Mid Lothian"; Edinburghshire is Mid Lothian, Haddingtonshire is East Lothian, and Linlithgowshire is West Lothian. The whole of the South shore of the Firth of Forth, bears the general name of "Lothian," being divided into the above named counties. I have found here a long and interesting letter from Lady Georgiana Fane, in which she speaks of the Duke's having sent us all invitations to dinner, and says he appeared "excessively disappointed" when he learned from her, that Mr. Webster was not in London. To-morrow we go to "Dalmahoy" for a few days, the seat of the Earl of Morton, which is about nine miles from Edinburgh. This invitation we received, and accepted in London, but Mr. Webster felt, that owing to the accession to our party, we

were too numerous now, to make this visit, and went with excuses to Lord and Lady Morton to-day; but these hospitable persons would not listen to any excuses, and *insisted* on Mr. Webster's bringing us *all* to Dalmahoy to-morrow, as they had been expecting us for two days, and rooms were ready for our occupancy, and in short, they would take no refusal.

Wednesday, September 4. This is by far, the most beautiful city, I ever saw. Its streets and public buildings are certainly on a very magnificent scale, and nothing can be more striking, than the contrast between the old town, and the new; in the former, some of the houses rise to the height of *twelve* storeys. We have just returned from visiting the "Abbey, and palace of Holyrood," and "Edinburgh Castle." The former, was founded by David I, in 1128, sometimes called "Saint David."

"Since good King David reared thy walls."

It is a large quadrangular building of hewn stone, and so connected with Scottish history, that it by the most indifferent, cannot but be regarded with deep, and powerful interest. It is situated at the extreme end of the long street of the Canongate, overlooked by "Calton Hill," the "beetling cliffs" of "Salisbury

Crags," and " Arthur's Seat" ; yet the situation of Holyrood house is low, and far from being imposing, notwithstanding the romantic scenery that surrounds it. No use has been made of the Abbey since the revolution, except as a cemetery for the illustrious dead. At the upper end, on the right, is a vault, into which we looked, through an iron grating, and there lay, the skeleton figures, of the only remaining kings, and queens of Scotland ; the coffins enclosing them are long since gone, and there they lie, on separate shelves, for the idle, and curious, to gaze upon. Among them are those of Darnley, Mary's husband, and Jane, Countess of Argyll, half-sister to the Queen, and who was supping with her, and Rizzio, the night this unfortunate man was so savagely butchered, in the royal presence. A flat stone, covers a grave, said to be his, but this is still a disputed fact. It is assigned as a reason, for doubting, that Rizzio's murderers hated and despised him too much, to have buried him, in so honoured a spot. In the only remaining tower, is a handsome marble monument to the memory of Lord Belhaven, " who died at Edinburgh the 12th January, from the incarnation of the Messiah 1639, and of his age 66, being the third year above his great climacteric." Other

stones, mark the graves, of many Monks, Abbots, and Saints. On a tombstone of more recent date, than those that surround it, I read: "to the memory of the Earl of Selkirk, and his daughters, the Ladies Isabella and Catherine Douglas," they were the ancestors of our London friends. The picture gallery, 150 feet long, an ordinary looking, cheerless apartment, contains the portraits of 100 Kings of Scotland; most of them were miserable daubs; one female head among them, taken for Marie Stuart, but much defaced at Cromwell's time, by his people, who made this their barrack room. The cicerone, a respectable sort of matron, who monopolized the showing of these apartments, conducted us to poor "Marie's audience chamber," and more interesting still, to her "bed-room," and diminutive "closet," the scene of the Italian's murder. On the table is the armour (of gigantic proportions), boot and gloves, once worn by Henry Darnley. In the presence room is a portrait of Jane Shore, Nell Gwyn, and a chair of state made for the Queen, at the time of her marriage with Darnley. The bed was of crimson damask, with green trimmings and fringes, but sadly time-worn, and curtailed, by the fingers of rapacious antiquarians. The guide also exhibited

Queen Mary's workbox, and her candlestick, and a covering for a workbox, the embroidery, the "work of the Queen's own hands." The rooms are, as they were, when occupied; the dark passage, through which the conspirators came, is still shown, although we were warned not to enter, on account of the insecurity of the floor, the partitions of which *were* of *red paint*, but worm eaten, and fast decaying away. The unfortunate favorite was dragged from this closet, through the bedchamber, to the upper end of the presence room, where he was left, pierced with 56 wounds. To the stain of blood, our good woman, with the utmost faith, and credulity, called our attention, and also to the partition, which divided this, from the remainder of the room; it once had, without doubt, been one apartment. According to the guide, Queen Mary had herself, ordered this partition, "to shut out from her sight the fatal spot," at the same time, she had forbidden the removal of the stains, that it might forever remain a monument "of so black, and guilty a deed." After purchasing some prints descriptive of this interesting spot, we proceeded on our visit to Edinburgh castle, and while ascending to the top, which was quite steep, we met, several detachments of the 78th Highlanders,

in their picturesque costumes, coming down. They were on their way to the Links of the river Forth. We afterward saw the whole regiment of five hundred men, from the castle; it was a very fine sight. The view from the ramparts is very extensive and beautiful; their great elevation commanding a vast extent of diversified country. In one room of the castle, James VI, the son of Mary, was born; it is a dark, cheerless place, and not more than nine feet square. At 5 o'clock we drove to "Dalmahoy," and were received with great cordiality by Lord and Lady Morton. On our way we passed the extensive estate of Sir James Craig.[1]

The Countess of Haddington is staying here, a lady of about 60 years of age (we had previously met her one evening at Lady Wharncliffe's in London). Mr. Hope,[2] the dean of Faculty, arrived soon after ourselves, and he, and Lady Haddington and ourselves, constitute the dinner guests to-day. Lord Morton had just returned from a shooting excursion with his son, as we arrived, and received us in his hunting apparel. He is a charming person, with

[1] Sir James Gibson-Craig, Baronet, 1765–1850.

[2] John Hope, 1794–1858; Scottish judge; Dean of Faculty of Advocates, 1830.

great simplicity of manners, cultivated, and hospitable, a direct descendant from George Douglas,[1] the first Earl of Morton, who so aided Mary's escape from Loch Leven. A portrait of the Queen, once his property, and known to be original, hangs over the drawing-room mantel-piece at Dalmahoy; it is a pleasing picture, but not so beautiful a face, as the one I have spoken of, as seen at Warwick Castle.

Thursday, September 5. Dalmahoy. The rain, which had been unceasing, until one o'clock, did cease, to our great joy, at the hour of luncheon, and Lady Morton proposed a drive to Hopetoun House, which, as it is said to be one of the finest things in Scotland, we were glad of an opportunity of seeing. Lady Hopetoun, and her beautiful sister Miss Macdonald, had just returned from Eglinton castle. The house itself contains some remarkable paintings. A Murillo, of a Lady Abbess, has been several times copied, and is a most powerful painting. The pictures were all attached to the walls, by *hinges*, allowing their being moved, like a door, or shutter,

[1] George Douglas, who helped Queen Mary escape from Lochleven in 1567, was never Earl of Morton. His elder brother, William Douglas, succeeded to the peerage in 1588, as 6th or 7th Earl of Morton. This latter was custodian of Queen Mary at Lochleven, and was the ancestor of the Earls of Morton.

to accommodate the light. This is not unusual in other picture galleries we have visited. The grounds however, are the great charm of the spot. The sea terrace is quite extensive, and commands a fine view of the Firth of Forth, Blackness castle, and Borrowstounness, all of which places, we had ourselves passed, on the river, in coming to Edinburgh. The place is celebrated all over Scotland for its extensive prospect. A "Scotch mist," produced by the rain, was prevailing, which injured the view, greatly to Lady Hopetoun's regret, who remarked "that if we pronounced it fine, in this state of the atmosphere, that she might, without vanity be allowed to say, that we should be enchanted on a day, when the atmosphere was quite clear." Lady Hopetoun has one son and heir, an only child,[1] and in a fair way to be spoiled, by the specimen we had. Her health, ever since his birth, has been very precarious. She now suffers from a dropsical complaint, and her lips, which are quite purple, in their colour, indicate also, an additional complaint of the heart. They both wore mourning for the recent death of a Sister; the clear and brilliant complexion of Miss Macdonald, contrasting most becomingly, with the sombre hue

[1] John Alexander Hope, 6th Earl of Hopetoun, 1831–73.

of her dress. They said, that although the ball, took place on the next night but one, at Eglinton, it was not the successful affair, that was anticipated; the continued rain having caused a dampness, which the heat of the wax lights for a time contributed so much to increase, that ladies were all sending for their scarfs, mantles, and even their cashmere shawls, to protect themselves from the chill, produced by the mist, of the temporary ball-room. Unfortunate Lord Eglinton! And still more unfortunate tournament bringing in the end, but disappointment, and dismay, to its amiable, and excellent projector! I quite congratulate myself on having seen this beautiful and far-famed Hopetoun. The poet Burns, in a little song, to the tune of "Maggy Lauder" (I believe), thus speaks of it:

"Had I Dundas' whole estate,
Or *Hopetoun's* wealth to shine in,
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining,
I'd lay them a' at Jeannie's feet
Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted Knight
I'd be my Jeannie's lover."
&c. &c. &c.

We reached Dalmahoy just in time to make our toilette for dinner. The homeward drive was de-

lightful, the sun was again shining, and the cultivated, and beautiful country, seen to the best advantage. We talked of Miss Burdett-Coutts; Lady Morton thought she might never marry, from her having been already, the mark for so numerous a class of fortune hunters, and the extreme difficulty of making a choice, where the temptation of her immense wealth, made their pretensions so questionable. Lady Morton named one or two gentlemen, who had made love to the lady, but the wealthy heiress read their hearts, and scorned their love. I shrewdly suspect that the Rev'd. Mr. Harness is not without hopes of success in this quarter. He half seriously, desired me one evening, at Miss Rogers', to recommend him to the lady, but nothing but the strictest intimacy, could excuse an intrusion of that nature.

Lady Morton also related anecdotes of Walter Scott, who often visited at Dalmahoy. When the Tales of a Grandfather first appeared, her elder children with eagerness, again, and again devoured its contents, and very soon the book became dog-eared, and thumbed, from its constant use. One evening, as it lay upon the table, Sir Walter saw its condition, and turning to Lady Morton assured her

"it was the greatest compliment he had ever received," and he then sat down among the children at the table, and related to them additional anecdotes of their ancestor the Earl of Douglas, and entranced the children's attention for over an hour, to the delight of all auditors, both great, and small. Our hostess was disappointed in two guests at dinner, Mr. Stewart, a neighbouring gentleman, and their son and heir, Lord Aberdour,[1] he is in the army, and now stationed at Stirling, with his regiment; he was at Quebec with Lord Durham. Lord Morton wrote to his Son, to obtain leave of absence, but from his not appearing, they infer, that the application was unsuccessful. Owing to the late Chartist disturbances, they have become very strict in the army. There was however, no deficiency of either hilarity, or kindness, and good cheer, at our dinner table, and the evening has been enlivened by good music from Lady Anne,[2] the eldest unmarried daughter, and the agreeable interchange of conversation, and pleasant chat, among all parties. The Governess, a particularly ladylike, interesting, and

[1] Sholto John Douglas, Lord Aberdour, 1818–84, later 18th Earl of Morton.

[2] Ellen Susan Anne Douglas was the second daughter.

youthful person, appeared after dinner, at Lady Morton's "invitation." She told us, that she did this frequently when there was company, but *never*, when she, and Lord Morton were alone. She also remarked (and it seemed most just), that the situation of a Governess was after all rather pitiable, for she seemed to belong to, neither one class, nor the other, in English Society, poor thing! I sat down by this invited "guest," and found her sensible, modest, and apparently clever, and thought how desolate and lonely, must her lot often be! Our hostess has six children, three boys, and three girls; little Gertrude who is three years old, and the youngest, is admitted daily to the dessert, while the older ones are found afterward in the drawing-room. This little girl is the pet, and darling, is very lovely, with blue eyes, flaxen hair in long ringlets, and rosy cheeks and lips; they dress her in embroidered cambrics, and muslins, trimmed with ribbon and bows, and she is indeed one of the sweetest little Hebes I ever looked upon. Lady Haddington overheard her correcting her nurse, who called her "*Miss* Gertrude," she insisting she was not "Miss," but the "Lady Gertrude"; they were apparently much amused at this, and wondered where she could

have learned the fact! The eldest daughter[1] has married Viscount Milton, the eldest son of Lord Fitzwilliam, to whose country seat near Peterborough, Mr. Webster and party have been invited. Lady Milton was confined in July, with a son and heir. Lady Morton herself, is daughter to Sir George Rose, who many years ago was British minister to our country. The Duke of Gordon, from whose castle Willis wrote his letters, is a relative of Lady Morton; it seems that Willis, on his return to America, wrote an apologetical letter to his Grace, on account of his recent publications, and at the same time begged permission to dedicate his forthcoming book to him!

Friday evening, September 6. Edinburgh. Lord and Lady Morton expressed much regret that we could not remain with them another day, but our engagements prevented.

We have been dining, according to previous arrangement, at "Craigcrook Castle," the country place of Lord Jeffrey,[2] nine miles out of Edinburgh. Mrs.

[1] Frances Harriet Douglas, daughter of George Sholto, 17th Earl of Morton; married, 1838, William Thomas Spencer Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, Viscount Milton, later 6th Earl Fitzwilliam; died, 1895.

[2] Francis Jeffrey, Lord Jeffrey, 1773–1850; Scottish judge and critic; Judge of the Court of Sessions, 1834–50.

Jeffrey, and her Daughter Mrs. Empson, had called on us this morning, and named half past six, as their dinner hour, but Lord Jeffrey afterward, saw Mr. Webster, and made it a particular request, that he would come out at five, that he might have an opportunity of showing him his park, grounds, &c. Mrs. Jeffrey was walking in her grounds, when we arrived, but shortly appeared, with a bouquet of pinks, from her garden, and after sitting for a short time retired to dress for dinner. Mrs. Jeffrey is an American, and was the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Wilkes of New York. She was cousin to the first Mrs. Charles Codman[1] (formerly Miss McMasters), and about the present wife, she made many enquiries. She is full of intelligence, and talent, but labours under a most excessive nervous affection, that keeps her limbs, and features, in a constant, and painful motion. Her daughter, has an infant five months old, which she is to leave shortly, in the care of her Mother, while she accompanies her husband for six or seven months to London. Lord Jeffrey himself, is a small sized, rather spare person, with a prepossessing countenance, with hair of mingled grey. His house is not large, but prettily furnished. It was

[1] Ann McMasters; married Charles Russell Codman.

formerly attached to the ecclesiastical estate of Holyrood, but at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, it fell into other hands, when Lord Jeffrey shortly after his marriage, purchased it of Mr. Cadell,[1] the Edinburgh book-seller (connected with Walter Scott, and often mentioned by Lockhart, in his life of his father-in-law). Over the mantel-piece in Lord Jeffrey's "den" was an exquisite piece of oak carving inserted in the wall; a relic from the screen of a cathedral, I believe. His guests were Sir Robert Rolfe,[2] Mr. Rutherfurd the Lord advocate, Lord Colburn,[3] Lord Fullerton,[4] and Mr. Fullerton, and Mr. Empson, the son-in-law; these were men of eminence of the bench and bar.

In the drawing-room, was a cabinet portrait in full length, of Keats. He was an intimate friend of Lord J's, and the likeness, they said, was striking. It was a melancholy face. Mrs. Jeffrey happened to receive a letter to-day from Mr. Edward Ellice, who owns a place in the Highlands, the pur-

[1] Robert Cadell, 1788–1849; Edinburgh publisher.

[2] Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe, later Baron Cranworth, 1790–1868; lawyer; took a seat on the bench in 1839.

[3] Possibly Henry Thomas Cockburn, Lord Cockburn, 1779–1854; Scottish judge.

[4] John Fullerton, Lord Fullerton, 1775–1853; Scottish judge; Lord of Session.

port of the letter, was for them to say to "Mr. Webster and party, that he depended on seeing them in the Highlands, and that if we would come for two days, to his house, he would accompany us to Aberdeen, and other places of interest near." This would be interesting and agreeable, but Mr. Webster has decided, that it is out of our power to go further north, and the invitation must therefore be declined, as well as another, which Mr. Webster has received, to dine with the Dean of Faculty, to-morrow; but we must proceed on our way. We left Dalmahoy this morning after breakfast, Mr. Webster being under an engagement at 12 o'clock, to visit with Mr. Hope (the Dean of Faculty), the Advocates' library and other institutions connected with it. Lady Haddington civilly expressed her regret that her absence from home deprived her of the pleasure of receiving us at "Tynninghame House."

A few weeks in the vicinity of Edinburgh might be most profitably and agreeably spent; we did not attempt the ascent of "Salisbury Crag," or of "Arthur's Seat," both of which are celebrated for their fine, and extensive views. On the whole, this is the most beautiful and striking city we have yet seen, and the prognostications of Sir Robert Peel, have been

more than verified, for we *are very* "*much*" pleased with "far famed Caledonia."

September 7. Cornhill, Northumberland. We find ourselves unexpectedly, once more in England, as this little piece of the County of Northumberland comes in a strange way up to this corner, although the larger portion of the county, is fifty miles distant. There is much in Scotland to delight the eye, and gratify the taste, but in point of neatness, and comfort, England greatly excels her neighbour. Among the peasantry, and at the different Inns, this is particularly striking. The women of the common class in Scotland wear no shoes or stockings, although on Sundays, and gala days, they dress as well as the same class, in our own country; but from Kilmarnock to Eglinton, the people, although dressed in their best, were walking the roads in crowds, and both male, and female, with their bare feet!

We were detained longer than we intended at Edinburgh this morning, in consequence of the chamber-maid's having abducted a quantity of our valuable laces and muslins, under the pretence of getting them clearstarched. On sending our maid for the missing articles, the chamber-maid strenuously denied all knowledge of them, denying that she ever received

them, &c. As this occurred, as we were on the point of leaving, we laid our case before the Landlady, who hopes to be able to restore our lost articles. There was a large quantity, and of considerable value, and we shall be much inconvenienced if we do not recover the articles again.* At half past seven, *again in the rain*, we left Edinburgh and drove to Torsonce, a distance of twenty-four miles, where we breakfasted; the house untidy, the breakfast uninviting. There taking fresh horses we proceeded to "Galashiels," and thence to "Abbotsford" the darling home of Sir Walter Scott, the "Tweedside laird." How shall I describe my feelings, as we first caught sight of this deeply interesting spot? But who could see even its distant turrets, with indifference? It stands low, on the banks of the Tweed (a sweet river, overhung by bushes). It commands no prospect, and is altogether a less stately edifice, than would be inferred from most of the prints that are seen. Sir Walter called it "Abbotsford" from the fact of the lands, having once belonged to Melrose Abbey; and Melrose itself is visible from different spots about the

* Some days after they were *most of them* forwarded to us, but we should never have found them, had we not made a great stir in the matter, and insisted on the *facts*. (H. S. P.)

grounds. The entrance hall is about 40 feet long, the floor in mosaic of black and white marble. It contains a great variety of interesting relics, of all kinds. The ceiling is painted to resemble oak, and ornamented with the family crest. Emblazoned on the wall opposite the entrance, are the shields and crests of the Border Chieftains with various devices, and above them this inscription:

"These be the coat armories of the clannis, and chiefmen of name, wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the kynge; Trewe war they in their tyme, and in their defense, God them defendyt."

On the left of the wall are two carved figures representing Saint Peter, and Saint Paul, copied from Melrose; as was also a stone mantel-piece here seen. At the opposite extremity are two mailed figures, in full suits of armour, one being copied from the Tower of London, and the other, we were told by the show-woman, was Italian. From the entrance hall we passed to a sort of small armoury filled with spears, claymores, and a great, and interesting collection of various warlike implements. This communicates with the dining-room, not of very large dimensions, hung round with portraits, and contig-

uous is the drawing-room, where near an Oriel window, overlooking the Tweed, is said to be the consecrated spot where the "Mighty Minstrel of the North" as Washington Irving calls him, breathed out his precious life. The whole house abounds with antiquities. The Library is next contiguous, and evidently a more recent addition in Sir Walter's later, and more prosperous days. It is handsome, and spacious, being somewhere about sixty feet by fifty. It is said to contain twenty odd thousand volumes. Over the mantel, is a full length portrait of the eldest son, the present Sir Walter, in his handsome regimental dress. He has now gone with his regiment to India. His appearance is said to be quite unlike his Father's; he has not the reputation either of any remarkable talent, or cleverness, he might however, pass for such, were he the son of almost any other man. Since the death of the original, Chantrey's noble bust of Sir Walter, has been placed in a niche in this library, also one of Shakspeare, a facsimile to the one over the tomb at Avon. From this, we passed to the study or sanctum of Sir Walter; it was truly a hallowed spot! Here was the table, or desk, at which he wrote, the chair he occupied, the lamp and its midnight oil yet unspent,

but the magic minstrel where was he? It was a small, plain apartment lighted by one single window, with a cabinet, and bookshelves. A gallery, or balustrade encircles the wall above, and communicates through a small door, to the dressing-room, and bed-room of the Poet. From these apartments, Sir Walter could descend the staircase to the room below, going, and returning at his will, without another's cognizance. Attached to this lower room, is a little closet, the four pillars of which are composed of the posts of a bedstead, said to have been once the property of Mary of Scots, in childhood; it is of very ancient oak, somewhat elaborately carved, a gift to Sir Walter, many years ago. Against the wall, is a glass case containing the last garments he wore; the pantaloons of shepherd's plaid, the coat, and vest, and hanging near, are his boots, his cane, upon which he so constantly leaned, and likewise his hunting belt. These are most painful, and affecting memorials of a great man, but I question the propriety, of placing them where they are, for the gratification of public curiosity; they are too sacred to be looked upon by every vulgar eye. In the drawing-room was a table, and upon it a large vase, a present from Lord Byron to Scott; we also saw a beautiful carved writing desk,

the gift of George III, and chairs richly wrought (in ebony I presume), from King George IV. The garden was full of blooming flowers. In it, was a large stone fountain, said to have stood upon the cross at Edinburgh, and to have played with *wine*, on great occasions, in former times. In our walk about the grounds, we were accosted by an aged woman of neat appearance, who said in broad, and almost unintelligible Scotch, that it was "saft weather." She told me that she "cam wi Thomas Purdie sax and twenty years ago to Abbotsford," and here she had remained ever since. It was the "rib" of poor Thomas Purdie, the faithful wood-forester, whose death, was so shocking to Sir Walter that he writes to Cadell that he really "wished to be quit of the country, and safe in town." Close to Melrose Abbey is a monument to his memory, erected by Sir Walter, ten years ago; the epitaph finishes with this beautiful quotation from Scripture: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." On the left of the garden pathway, just on entering the porch is a representation in stone, of the favorite stag hound Maida, with the following inscription;

"Maidae Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis."

Lockhart in his "Life" tells us, this was thus Englished by Sir Walter:

> "Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your Master's door."

There is said to be an error, in the second line, "Ad januam," being false in quantity, acknowledged afterward by the poet, and explained also in Lockhart's life of Scott.

We were at once, reminded of Fletcher's epitaph, on his father's famous horse "Steamboat," so celebrated for his great strength and speed, buried on Gotham hill, at Marshfield.

Hic jacet
Steamboat
D. Websterii
Equus celeberrimus
Siste viator! viator te major hic sistit.

Lady Morton told me that Anne Scott[1] was extremely good and amiable, but not remarkable in any way for talent. Sophia[2] (Mrs. Lockhart) bore a much closer mental resemblance to her Father, and was clever and accomplished. The son of Lockhart's ("Johnny"), who died, was a child of most uncommon

[1] Anne Scott; died, 1833.

[2] Charlotte Sophia Scott; married John Gibson Lockhart; died, 1837.

promise; the two surviving ones, a son and daughter, are both of delicate constitutions, and have not as yet, given proofs of inheriting the cleverness of the little "Johnny Lockhart," about whom Scott expressed himself so anxiously, and prophetically in his "diary."

A distance of three miles brought us to Melrose Abbey, the scene of the "Lay of the last Minstrel." It is an interesting ruin, and the perspective on entering is fine. It had one great deficiency which I could not overcome; the absence of the ivy which adds so much to most other ruins in Europe. The guide, Johnny Bower, a bit of an artist (of whom we purchased views of Abbotsford, and of these ruins), remarked that ivy, was the particular dislike of "the Laird," it being so destructive to ruins, insinuating itself between the stones, and thereby causing them to fall. This observation surprised me, as I had previously quite a different impression, that by its clinging support, a fine column, or an arch, had been often hereby, preserved, to the delight of all antiquarians, and lovers of the picturesque. This abbey was built by the Cistercians, an order of monks, formerly from Normandy, I *think;* notwithstanding its want of "clasping tendrils," no one can feel anything but deep interest in a spot, so hallowed with

A PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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the memory of the "good Sir Walter," and it is also said to be the same place, under the name "Kennaquhair" alluded to in the "Monastery," and the "Abbot." Our showman was enthusiastic in his praises of Sir Walter, several times repeating scraps of his poetry, and of that well-known extract, beginning:

> "If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

All similar scenes are greatly enhanced by the "pale light of the moon," but of this enjoyment, we were necessarily denied. Johnny pointed out the east window of the South transept through which the moon came, and imagination did the rest. He also shewed us the stone upon which the Poet used to sit with Maida by his side. He said that Sir Walter was generally accompanied by some "great personage," staying at Abbotsford, with him, and that seven or eight times during the season, he was there. On his last visit, he was accompanied by Captain Burns, the son of the Poet. When Johnny expressed the hope that his contemplated visit to Italy would be of service, Scott shook his head, and said: "I fear, Johnny, this is the last time we shall meet in this world. If so, then fare ye well, Johnny, for I fear it is so."

Three miles from Melrose is Dryburgh Abbey, along the banks of the river Tweed, where lie the remains of the "Master of Abbotsford," the spot in life, he chose, for his last resting place, where also lie the Haliburtons, the ancestors of his Mother. On the 26th of September he was here interred in the year 1832. No sound disturbed the poet's tomb, but the distant murmuring of his favorite Tweed.

"So Heaven has willed it, and we die."

The rain had ceased, and our drive from Melrose to Kelso, fifteen miles distant, was very agreeable. The town is very beautifully located, and has great celebrity for its salmon fishing and sporting. "Lammermoor" is but a few miles distant. The view from the bridge, is finely picturesque, commanding a sight of Roxburgh, or Fleurs castle, the seat of the young Duke of Roxburghe,[1] whose Duchess,[2] last Thursday, (we were told by Lady Morton), had presented him, with a son, and heir, the happy event being hailed with great rejoicings, in the family. The distant view of the old abbey of Kelso, adds much to

[1] James Henry Robert Innes-Ker, 6th Duke of Roxburghe, 1816–79.

[2] Susanna Stephanie Dalbiac, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir James Charles; married, 1836, James Henry Robert Innes-Ker, 6th Duke of Roxburghe.

the effect of the landscape. It appears to be a mingling of the Gothic, with the Saxon style of architecture; the arches that support the "lantern" of the tower, are thought to be inferior only, to York Minster. The coronation of King James took place in this church, in 1460 immediately upon the death of his Father, by the explosion of a cannon before the ancient castle of Roxburgh, the ruins of which are to be seen, a mile farther on. It was destroyed in 1460; the modern one, is still in the process of completion.

Our next post was to this place (Cornhill) through the town of Coldstream, where we have secured comfortable apartments. The Marquis of Waterford,[1] one of the Knights of the Tournament (and who made himself so conspicuous in our country a few years ago), is the owner of large estates in the vicinity of Cornhill; the Landlord tells us that he is now, *for the first time*, on a visit to these possessions, in the neighborhood. The land adjacent to the town, belongs principally to the Earl Grey.

[1] Henry de la Poer Beresford, 3d Marquis of Waterford, 1811–59. In his youth he obtained an unenviable notoriety for his eccentricities, but became afterwards one of the best landlords and most improving cultivators in Ireland, and universally popular and respected.

Here we shall quietly pass to-morrow, it being Sunday, after which, we shall bid adieu to Scotland.

> "Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
> Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
> Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
> Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods."

How frequently of late, has Robert Burns, and his sweet and true poetry, been brought to my recollection, by recent scenes!

VI

Journey back to London

SUNDAY, September 8. I am unable to accompany the rest of the party, to the church, near our lodgings, by an attack of rheumatism, caused by the constant dampness of the atmosphere. We were awakened from our repose at twelve o'clock last night, by a loud knocking, and beating against the outside door, with repeated calling, vociferating, and whistling beneath the bedroom windows. The inmates of the house, at length were roused, and after a rather long "confabulation," from the windows above, they were closed and the voices ceased, and all was again quiet. On enquiring at breakfast, the cause of this midnight uproar, and disturbance, we learned, that the Marquis of Waterford, had chosen that time of the night, for ordering post horses, to be in readiness this morning, for himself, and friends, to take them on a sporting, or fishing excursion, to Kelso *to-day!* They told us at this latter place, that this notorious personage, was shortly expected *there.* Consequently, soon after our breakfast was finished,

Lord Waterford, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Lord Ingestre[1] (a very wild fellow), Lord Alford[2] and Mr. Beresford, drove to the inn door, followed by a post-chaise, containing various articles of luggage, ammunition, champagne baskets, wooden tubs &c. &c. Their arrival apparently creating, great sensation in the neighbourhood, a crowd soon surrounding the carriages, and their party. After half an hour, spent in overlooking the transportation by their liveried servants, of these articles to the different parts of the travelling carriage, and strewing the roadside with the straw used in packing, they made preparations for their departure, with their four horses and open barouche, not before, however, Lord Waterford had made a profound bow, with a mischievous look at Julia, who had been a witness of all their proceedings, unobserved, as she had surely supposed, behind the muslin shade of the window.

September 8.[3] Aln Bridge, Northumberland. The weather was "pluvious" from the time of our quit-

[1] Henry John Chetwynd-Talbot, Viscount Ingestre, later 3d Earl Talbot and 18th Earl of Shrewsbury, 1803–68; married 1828, Sarah Elizabeth Beresford, daughter of Henry de la Poer, 2d Marquis of Waterford.

[2] John Hume Cust, Viscount Alford, 1812–51; son of Earl Brownlow.

[3] The date is repeated.

ting Cornhill this evening, until reaching the above. We passed over the scene of the battle of "Flodden Field," and by "Ossulston Park" the seat of the Earl of Tankerville. Our first post thirteen miles, brought us to Wooler, thirteen more, and we reached this place. The inn is clean and comfortable; we have ordered fires for all our bedrooms, but hope for more favorable weather, for an early start, on the morrow.

Alnwick castle, the celebrated seat of the Duke of Northumberland, is but eight miles distant, but it is out of our route, the Duke is also there, and we do not visit it to-morrow.

September 9. Northallerton, Yorkshire. We left "Aln Bridge" at 7 o'clock; breakfasted at "Morpeth" fourteen miles, changing horses at a town called "Coquet" half way between the two. Fifteen miles further brought us to "Newcastle-upon-Tyne"; the tall, smoky chimneys of its collieries, bringing to mind even at the distance the old adage "of carrying coals to Newcastle." Nine more miles, and we reached Durham, where we tarried a short time to examine its ancient cathedral, which has considerable celebrity. It is of the Anglo-Saxon style, and the largest we have yet seen. The exterior of yel-

lowish stone is very fine, not strictly in the form of the Greek cross, like most others, we have visited, and there are more than the usual number of transepts. It was built at the end of the tenth, and the beginning of the eleventh century. The oak carvings on the principal door, are very beautiful; the font is a very singular one, of the same material, in the main central aisle. The columns of the church, are of varied, singular, and even of rude architecture. Behind the screen of the grand altar, was the shrine of Saint Cuthbert, the stone being quite worn away, where the guide said, the "Pilgrims were accustomed to kneel and pray." The tombs and monuments were not numerous. The most remarkable was that of Bede, the historian, with the following inscription:

"Hac sunt in fossa
Bedae Venerabilis ossa."

Another stone covered the remains of Stephen Kemble, the brother of John, but I read no other familiar names.

Our next post from Durham was Rushyford nine miles distant, and sixteen more brought us to Darlington. According to the little minutes, which the dean of faculty Mr. Hope, gave Mr. Webster, at

parting, this town as a resting place, was to be avoided. The hotel looked uninviting. A few minutes consultation decided us to order "horses out," and proceed nineteen miles further to this Northallerton, from which place I now write. By means of a douceur to the "boys," these last 19 miles were accomplished, according to Mr. Appleton's watch, in just one hour and a half. Thus we have driven 82 miles, and have reached here at a quarter before seven o'clock; we have just finished a repast combining a dinner, and tea in one. We are now one hundred and seventy miles from Edinburgh. Again the rain has followed us, but a rainy day in England, or Scotland, seems to differ from ours; here, it is composed of showers, with occasional promises of sunshine, and then again

— "Comes a shower
Of rain, that might deluge the world in an hour!"

Mr. Webster thinks that to this is to be attributed the fact, that the corn (the great product of this country, and which means any kind of grain), is not completely spoiled, by the prevailing rains, of the last month. The light breezes which occasionally spring up, with the glimpses of sunshine, absorb the moisture shed by the rain upon the fields,

and preserve them from the fate, which with such a succession of *American* rainy days, must surely befall them.

I have at last, found a book, that has told me, more than I knew, of the historian Bede, when I saw his tomb. I will copy it for the advantage of those at home, who may happen to be as ignorant as myself.

"Venerable Bede, born at Wearmouth, in Durham, A.D. 673; wrote Comments, or rather composed Catena on the principal books of the Old and New Testaments, from the writings of the Fathers, in which he interspersed a few original remarks. His works were printed at Colonna in 1688."

September 10. York, Yorkshire. Breakfasted at Northallerton, and at seven o'clock were driving through a very pretty country to Ripon fifteen miles distant. Here we rested for the purpose of seeing the extensive and justly celebrated ruins of Fountains Abbey, three miles from the town, on the estates of a Miss Lawrence, a maiden lady of seventy. She owns not only the estate of Studley and Fountains Abbey, but a large part of Ripon itself, and the surrounding country. Our walk to the ruins,

was quite that of a mile, through the beautiful grounds of the estate. The river "Skell" runs through the spot, and has been made subservient to its liberal owner's taste, in giving greater effect, to the original loveliness of the spot. The walk was through long rows of shady trees, with occasional openings to most attractive views, not only of an artificial lake and river, but also of beautiful temples, and rustic bridges; groups of fine statuary, give almost a fairylike appearance to the whole. We were told by the guide that a walk of four miles would be necessary to see all the beauties of the place, but this we declined, requesting to be taken at once, to the ruins. The first view, riveted at once our attention, and admiration; attractive as it is, it gives but a faint idea of its extreme extent, and beauty.

In a hollow rock a short distance from the ruin, formed it is said, by an excavation when the Abbey was constructed, was the most remarkably distinct echo I ever remember to have heard. "Fountains Abbey" was built by that powerful order, the Cistercian monks in 1132; the edifice was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and in compliment to its chief patron St. Bernard, was named

after the place of his birth, "Fountains." "The Cistercians were an order that affected to restore that of St. Benedict to its original purity. Their austerity and strict religious discipline caused them to be much noticed, and being joined by St. Bernard, whose reputation for sanctity was only equalled by his abilities, they speedily became one of the most religious bodies in Christendom"; so says history.

We entered a door, through the "Lady chapel" which extends like a transept, beyond the body of the church. According to the guide, this single chapel was 131 feet by 27. The choir is 92 feet, 9 inches in length, and 67 feet, 3 inches in width. The two eastern arches are entire. The pavement of the Altar was quite perfect, with the exception of one single stone, abstracted by some sacrilegious wretch, but a few days previous. The mason was at that moment, endeavoring to remedy this misfortune, and our guide remarked, that should the fact of the theft, come to the knowledge of "the old lady," an end would be, at once put, to the coming of all future visitors, to the Abbey; doubtless, greatly to the detriment of the said guide's fortunes. The nave is 99 feet in length, and we counted eleven arches on each side.

The proportions of the great West window are very fine.

From this, we passed to a quadrangular court, containing 126 square feet, and through this, we were taken to the ancient dormitory, to the refectory, and to the kitchen, also to the remains of the Abbot's residence, and apartments for visitors. The "Chapter House" still remains, with the tombs, and inscriptions upon many of them. South of the chapter house, was the Infirmary, and lodging-room. The kitchen, had a spacious fireplace, and communicated on one side, with a dining-room, on the other with a wine cellar, a curious spot, showing these saintly abbots, not unmindful of the good things of the *flesh*, as well as of the *spirit*. The Cloisters were however, the most interesting, and striking portion of the building. Through the care, and liberality of their owner, they are kept in a sound state, and although I have seen of late, many others, these realize my ideas of "a cloister," far beyond anything else. They are under ground like catacombs, and their perspective is superb. They have groined arches of the same rare antique architecture as that of Chester; they are not supported on columns, but form one whole, to the ground. The same river Skell runs through the

South end of these Cloisters, and the sound of its rushing waters, is an agreeable accompaniment to the train of thought, the sight of all this antiquity produces. These Cloisters are 272 feet long. The only remaining Tower is a fine proportioned building, one hundred feet high, and 24 feet square. Visitors formerly, ascended to the top; but in consequence of the accidental fall of a visitor from the passage (which appears very dangerous), to the opposite side, the lady owner has very properly put an end to the practice, by lock and key. Just behind the tessellated altar, was a vacant stone coffin, which the guide informed us, once held the remains of Hotspur, first Baron Percy,[1] and first Earl; the fact has, I believe, never been questioned, as this individual is known, and believed, to have been here interred. The guide having accidentally learned, we were Americans, entered eagerly into conversation with Mr. Webster, on the subject of American lands, and said, that he had an Uncle in Boston, named Thomas Parker, who dealt largely in sheep, &c.; that he had some idea of going to America himself since he had

[1] Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) never succeeded to the titles, dying before his father, Henry de Percy, 1st Earl of Northumberland and 4th Lord Percy.

learned the surprising fact, that five or six hundred pounds would purchase there, a very handsome estate. He said a good deal more, but his broad Yorkshire dialect was almost incomprehensible, and we finally relinquished any attempt to understand him.

I shall never forget my visit to "Fountains Abbey," truly it was,

"A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."

These ruins appeal so powerfully to the mind, by their association with bygone ages, so much of learning, ignorance, and magnificence, combined! So much for the tourist, particularly an American, to dwell, and ponder upon, that I am "'wildered with the thoughts, that have no utterance."

I remember a verse, of an old English ballard, about Robin Hood and King Richard, can any one tell me where to find all the verses? This one runs:

"From Fountains Abbey they did ride
Down to Barnsdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared stood
All company to assail."

We drove back to Ripon; the principal trade of the place is the making of saddle-trees. Our fresh post-horses soon took us to "Skipbridge," which is

eight miles from York; from thence with again fresh horses, we caught our first view of the "Minster," rising as perceptibly in the distance as does St. Paul's from London, or the Castle of Edinburgh, from that beautiful city. As we entered York, a lady well mounted, attended by a groom, rode past us. We had scarcely alighted, when the servant, announced to Mr. Webster, that Miss Harcourt, the daughter of the Archbishop of York,[1] was on her horse at the door, and wished to speak with him. The Archbishop was at Nuneham during our visit to Oxford, and Mr. Webster, when obliged to decline all their kind offers of civility there, promised to come to them when he visited York. The object of Miss Harcourt's present visit, was to ask us all, to "the Palace" for a few days; when Mr. Webster was obliged to decline this kind proposal, she begged we would at least, stop, and dine with them to-morrow. This also being necessarily declined, she kindly proposed our going there, to breakfast in the morning, promising to show us afterward, the "Minster" themselves. We lose many similar tempting invitations by our want of time, and even this, we cannot do, being under the necessity of proceeding to-mor-

[1] Edward Harcourt, 1757–1847; Archbishop of York, 1807–47.

row, we cannot spare the time, to unpack our trunks, and make a toilette, for this breakfast. Mr. Webster will therefore, go alone to the palace, three miles distant, while we will take advantage of the opportunity, to see the Cathedral, or Minster.*

Mr. Egerton Vernon-Harcourt a son of the archbishop, we met at Oxford. He has since embarked for America, with several letters of introduction from Mr. Webster; his sister says, they have learned of his safe arrival there.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, of our having also visited this morning "Fountains Hall," built in the time of Henry VIII, out of the ruins of the abbey. It is now occupied by the Rector, and the Steward of the Estates. It is about twenty yards west of the Abbey, and has some windows of antique stained glass, and old armorial bearings on its front. I have likewise gathered these further particulars; the whole length of the interior of the Abbey is 525 feet, it formerly covered thirteen acres of land, and the part which now remains covers about two acres. One sixth of the original portion of the establishment!

* From the Anglo-Saxon "Mynster," and the Latin "Monasterium." (H. S. P.)

Lord de Grey,[1] and Lord Ripon[2] are the joint heirs of this extensive estate.

September 11. Doncaster, Yorkshire. Notwithstanding the fine weather of yesterday, to-day, was again rainy and disagreeable. At 10 o'clock we sallied forth however, to the Minster, in a "noddy" (a sort of cab). On our arrival at the door the Cicerone, whom Mr. Webster had engaged in our behalf, on his *earlier* visit there this morning, announced that the service, that invariably takes place, twice a day, had already commenced, and there could be no inspection of the Minster, until that was over. We therefore availed ourselves of the guide's proposal, and entered the church, and joined in the service, which I regret to say, was performed by the different officials, in a very hasty, and heartless manner. Others, apparently strangers like ourselves, were constantly entering, and departing, in a way, that I had thought, belonged to Catholic churches alone, on the Continent. This cathedral, with the exception of St. Peter's, at Rome, is the largest in the world. It is called "the Pride of Yorkshire and the Ornament

[1] Thomas Philip de Grey, Earl de Grey, 1781–1859; statesman. His name was originally Robinson, brother of Lord Ripon.

[2] Frederick John Robinson, Viscount Goderich, afterwards 1st Earl of Ripon, 1782–1859; statesman.

of England." It certainly is a magnificent pile, occupying two centuries in building, and has stood for three centuries, since its completion. The whole church is 524 feet long, 223 in width. The windows of stained glass are all very superb, but the glory of the whole is the great East window, 75 feet high, 30 feet nine inches broad; each pane of glass is nearly a yard square. A stone gallery runs across, dividing the window into two parts; the view from this gallery, is said to be very grand, with a vista of 500 feet terminated by the beautiful west window. The figures on the stained glass represent the creation, and various passages from the Old Testament. The organ screen is of carved stone, representing the ancient Kings of England, from William the Conqueror, to Henry VII's time. The cathedral consists of a nave, choir, a North, and a South transept, a "Ladye chapel," and two shrines, of which there were formerly fourteen. Ten years ago, the choir, with the organ, and beautiful oak carving, was burned, and "nothing seen above," according to the words of the guide, "but the clouds of Heaven." This conflagration was the work of an incendiary,[1] who was proved, on his trial, to have been insane. He was confined to

[1] Jonathan Martin, 1782-1838; incendiary.

the lunatic asylum, and is since dead. The immense organ, the largest in Great Britain, as in most other cathedrals, separates the choir from the nave. There were many tombs around the aisles, and also, behind the screen, in the "Ladye chapel." In one of the three chapels of the South side, were some curious relics, preserved in a closet, which were shown us by the guide. One of the most remarkable was a horn, which we were told, was given to the church, by Ulphus, son of Thoraldus, who governed in the west parts of Deira. In consequence of a difference between his two sons, about the disposition of his estate after his death, he went to York, and taking the horn, "wherein, we are told, he was wont to drink, filled it with wine, and kneeling on his knees before the altar, bestowed upon God, and the blessed St. Peter, all his lands, tenements &c." This horn, made of an elephant's tooth, has passed since the Reformation, through various hands, but was restored in 1675, by Lord Fairfax, although how, or when, it came into his possession is unknown. We also saw a crosier given by Queen Catherine of Portugal, to her Confessor when he was Archbishop of York, in 1687; also, three silver chalices, and several rings, found under the church, beneath the old pavement; a

wooden head of Archbishop Rotherham, who died of the plague, and his body was burned in effigy, this was found in his tomb; likewise, a large bowl given by Archbishop Scrope, to the Cordwainers of York, in the year 1398. On its edge, is an inscription to this effect, that to all those who drink from that bowl is granted 40 days indulgence! In the choir, was a chair of Saxon origin, said to be thirteen hundred years old; in it, several Kings of England have been crowned, and the Guide, with no little pride boasted, that on Queen Victoria's visit to York, on the occasion of the last festival, he had seen her seated in that very chair. The choir so unfortunately burned, is now rebuilt, a faithful copy of the original, and all marks of the conflagration are effaced. The chapter house is very elegant, and striking, and is connected by a passage, to the northern end of the eastern aisle of the transept. Its shape is octagonal with seven very beautiful stained windows, the eighth one, being the door of entrance, over which, in former times, the twelve apostles were to be seen, in silver gilt. Henry VIII, it is said, abstracted them at the time of the Reformation. The tombs, were most of them, likewise ornamented with silver effigies, but these were taken by Cromwell, and his followers, the marks

alone, are there, proving the truth of the tale. The Communion service is said to have suffered the same fate, and a copper one to have been substituted in its place. In the chapter house, was an old, and curious inscription in Latin, on a pillar, amounting to this: that the building was "the chief of houses, as the rose was, of flowers." In the South transept, was a window, quite unique and beautiful, of mosaic pattern, resembling needle work, sometimes called the "five sisters," from an impression which prevails, that five maiden sisters first embroidered the pattern, each one a window, and this being presented to the church, it was afterward imitated in stained glass, in the manner now seen. In the crypt are the remains of the Norman architecture, once the foundation of a former cathedral, on the spot, which was burnt. Beneath this Norman architecture, within the last six years, among stones and rubbish, have been discovered some Saxon pillars, about six feet high, of a style of architecture precisely like that of Durham; also, in another spot, was found, the remains of a Roman wall, of the "herring-bone style," which the Romans were known to have built; and also, a Druidical altar in entire preservation, thus corroborating the tradition, handed down to posterity, that the

Romans built *their* church, upon the site of a Pagan altar. These discoveries have excited much attention, and speculation.

Mr. Webster returned from "the Palace" at one o'clock, after a most agreeable, and delightful visit, bringing the kind regrets of the old Archbishop, and his two Daughters at our necessary absence. At one o'clock, notwithstanding the rain, which was profuse, we drove to this place, where we remain to-night. Here, on Monday, are to be some famous races, and we are urged to remain, but of course this is impossible. In this country they race on the turf, and never on the ground itself, as we do. Doncaster is on the river Don, the derivation is doubtless, Doncaster, "the camp on the river Don," caster meaning in Latin, "camp." Lancaster and all names with a similar termination, having a similar derivation.

September 12. Matlock, Derbyshire. We took our departure at seven o'clock this morning from Doncaster, and drove 14 miles to Rotherham. When within a mile of the place we discovered a breakage to the spring of our carriage; there being no coachmaker in the town, we were obliged to proceed six miles more, to Sheffield. In order to lighten our vehicle as much as possible, Mr. and Mrs. Webster

followed, in a hired post-chaise. At Sheffield, we breakfasted, and discovering that the repairing of our accident, would occupy some hours, concluded to visit the manufactory of Rodgers & Sons. From some friend in New York, Mr. Webster had brought letters of introduction, enabling us to see, with greater facility and advantage, this extensive, and interesting establishment. The "Show-room" contained very beautiful specimens of cutlery, silver and plated-ware, pen-knives, with myriads of blades, and other similar, and curious implements, in glass cases, and turned on pivots, for better inspection. The plated, and silver-ware, was arranged around the room, as in shops, the articles being for sale, or orders received. Mr. Rodgers remarked, in reply to some enquiries, that very little, if any, of the real Sheffield plate, found its way to America; that it was Birmingham almost entirely, and owing to its greater cheapness, it there found a better market. The whole process of making the plate, was afterward explained, and the difference shown, between the two kinds. The foundation is copper upon which the silver is rolled, through the pressure of cylinders, causing it to adhere with such tenacity, that it never peels from it; the articles are then made and

stamped from this material, and polished for use by means of steel instruments rubbed in soap and water. The Birmingham plate is first stamped out of the copper and the silver plating added, after the utensil is made, of course, the former process, must be the most enduring, and this constitutes the difference, between the two kinds of plated-ware. Women were occupied in polishing the plate, in the same manner, and with apparently the same steel instruments, that we saw in the china manufactory, at Worcester. Mr. Rodgers remarked, that none but females, could succeed in polishing at all; the silver was undergoing that process by friction, with the palm of the hand and the rouge powder, the hands belonged to old women too! The skin of the female hand it seems, answers a better purpose, than that of any other known animal. We entered the room where the ivory handles, for the knives are made, and likewise, the different apartments where the steel is tempered, polished, and the blades sharpened. In other rooms, were to be seen plated articles undergoing the various processes of soldering, frosting, engraving, and stamping. The visit was very satisfactory, and interesting, and Mr. Rodgers most civil, and obliging.

"Wentworth Hall" the seat of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, father-in-law of Viscountess Milton, is very near to Rotherham, as is "Wortley Hall" belonging to the Baron Wharncliffe. When in London, Mr. Webster had promised, both their obliging owners, that he would visit them, but the extreme haste with which we must now travel, forbids our following our natural inclinations, on this head. We regret the latter place the more, as Lord Wharncliffe, when he came to see us, in London, and to urge Mr. Webster to bring all our party to him during this month, mentioned that his son, Mr. Stuart-Wortley, and his wife, the Lady Georgiana, would also be with them, at this time.

Sixteen miles from Sheffield is "Chatsworth House," the splendid seat of the Duke of Devonshire.[1] Among my dreams of childhood, was the hope of one day, seeing this celebrated spot, but the reality far exceeded my expectations! Crossing a bridge of stone, over the river Derwent, and entering a fine arched gateway, we saw the house before us, resembling, it is said, in style, the Continental palaces. A noble terrace extends the whole length of the build-

[1] William George Spencer Cavendish, 6th Duke of Devonshire, 1790–1858; bibliophile and collector of coins.

ing, with gardens extending down to the river, these are adorned with cascades, jets d'eau, and fine statuary, forming altogether, a scene, not easily to be effaced from the memory. The Duke, being now at Chatsworth, we saw but the state apartments; they are celebrated for their oak carvings of game, and animals, most exquisitely wrought. The pictures in the gallery, although not numerous, were of the choicest description. Likewise a gallery of ancient drawings, was very attractive. The coronation chairs of William IV, and George III, are exhibited in the state apartments. The most splendid room of all, is the "gallery of statuary," containing some of the most exquisite specimens of the art, in Great Britain. This room communicates, with a dining-room, into which, we but *peeped*, as the table was there spread. Its furniture appeared to be of the most splendid description. The Duke himself, entered the gallery of sculpture, while we were still there, which hastened our departure from it. In consequence of his Grace's absence on the Continent (from which he has just returned), Mr. Webster had not the pleasure of making his acquaintance, during our visit in London, although, from Lord Morpeth, and other members of his family, we had received distinguished

civilities. He has hair, inclined to red, is about 48 years of age, and although not so stout, resembles otherwise, in personal appearance, Colonel Preston [1] of our Senate. It would be useless, were I to make an attempt to describe the statuary of this apartment; I was however, much struck with a "Bacchante," a most exquisite thing, a female figure springing, "Petrarch's Laura," and the "Mother of Napoleon" by Canova; the remembrance of these, among so many other attractive objects, is still fresh in my mind. Copies of two colossal lions, by Canova, are on each side of a doorway, communicating with a spacious, and choice conservatory, on the corresponding side, with the before-mentioned dining-room. This conservatory opens upon the fairy-like grounds with their fountains, and varieties of water-works, with a noble park beyond; altogether a scene of stateliness, and grandeur, difficult to describe properly. In the Chapel for family worship, was a gallery for the Duke, below, on the ground-floor, were chairs, for the upper servants. The ceilings were handsomely frescoed, and the walls richly carved in oak. The entrance hall of Chatsworth, is spacious, and lofty; the floor of mosaic marble. One

[1] William C. Preston, Senator from South Carolina.

portion still undergoing the process of alteration, was quite filled, with cases of various sizes, and descriptions, containing the recent purchases of his Grace abroad, viz: antiquities, marbles, statues, and various other articles of vertu.

A conservatory is now projecting, it is said, of such size, and height, as to admit the passage of a carriage and four, through its centre! Altogether, including the grounds, this noble domain even exceeds "royal Windsor," and its private apartments. I have omitted to speak of the park, which corresponds with the rest, in size, and magnificence. It is fifteen miles in extent, and is said to contain five thousand deer, of all varieties and ages. We noticed many of the red species, with large and splendid antlers, but the spotted, or fallow deer, appear to be, in all parks, the most numerous. The Duke's peculiar history[1]

[1] William Cavendish, 5th Duke of Devonshire, married, first, 1774, Georgiana Spencer, 1757–1806, daughter of John, 1st Earl Spencer; he married, secondly, Elizabeth, widow of John Thomas Foster, and daughter of Frederick Augustus Hervey, 4th Earl of Bristol. This latter, as Lady Elizabeth Foster, had long been the object of the Duke's avowed attachment, and it was said that she (and not the Duke's then wife) was, in 1790, the mother (exchange being made of two infants of different sexes) of his successor, William George Spencer Cavendish. This latter was so proud of the name of Cavendish that he refused to marry and have issue, if there was any doubt as to his legitimacy.

is too well known, to make it necessary, for me to repeat it here; but I could not forget, that all the treasures of this lordly mansion, were after all, probably not *legally* his; he is said however to possess great good taste, liberality, and a great interest in the welfare, and prosperity of his tenantry, but domestic happiness with a *wife*, he is forbidden to enjoy, although the possessor of "the finest thing in the world." Next to Chatsworth, "Belvoir Castle" is thought to be the "finest thing" for a stranger to see.

A drive of sixteen miles, brought us to this romantic and beautiful spot (i.e. Matlock); the scenery is enchanting, the river Derwent meanders through a most romantic dale, skirted by high and lofty rocks, covered with wood, and verdure; the formation of these rocks reminds me of the Palisades of our North River; the effect is as grand, and even as sublime, as anything of the kind, I have seen. I regret that we cannot remain here to-morrow, visit some of the mines, and make ourselves better acquainted with so interesting a spot. There are baths here likewise, of some celebrity. Mr. Appleton left us at Sheffield, to meet again in London a week hence, soon after which, his marriage with Julia will take place, at St.

George's, Hanover Square, as privately as can be, under the circumstances.

We leave here to-morrow morning for Leicester, where we hope to find our letters from America; from thence, we go seven miles further, to "Wistow Hall," on a short visit, to Sir Henry Halford, who with his niece, will accompany us, on our long talked of visit, to Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland.[1]

Saturday morning, September 14. Wistow Hall, at Sir Henry Halford's. We rose with the sun yesterday morning at Matlock, in order to enjoy all that was possible in so short a time, of the beauties of its vicinity. At many houses, as well as at several shops, are great varieties of rich articles made from the Derbyshire spar for sale, from a mosaic paper weight to an inlaid table slab. Vases and "Cleopatra's needles" of all sizes, and values. Articles made of the choicest materials are however, very difficult, safely to transport; some of our smaller purchases, having already proved this fact. The petrifying springs are objects of curiosity, where common articles, such as hats, gloves, or even a *hair wig*, will, after having remained about ten months in the spring

[1] John Henry Manners, 5th Duke of Rutland, 1778–1857.

water, become, by the constant dripping, and peculiar quality of their waters, *petrified* like stone, and equally heavy, but preserving otherwise, their shape and form. In one spring, we saw a pair of gloves belonging to the Duchess of Portdale [*sic*], undergoing the process of petrifaction; likewise a hair wig already very heavy, and petrified, from which the guide said, the present Queen had drunk! We drove through a rich, and beautiful country to Leicester. On reaching the "Three Crown Inn" the two nieces of Sir Henry, one of them his daughter-in-law [1] (having married her cousin), arrived in their chariot, at the door, "just out of church," as they told us, after an "Infirmary sermon," invariably preached, on the day following the races. The Duke, and Sir Henry were at the time, engaged, in examining "county records and accounts." His Grace, had been at "Wistow" during the races, in expectation of meeting our party there. We had been anxiously looked for, Miss Vaughan said, for three days past. Had not the unforeseen accident to our carriage spring occurred, we should have reached Leicester yesterday, in season for the last day of the races, and for the ball, at its

[1] Barbara Vaughan, daughter of Sir John; married, 1824, Sir Henry Halford, 2d Baronet.

close, where all the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties, were assembled. After a short interval, the Duke, and Sir Henry appeared, greeting us all very kindly. The Duke had only come to say, that he should depend on seeing us all, at the Castle with Sir Henry on Monday next. He was hastening now to "Belvoir," *thirty miles*, to dinner, where he had not been before for the space of ten months!

We followed Sir Henry, his daughter, and niece, through the continued rain, for the space of an hour, when we reached "Wistow," an extremely pretty place, with a small lake, near the house, fine old trees, with a park, in which some specimens of the famous Leicester sheep, were browsing.

Sir Henry inherited this estate from his Uncle, changing his name, from that of Vaughan in consequence, and taking the title, with the estates. He is brother to Sir Charles Vaughan, the late H.B.M. Minister at Washington, and also, to Baron Vaughan, my Uncle Story's friend, and correspondent. It is a fine, spacious old house, with a large entrance hall, containing a billiard-room and a valuable organ on one side. The Library seems to be the favorite sitting room, and is a pleasant, oblong apartment full of liter-

ary treasures. Lady [1] and Sir William Heygate,[2] and a Mr. Dawson, high sheriff of the county, arrived soon after ourselves yesterday, at dinner, but they have left again this morning. The bed-room appropriated for my accommodation, and from which I am now writing, was occupied by King Charles I before the battle of Naseby. On the morning of that memorable and unfortunate day, he left at the house, his red velvet saddle, trappings, spurs, sword, guns, and other accoutrements; as he never returned there, these relics have remained in the family; they are now in a glass case, behind two statues of "Venus and Paris," in another hall, communicating with the library, the dining-room and the drawing-room. Sir Henry is a physician of the highest eminence, the author of several medical works, and was knighted by King George III, he was that Monarch's physician, as well as George IV's, William IV's, and to "all the Royal family." At present he is but a consulting physician, and spends a large portion of his time, at "Wistow." He had just received a letter from the Duchess of Gloucester, consulting him on the subject of her

[1] Isabella Mackmurdo, daughter of Edward Longdon; married, 1821, Sir William Heygate.

[2] Sir William Heygate, Baronet, 1782–1844.

health; it expressed friendship for him, and confidence in his skill. He says, the Duchess now, has the first indications of a disease, of which the Duke of York, the Queen, and George III, died. Sir Henry is here surrounded, with relics of royalty, and with the most bountiful proofs of royal munificence, attachment, and gratitude. The silver centre-piece of the dinner table yesterday, as well as a superb shield, on the side-board, were gifts from Queen Charlotte to our host. A colossal sized, silver pitcher, richly chased, he has recently received from her Majesty the Queen Dowager. Miss Vaughan told us, that the superb *golden* tea and coffee service, on the breakfast table this morning, was also another valuable offering to Sir Henry from Queen Charlotte.[1] We afterwards saw a beautiful silver vase, from the Princess Sophia,[2] and a golden spy-glass from the Duchess of Gloucester, given to her physician, immediately after the death of the Duke.[3] Then the tables of the drawing-room, are covered with golden boxes, and golden ink-stands, candle-sticks, tapers, and paper-knives, of the same precious metal; these were gifts from different

[1] Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Charles Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; married, 1761, George III; died, 1818.

[2] Princess Sophia, 1777–1848, daughter of George III.

[3] William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, 1776–1834.

"high personages," to Sir Henry "for his consummate skill, during long and painful illnesses." In this same room is a glass case, under lock and key, resting on a side-table; it is filled with numerous interesting relics, viz: the hair of Princess Amelia,[1] and of Edward, the son of Henry IV, when three years old. Likewise, a lock of the hair of Charles I. These are all preserved between two glasses. There were in addition, seals, gold pencil cases, boxes, medals, purses, "ad infinitum," beside a very long string of finger-rings, perhaps some forty or fifty, given by the family of deceased patients, at different times to Sir Henry; many of these, possessed great intrinsic value, and were of cameos, intaglios, and enamel, and precious stones.

By far, the most interesting relic, however, I have yet to name. In the year 1813, Sir Henry Halford opened the vault of King Henry VIII and of Anne Boleyn, in the presence of the Prince Regent afterward George IV, in order to ascertain what was, at that period, a subject of great doubt, whether the body of the unfortunate King Charles I was there interred, or elsewhere. He was, however, known to have been buried at Saint George's at Windsor, but

[1] Princess Amelia, 1783–1810, daughter of George III.

the place of his interment when searched for, some years afterward, could not be found. It was discovered in a separate small vault, hitherto escaping observation. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, a piece of which, Sir Henry exhibited to us, it being now, one hundred and ninety years since it was placed there! On the top of the leaden coffin was satisfactorily discovered the following simple inscription: "King Charles 1649." An opening was made through the lead and into the inner coffin, exhibiting the face, and head, covered with cerecloth, and separated from the body, just as Lord Clarendon in his works had described. One eye (Sir Henry told us), was open, but after a few moments exposure to the air, it closed. The cartilage of the nose was nearly gone, but the rest of the face, and features were so perfect, and so exactly according to Van Dyck, and other portraits of the unfortunate Monarch, that a doubt of his identity could not exist, for a moment, in the minds of any one present. On lifting up the head a piece of the vertebrae, the actual bone of the neck, through which the executioner's sharp instrument had passed, fell off, and was secured by Sir Henry. He showed it to us this morning, and likewise a mass of lint, carefully enclosed in papers, that

he had used, to absorb the *blood*, that freely fell during this process! The preservation was very remarkable, and the embalming most faithfully and thoroughly performed. Among Sir Henry's autographs,* we read letters from several members of the Royal family to each other, letters from the Princess Amelia, and the Princess Mary, and from King George III, a few days only, before his death. Very many letters from the Royal family to Sir Henry himself, full of kindness, and confidence, but they were too numerous to particularize.

In the Library, stands a very splendid clock of solid gold, in shape resembling a sort of shrine, surmounted with a bust of George IV, the drapery of which is set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. This was given to Sir Henry, by the united members of the Royal Family, having all their names, crests and initials below, with the date, &c., attached. In short, the house abounds with objects of interest, and Sir Henry takes pride and pleasure in gratifying his friends, with the exhibition of them.

Our host is remarkably fond of his Whist, and the game was kept up, with spirit last evening. How

* We also saw an autograph of Milton, he was blind at 44 years of age. (H. S. P.)

much I wished for my dear Husband's presence, and assistance! Sir Henry is no mean antagonist, and I regretted he had not a better partner than myself.

We had some country neighbours at dinner, a Mr. and Mrs. and Miss King.

Sunday, September 15. Wistow. We have been to church this morning in the chapel, belonging to the estate, and listened to an excellent sermon, with much satisfaction, from the Rev'd. Mr. Keppel. Afterward, on our return, the weather being less "pluvious," we walked with Miss Vaughan over the grounds, into the flower garden, conservatory, and aviary, and likewise visited the Kangaroos, the largest I ever saw; they were merrily hopping, on their hind legs, in their peculiar way, and seem to be a favorite animal on all gentlemen's estates here. They have a portion of the grounds properly fenced for their accommodation, and they become quite tame after a time. There were two black swans on the lake; these are rare, and costly birds, and seen by us, nowhere else, but at Hopetoun House. We were then told, that a pair of these birds, cost forty guineas in London! There were also various other aquatic birds; varieties of geese, and a pair of widgeons, were enjoying a special little pond, fenced in,

for their accommodation. Sir Henry's [1] son is a member of parliament; he with Mrs. Halford and family, live a half a mile distant, and dine daily with Sir Henry. She is a very pretty woman, was married at seventeen, and has a daughter fourteen years of age, who looks as old as her mother.

Sir Henry's suite of apartments on one side of the house, consists of a handsome long dining-room with a large bay window, two drawing-rooms, and two smaller rooms beyond "en suite," the last, opens into a very fine, lofty conservatory, and this again, into a long and beautiful aviary, where there are gold and silver pheasants, and other choice birds. There are also fine "pineries" and "peacheries"; the atmosphere of the former, is excessively hot, and the fruit very fine; the peaches are generally inferior to ours in point of *flavour*, but in size, and beauty, they are often superior. Miss Vaughan is not at all handsome, but she is intelligent, and interesting, and is constantly exerting herself, for our comfort and amusement.

Sunday Evening. Sir Henry is a devout, and good man. At nine o'clock, he assembled his servants, sixteen in number, including our own two, in his li-

[1] Sir Henry Halford, 2d Baronet, 1797–1868.

brary, according to his usual custom; he then knelt and read aloud the evening service, after which he finished with a sermon from Bishop Horsley; the servants then retired, and our very satisfactory, and agreeable evening, closed with music, on the organ, played by "Miss Lizzie,"[1] the eldest granddaughter. They have now left the house, and we have just retired to our rooms. The Duke of Rutland, I learn, has the same practise of family worship, with his servants, excepting when the Castle is filled with guests, then, he has both evening, and morning service in the chapel. Our post-horses are ordered at twelve for our drive to Belvoir to-morrow, which is thirty-five, to forty miles distant.

Wednesday, September 18, 1839. Belvoir Castle. I find myself so much charmed with all I have seen here, so much magnificence and novel splendour, that in wishing to recount all, for the benefit of those I love, at home, I fear I shall forget everything! Since my arrival here I have not had a moment, up to this time, to "journalize." I have just returned from a drive, over the Duke's extensive estates, having never, during the time, been over any ground but his! Although not the proper season of

[1] Elizabeth Barbara Halford, daughter of Sir Henry, 2d Baronet.

the year for a Fox hunt, the Duke kindly ordered out the hounds, at ten o'clock, and we have been following in carriages, while the gentlemen, five or six in number, were eagerly pursuing the chase. Mr. Webster came near bringing home "the brush," but the poor fox "took to the ground," and he was disappointed. The whole scene was novel and exciting; the hounds were one hundred and forty in number, each one, being as well known to the keepers, and answering to its name, obeying orders when given, as if it were endowed with reason and sense, as well as sagacity. Indeed I have been told that the "Belvoir" (pronounced Beaver) hounds hold a very "high position" among the hunting establishments of England. They are of ancient pedigree, and are said to trace their origin to the year 1760. During thirteen weeks of a former hunting season, it appeared by the "Cook's books," "that upward of *thirteen thousand persons* had dined under his Grace's roof at Belvoir Castle"! The red dresses of the keepers, the beauty of the animals, and the picturesque landscape added to the novelty of the scene, made it one of the highest possible interest and excitement to me, and one that I shall never forget, but I must be less "discoursive," and endeavor to

give some description of this lordly castle, and its interesting inmates. Mr. Webster drove hither in Sir Henry's chariot, Miss Vaughan taking Mr. Webster's vacant seat in ours. On our arrival we were shown at once to our apartments, and did not see the Duke or any of the inmates, but the servants, until our toilettes were made, when the Chaplain, the Rev'd. Mr. Thorreton, appeared at our doors, and announcing that dinner would soon be served, offered to show us the way to the dining-room, which I will shortly describe. After a promenade of at least ten minutes through various halls and galleries, we were ushered into a drawing-room contiguous to the dining-room, where we found the Duke, who received us with great kindness and cordiality. Soon after, the Lady Adeliza Manners,[1] the only unmarried daughter entered, accompanied by another lady, now a companion, and formerly governess to the children of his Grace. There were no introductions on either side, and had not Miss Vaughan been present, we should have been much puzzled to have ascertained who the two ladies were. The Lady Adeliza appeared to be extremely diffident,

[1] Adeliza Elizabeth Gertrude Manners, daughter of John Henry, 5th Duke of Rutland.

and to make great efforts, so far to conquer her timidity, as to seat herself beside Mrs. Webster, and to enter into conversation. All this however, soon passed away, and we found her a most charming, and lady-like person, and, I really think, she appears to like us all, as well as we like her. Dinner was soon announced. The Duke handed in Mrs. Webster, placing her on his right, Lord George Manners,[1] the third son, and only one at home, at present, handed me, placing me on the left of his Grace. The Lady Adeliza was taken by Mr. Webster, and Julia by Mr. Thorreton, while to Edward's lot fell the governess, Miss Gooding. The dining-saloon is a very large and beautiful apartment, with immense mirrors at either end, increasing also its size, beneath which, are sideboards, covered with magnificent plate of gold and silver. The room has arches of white marble, where usually one sees woodwork, and it contains some very fine pictures. All the ornaments of the table were of *gold* (or silver gilt); the centre piece or épergne was four feet high, surrounded by gold candelabra, very striking and magnificent. Indeed to my unpractised eye, the display of both silver and gold plate, is almost marvellous.

[1] George John Manners, 1820–74.

On a table, inlaid with precious stones, and covered with what *appeared to be* a dazzling white damask cloth, was a silver cistern or oval punch bowl, holding about twenty gallons. This belonged to the Earl of Rutland, the ancestor of the present Duke; he paid £600 for it. The Duke remarked, as we were admiring its beauty and size, that his Steward had the curiosity recently to reckon the interest upon the original sum, up to the present moment, and that it amounted to two or three million pounds sterling! On being requested to raise the white table cover before alluded to, we attempted to do so, and found it a beautiful deception, carved out of the purest marble! Yesterday the table service was of solid silver, composed of many vases, richly frosted, with designs of marine shells, and aquatic plants. The saltcellars, also, were composed of shells, and sea figures of frosted silver. At the time of the Christmas holidays the castle is usually filled with guests. To-day, however, there are a few arrivals. Lady Caroline Norman, with her husband, and her single daughter and two sons, and Mr. Keppel the clergyman, have appeared. Sir Henry and Miss Vaughan, having a dinner engagement at Mr. King's, were obliged to leave, and to our regret, have just gone.

"Belvoir" is built on a high elevation, and commands a large extent of country. It overlooks five villages, the property of the Duke; in these, he will not permit a single frame (i.e. of stockings), because he believes, that a manufacturing village is less prosperous, and moral, than an agricultural one. The castle is very feudal-like, it is built of a yellow stone, quarried near by, and in its position, resembles Windsor; the latter however, overlooks the town of Windsor, while Belvoir, has the advantage of a more picturesque country, for its surroundings. The interior is very spacious, and the castle itself more so, than any other, we have seen. Our bed-rooms are a suite, in the "Egyptian gallery"; it has required several promenades, to familiarize ourselves with the intricacies of the various passages, leading to the distant breakfast-room, and pleasant sitting-parlour, where we assemble after breakfast is over.

The entrance hall of the castle is adorned with full sized figures in gold, and steel armour, and the floor is of marble, in black and white mosaic.

Since writing the above, we have been over the very numerous apartments of the castle from the state rooms, down to the kitchen, larder, and the Steward's and housekeeper's premises.

First "the Saloon," this is very richly furnished; the ceilings are elaborately gilded, and beautifully frescoed; portraits of the Duke, the late Duchess,[1] and their children, are mingled agreeably, with these ornamental decorations. The walls are fluted in satin, and set into it, all around the room, four or five feet from the floor, are finely painted ivory miniatures of various family connections, both when adults, and as children. At the upper end of this gorgeous apartment, were full length portraits of the Duke and his Duchess, set in gilt frames, and resting on the floor like "cheval" or "Psyche" glasses; the former, was represented in his robes of state. The Duchess was very celebrated for her beauty, she died very suddenly at Belvoir, fourteen years ago. Miss Gooding, the governess, who occupied with myself one of the carriages at the Fox hunt, took the opportunity to give me, a long, and interesting account, of the different members of the family, and of the melancholy death of her Grace. The Marquis of Granby,[2] the eldest son, is evidently the favorite in this case; he

[1] Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle; married, 1799, John Henry Manners, 5th Duke of Rutland; died, 1825.

[2] Charles Cecil John Manners, 1815–88, Marquis of Granby, later 6th Duke of Rutland; strong protectionist.

is now making a tour in Spain. The furniture of the saloon is of white and gold, and the walls are fluted in blue satin, and likewise, the coverings of the furniture and curtains are of blue. The mantel-piece was of salmon coloured marble richly sculptured, and on each side, were tables, inlaid with precious stones, representing fruit, &c. The "Picture gallery," has some valuable Murillos; and Carlo Dolcis; one or two beautiful subjects by Teniers; a portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein, the best painting I have seen, of that artist, I think. In a picture by Murillo, on the birth of our Saviour, was a head of a little boy, so like my little Willie [1] at home, that I could not draw my eyes away! There were likewise some fine old Dutch pictures, and I have a very pretty water-coloured painting, done by the Lady Adeliza, copied from one in this gallery, called "Great cry and little wool" (a portion only), representing "Sheep Shearing"; I shall take it to America among my many valuable mementos. A long gallery in a storey above, 140 feet, is called the "Regent's Gallery"; it is a splendid apartment, and where the breakfast table is laid, when the Castle has many

[1] James William Paige, 1835–94, son of James William and Harriette Story (White).

visitors; it contains some beautiful Gobelin, and many marble busts of distinguished people, and a very interesting one, of the late Duchess, showing her to be possessed of remarkable beauty. In a pleasant conversation last evening, upon various superstitions, and "beliefs in Ghosts and Goblins," the Lady Adeliza told us, that there were servants, in the house that could not but be persuaded, that at certain periods, "a carriage and four horses, drove at midnight, up and down this long gallery," they had heard the sounds too distinctly, to doubt, that the place was haunted, for a single moment! They had also declared, that the mailed figures of the great hall, had at the same time, changed places with each other!! There is also a long Library, and a drawing-room named the "Green room," beside two smaller drawing-rooms, communicating with the "breakfast-room," and the "luncheon-room"; this is where we assemble, previous to luncheon, and to breakfast in the morning. On the same floor, is another entire suite, composed of a Saloon, two or three bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms, richly fitted, with every possible luxury, comfort and convenience. The Ball-room is still another fine apartment. In the "Egyptian gallery," around the hall, is a large ottoman where the

guests sit, after dinner, when the Band plays during the gay season at Belvoir. Last year, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta were here, for some days, and three years ago, the Queen, when Princess Victoria, with her Mother, the Duchess of Kent, paid a visit to Belvoir. There are several pieces of cannon, on the batteries of the castle, that fire a Royal Salute, on all these great occasions.

The kitchen, pastry-cook's room, and all of the culinary department, was in the nicest and neatest possible order. The starched linen caps, of the cooks, were like snow in whiteness. I observed a separate larder for hares, and rabbits, distinct from the other game, and was told, that these animals taint other game "directly they are put with them." Both larders were circular, with the finest wire window-frames outside, and a covering of thin cotton inside, to absorb the moisture. The dairy was extensive, the cheeses carefully, and neatly arranged in the second storey, and the room ventilated in a peculiar way, to preserve them properly. They used a *jack*, in the kitchen, with coal, as at Lowther castle. Both the House-keeper's and the Steward's rooms, were very nice, comfortable rooms, and in the former, were

cabinets well filled with rich, and beautiful china. The store-room adjoining, was well filled, with jellies, sweetmeats, and a drawer full of "*rock candy*," of which we partook.

The kitchen gardens are well worth seeing, surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high. They are about nine acres in extent, and on this wall are towers, of corresponding style with the architecture of the Castle itself. Upon this wall were growing in full perfection, figs, apricots, peaches, cherries, plums and pears. This garden is at the foot of the hill, upon which the Castle is built, and through the gateway, between the towers, "is reckoned" as the Lady Adeliza said, "one of the finest points of view, of the Castle." The green-house plants were fine, particularly the fuchsias, of which there were many choice varieties. Sixteen servants waited at dinner, and again, for the third time, was there a change of all the centre ornaments! Instead of there being vases of silver, an immense candelabrum of the same, took their place, with smaller ones, on either side, and appropriate devices in silver below. This massive silver central candelabrum was a gift to this family, by subscription, from a set of gentlemen, connected with some political acts, I think; I did not

quite comprehend, and will not attempt further to explain, until I do. The Duke owns several other country places; "Haddon hall" has a great celebrity, and is said to be a very fine old place (but we did not visit it); it remains precisely as it was, during the last century; the antique furniture has been carefully preserved, and the deceased Duchess, took a great interest in the place, and it was owing to her, that it has not shared the fate of other antiquities, of its time. The Castle, in Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" is said to be a correct description of "Haddon"; particularly the room, where the arras moves so mysteriously. We simply passed it however, on our way from Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. "Chevely Park" in Cambridgeshire, and "Longshaw," in Derbyshire, belong also to the Duke, the latter however, is but a hunting box.

In a beautifully retired part of the grounds, in a spot chosen by the Duchess for her last resting place, through an avenue of venerable yew trees, stands a stone mausoleum of considerable size, erected by the Duke, to the memory of his wife. It is in admirable taste, and consists of a light, airy, cheerful looking apartment, about forty feet square, with a floor of marble mosaic, and a furnace, for keeping the atmos-

phere dry, when necessary. At the opposite end of this, is a large circular niche, lighted by violet coloured glass windows from behind. In the centre is a large marble tomb, and hovering above it, is a marble figure in drapery (an exact resemblance of the Duchess), in the act of ascending to heaven. In the clouds above, are the pure spirits of the four little children, already gone before her; with outstretched arms, they appear to be rapturously welcoming her, and the eldest of the group, is in the act of placing an immortal wreath, upon the maternal brow. The drapery of the background is of marble, and the effect of the coloured light, from the windows, upon this very beautiful and touching work of art, is finer, than anything, I have the power to describe.

The following effusion, from the pen of Sir Henry Halford, on visiting this sacred, and lovely spot, was put into my hands, by its estimable author, before breakfast, on the morning of his quitting Belvoir.

"*Inscription for a Mausoleum*

"Stranger! by curious contemplation led,
Who'er thou art this solemn scene to tread,
May no compunctious visitings annoy!
No unrepented sins thy peace destroy!
No passing day wound with a Parthian dart,
But every hour fresh blessedness impart;

Yet should some vice indulged without control
Peril thy future bliss, enthral thy soul
Oh! go not hence, till thou hast sternly vow'd
To sin no more, to thy Creator bow'd
In contrite sorrow, and His aid implor'd
Who died, that sinful man to God might be restored."

Mr. Keppel the clergyman has composed some very pretty lines upon the name of "Halford," * which I much admired, and copied, but at this moment I have not possession of them. At an early hour this morning the good man departed, leaving a kind note for me, and the following verses, on the name of our noble host, which "he took the liberty of offering to my acceptance." Of course, I shewed them to the Lady Adeliza, as through me, they were intended for *her* eyes, and those of his Grace.

"Belvoir Castle, September 18, 1839.

"Manners, some Bard has written, make the Man,
A truth so true, deny it those who can,

* *Halford*

A bard whose great name will dwell on the tongue
While memory lives, both of old, and of young,
In his Mirth has so tortured a Christian name
That 't would stagger a wit, to believe it the same.
But if this wild nickname for my first you shall take,
And then for my second, a search you shall make,
In the same Bard's gay pages you 'll find it appear
In the name of a Lady right merry and fair;
Put these both together, you 'll find very plain,
A name standing high in fair Science's train.

And hence 't will follow, if this truth we scan,
That gentle manners make the gentleman.
These both confirm'd, all will admit I trow,
Who Noble Manners e'er have chanced to know."

Lord John Manners,[1] the second son, is with his brother "in the midst of the seat of war" as the Duke remarked. The eldest daughter is the Lady Drummond,[2] the second, is the Lady Emmeline Stuart-Wortley,[3] the poetess, the third, is the Lady Jermyn,[4] the lady Adeliza being the youngest. The Duke and his Daughter, are very musical, the latter is proficient on the piano-forte; Caradori Allan was here on a visit, not long since, and they are on intimate terms with Mrs. Arkwright,[5] whose brother is at this moment erecting a very beautiful mansion, on his lands in this neighborhood; he has a large fortune, and "on dit" that he wishes to marry the Duke's youngest daughter. Mrs. Ark-

[1] John James Robert Manners, 1818–1906, later 7th Duke of Rutland; statesman.

[2] Elizabeth Frederica Manners; married, 1821, Andrew Robert Drummond.

[3] Emmeline Charlotte Elizabeth Manners, 1806–55; poetess and authoress; married, 1831, the Honorable Charles Stuart-Wortley.

[4] Katherine Isabella Manners; married, 1830, Frederick William Hervey, Earl Jermyn, later 2d Marquis of Bristol. She died in 1848.

[5] Mrs. Robert Arkwright; musical composer; died, 1849.

wright has composed some of the best English songs now in vogue, and is said withal, to be a very amiable, and clever woman.

In the Chapel at Belvoir, is a fine "Holy Family" by Murillo, over the altar; the interior is of stone like that of the Castle itself. The ground floor is reserved for the servants of the family, while the gallery, at one end above, is appropriated to the Duke's family, as is the case with the royal chapel, both in London, and at Windsor.

Miss Vaughan had often visited Belvoir before, and had likewise been at many other distinguished country houses. She described to us the splendours she saw at "Woburn Abbey," the seat of the Duke of Bedford,[1] in the county of Bedford. In her bedroom the toilette cover was of the most delicate white muslin richly embroidered, lined with pink satin, and trimmed with superb Valenciennes lace; the counterpane was of the same material, trimmed with the same. The delicate linen sheets, and linen cambric pillow cases, were also full trimmed with lace. The utensils for lavation were very superb, and the whole furniture of corresponding elegance. Her maid's room was furnished with a sofa, "lolling

[1] John Russell, 1766–1839, 6th Duke of Bedford.

chair" &c., covered with handsome chintz; the house-maid came to awake her in the morning, to make her fire, and bring warm water &c., before she herself went to awake and dress her mistress! Miss Vaughan also related an amusing incident happening to her Sister's maid during hers and Sir Henry Halford's visit at Belvoir, while the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were also there. Mrs. Halford on retiring for the night, found her maid in tears, and in great trouble. On enquiring into the cause of her grief, she learned that the poor girl had dressed herself as usual, in her clean lace cap, chintz gown and muslin collar, and on being summoned to dinner, descended to the Servants' hall. On entering, she started back, in great trepidation, for from the scene there presented, she presumed, she had entered by mistake, the apartment where the Duke and his guests were. They were the upper servants, but instead of their usual costume, their hair was full dressed, and they were in short sleeves; many of them, in silk and satin gowns, gold chains, and watches! This extra toilette was in compliment to the maids, and the "dressers," of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. These people, servant-like, treated Mrs. Halford's unfor-

tunate maid with so much contempt, in her humble daily dress, that she left their presence, and took refuge in her mistress' apartments, where she found her, in the state, I have alluded to. Miss Vaughan however added, that some of the maids of the Duchess of Kent, being German, and Mrs. Halford's maid, being one of the same nation, they became afterward, very good friends, and the slighted lady's maid was in the end, consoled for their previous neglect.

The stud of the Duke of Rutland is said to be very fine. He owns one hunter, a remarkably beautiful and powerful animal, for which he paid, five hundred guineas.

Next week, there is to be a "bazaar" near Belvoir, for the benefit of the poor, "under the patronage of the Lady Adeliza, and Lady Caroline Norman," Lady Adeliza is embroidering a velvet smoking cap, with gold cord, and all the ladies of the family are similarly employed, in the manfacturing of various pretty, and tasteful articles for the occasion. The lady's maid brought to the Lady Adeliza's "sanctum," this morning, while we were there, inspecting those already prepared, a tray, covered with various woolen articles, very nicely and prettily knit

by some of the Duke's dependants, in the village, and offered them to the Lady Adeliza for the bazaar. In anticipation of this sale, Mrs. Webster and myself, have made some purchases ; among them, is a very handsome "indispensable" of embroidered worsted and gold, quite a novelty in its way, which I shall take with me "to my ain hame," as a "token," for some of its dear inmates.

To-morrow morning at an early hour, we are to leave Belvoir and all its attractions. I have been the Duke's partner at a game of whist, and succeeded with his Grace's accomplished playing, in beating Mr. Webster, and the Lady Caroline Norman, our adversaries. We have already taken our leave, before retiring to our apartments for the night. The Duke and his Daughter were so kind, as to express great regret, at our leaving, and urged a longer stay, but we have many reasons for wishing to be in London immediately, and although we are now 120 miles distant, we hope to reach there by six, tomorrow evening.

Thursday, September 20. London. We passed through Melton Mowbray, the great fox-hunting country, on our return from Belvoir on Tuesday evening, and likewise remarked a very pretty hunting

box, the property of Lord Wilton,[1] the son of the Marquis of Westminster. We were much amused at the sight of a "horse fair" at Waltham, and met hundreds of these animals, on their way to the bustling scene. At the "Rugby Station," we met "the rail," and putting our carriage on the train, we soon came in sight of this glorious city, with all its appendages of smoke and dirt, and all its associations of gayety, life, and enjoyment. London is very quiet, and forms a striking contrast to the extreme gayety of last July and August.

Julia and Mr. Appleton are to be married on Tuesday morning, at half past eleven o'clock at St. George's, Hanover Square; the Dean of Carlisle[2] is absent from town, and the ceremony will therefore be performed by the Rev'd. Philip Scofield. Invitations to be present, have been issued to about thirty friends. After the ceremony, and the déjeuner, the happy pair will leave, on a visit of a few days, for Cambridge, and return to town on Wednesday to meet a party of friends at a late dinner. The bride

[1] Thomas Egerton, 2d Earl of Wilton, 1799–1882; assumed the name of Egerton in 1821 in lieu of that of Grosvenor. He was the second son of the Marquis of Westminster.

[2] Robert Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle.

insists on my taking the third seat in "the carriage and four," and of course, I cannot refuse to do so.

On the following Sunday (we regret the day, but it is unavoidable), we are to embark for the Continent, at the "Tower Stairs," in the Antwerp Steamer. We go up the Rhine, visit Switzerland, and at Geneva we are to leave Edward in the care of Mons. Bort, for the space of nine months; from thence we go to Paris, where Mr. Webster promises to meet us, as we are to leave him at present in England.

Mr. Webster has received last night, a very flattering, as well as kind letter, from Miss Maria Edgeworth. She urges him in the strongest manner, to come to visit her at Edgeworthstown, assuring him that "his talents are well known and appreciated there, and that she should be greatly flattered, to be allowed the pleasure of welcoming him to Ireland." I need not say, what a gratification this would be to all, but we shall not have the time to go over to Ireland. Indeed Mr. Webster begins to fear, that Congress will have assembled many weeks, before he will be enabled to take his seat again in the American Senate at Washington.

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